

PETER SORDILLO

*New York, West Side, 1899*

Across Columbus, under the white trees of winter,  
The wind puts out a cigarette, bends a collar to the cold.  
Down a sidewalk drunk with streams of water,  
The wind waits for a woman it used to know,

And thinks of the last time it saw her, there outside her room:  
Streetcars flamed in amber light,  
As she stepped into a coach on Amsterdam,  
And turned once to look back. She held her hand out

For the wind to touch.

Even now the wind can hear  
White horses flying on the cobblestone,  
And the coachman laughing, in the rush of summer.  
It would shudder her blue dress, caress her arms.

Tonight, perhaps, she will wake to discover  
The wind, in a lover's voice, outside her window,  
The murmur of a dream she can barely remember,  
Last footsteps of the horses growing silent in the snow.