

1-1-2009

The Sidewalks of Brooklyn

Patrick Carrington

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

Recommended Citation

Carrington, Patrick (2009) "The Sidewalks of Brooklyn," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 14 , Article 11.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol14/iss1/11>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Patrick Carrington

The Sidewalks of Brooklyn

Every morning is the same. The cement
is a parking lot of lawn chairs,
the tenement window a windshield
to streets that seem to be taking
everyone out of here but you.

And you stop believing in miracles.
You stop believing
a deity or some invisible agent
will touch the unbroken regularity
of your days and make one different,
that there is something more
than your tendency to *want* to believe.

I gave up believing long ago in anything
but coffee and cigarettes
and fishnet stockings. I quit believing
I could ever sleep or take a deep breath
that smells of pine, that I'd find love
in the very next mouth I put my tongue in.

These are my people. Each night
streetlights fasten our shadows tighter
in place. Each day, the bridge
off this island gets a little bit further away.