

ANNA HIMMELRICH

*Alberto's Corner (49th and 8th)*

He is not  
a small man.  
The aluminum  
cart is cramped, so  
when the morning is quiet  
he sits on a milk crate, *El Diario*  
in hand, a sliver of the two red socks  
on his cap visible through plexi and pastry.  
I cross eighth and he looks up, waves, rises (swelling  
like a hammered thumb against the confines)  
and in profile lets flow steaming coffee  
into the cup, pouring in milk until  
the suds match the cinnamon  
hue his scarred face  
would be  
if it were  
paint.