

On 12th and 4th Street
for Myra Shapiro

The degrees of separation grow together
When you meet a man

Who has a marvelous friend in 6L,
When your daughter lives in 7G.

It's amazing! To think that
When your child drops a dish

Or a spoon that speaks through wood and
Glue below to someone who knows

The man who sits at your table,
You smile again at how ivy grows up

Windows to remind the city
Of its boundless roots.

Neil Diamente