

ROBIN MYERS

NYC

The child goes willingly,
offering up her rosebud
backpack to the police.
Up there and outside
is the snow, the scraped
sky, the barbershop
quartet, the fourteen-
dollar glass of wine,
livid pigeons, Rikers
Island, ice skaters
embracing, the rise
and fall of some but
not all things relevant
to our story. The girl's
mother flickers behind
her. The policeman
grins like a fickle
father. Someone pings
a steel drum down
below all this. The
tunnel's metal marrow
hums its hymn, blurts
pixels that bid us to
obey. If you see some-
thing, say something.
If you're here, pay.