

Our New York

AMBER ALEXANDER

OUR NEW YORK HAS HER LEGS SPREAD OPEN BY NOON and dinner ready at midnight. Nothing is linear and nothing makes sense, but we sit around and write poetry and it's enough. My New York makes sure my enemies miss their train and sometimes I miss mine too. All the cabs are full of tears and I never learned to swim so instead I leap out the window and catch the breeze carrying syncopated 16th notes from Carnegie Hall down West 57th. This makes me the only bird in the city with dilated pupils and sometimes a scarf, if it's chilly. Other times, I'm a paperweight. My New York likes to keep me grounded in wet sand, cement. Sometimes I'm there with you; Our New York places insurmountable pressures that holds us down, but so does the rope kept in your bedside drawer. We make love in every room; fuck in the bedroom. We always skip breakfast and fall asleep in each other's arms. In Our New York, we trace "amour, amour, amour" against one another's bare backs and take showers with the window open. In Our New York, I've never known the world to be on time and I don't expect it to start now. ✱