

Ithaka

Black backyard leaves at nine
Stanley Park in drizzle
(do not mistake this, O Lampert, for a return to nature)
Lake George towards seven

I am no nature lover
only where the sea-gulls hover
off Point Pleasant Park
(this is not a travelogue)

Have you seen Times Square
deloused at five a.m.
(long live New York's finest)
I tell you this is no Cooke's tour

Forget about geography
think only of black leaves
smoky drizzle, water lapping
gulls, empty city streets

at dawn, at dawn, at dawn
have you figured out yet . . .
I think she does not sit at night
unweaving.

—*Ken Samberg*