

## Two Poems · *Edward Falco*

### BROOKLYN

Street buried in it buried street talisman glass Coke bottle bits of metal  
summer tar sticks buried in it buried metal bright silver dull copper glass  
bottles glass buried in it

Stoop concrete uneven stones rise up above the plane jump stoops rise  
up above the plane metal buried in jump buried stoops a face in the win-  
dow buried in the street stoop window

Stickball the kids skinny broomstick pink rubber buried in it the ball  
streets sticky tar metal buried in it bits and pieces tar windows someone's  
face in the stoop window streets cyclone fence pinned against it cars horns  
bikes

Lampposts brown rising up over the windows stoops streets fences  
backyard brown paint flaking spin around spun legs around shimmy lamp-  
post stoop to window window even with the top of the stoop into a living  
room mom in there dad in there sister brother aunt uncle fence stoop win-  
dow street buried under it in bits of bright metal plastic sometimes money  
buried under under it even now now after all these all this

### MAGIC!

The circle we turned around the house disappearing piece by circle  
around we turned your news coming in a circle around you the news we  
turned around the house the words coming one by turning an incantation  
making the house disappear piece by grass baked in sun barefoot the lawn-  
mower abandoned bright red machine piece of a deer's skull mingled bones  
brought back by Sage from hunting the nearby woods a piece of red rib-  
bon blown from another yard piece by piece the house unravels disappears  
our life in that circle the news coming slowly to hurt less at last spinning  
out the circle the news till yes at last the news and we stop walking and I  
laugh because there's nothing else and you walk away from me and then  
back and I put the circle of my arms around you and you walk away chant-