

Is It Nothing



Fanny Howe

“Is it nothing to you—all who pass by?”
and *Islamic School* are scrawled on a wall outside the tunnel.
Yellow smog, a dog’s broken barking.
A bridge of snow on top of flat tenements, and a slash of silver.

It’s something to see: the geese float into a park by the East River.
Randall’s Island, west to the Bronx. Cash and Smoke, Fed Ex.
This is what I meant by loneliness.
America Moving, Rosenzweig Lumber Company,
Union Standard, vacated cells, blackened walls,
Supermarket Equipment Depot,
A boy is listening to women chatting. It comforts him.

At the back of Co-Op City:
a foul pond, two swans and more snow.
A cherry-picker and a thousand ducks.
My cousin humming is in a closet. *Om*.
From the Pelhams to the Wailing Wall.

“I just got out of prison. What do you want me to do?
Rob for a living?”

To make it home before the blizzard becomes the point of all this
that never should have happened in the first place.

Electric Power Outlets. A prison, an iron net.

Fog on the car’s glass.

We passed through many days in one.

Fourteen times the signs got in the way of the sun.