

Gowanus Canal (because you said
look again) · *Akua Lezli Hope*

Another loneheart evening
watched your murktide tire and gasp
like Harlem's greater body once
you breathed with fishes. children
sought you for their play
they say the sins of fathers
are polluting choice of sons
what fools go slaughter water
that needed balm for pain

yet romance remains on Union Street,
on Third where girded squatting bridges
lie above your mournful sludge

i sip the blur by full moon:
low horizon night of azure periwinkle
brownstone skyline lights and cobbled
streets of industry are still.
long brick, darklid glass, the silent
buildings wink at you, european
shadows by the amerind shore. no more.

i sip the blur by full moon:
crane or derricks hulk
above you, dinosaur and dragon bone
see only multicolor in twisted metal litter
and renascent spring sails perfume
on the kissy wind, and think you beauty.

Spring 1980