THIS DANCING SANTA ON 42ND STREET
maybe in front of Mazzotti’s shoe shop and
Maria means business on a Hudson riverbank
Maria Bartiramo to whom have you sold
your soul? – answer! And
a living Santa who wound you up
to foot a Greek or Catalan sardana
and to mutter occasionally into your beard
something about the special shine of Mazzotti’s shoes
Maria d’Aquino the whiteness of your knees
escapes for ever from the eyes of Giovanni
He is just an old man even without
his Santa’s beard and bushy eyebrows
or maybe it’s you Walt who looked on Broadway
for the thick necks of big young white men
and when you couldn’t find them any more
then the warm eyes of small Puerto Ricans
and when you couldn’t find them either you sat down
in your own yard under a lilac and wept
and mumbled like Francesco pace
pace pace and T. S. later and the ancient bards
long time before them and before you
šānti šānti šānti peace to my heart peace
to your heart too Maria Macolata
IT’S FUNNY TODAY ANNE SEXTON
a representative of Microsoft sent me by e-mail
a purchase offer As if her namesake
whose poems I translate had been resurrected
You Anne who in The Fury of Overshoes
long for your tiny kindergarten winter boots
and Man and Woman whom you compare
to a pair of doves who live together but
don’t speak That precipice between
the genders that you couldn’t leap
even though you said you were a witch who knew
to fly on a broomstick Now in your second or in
who knows what life you are simply a woman
a tame mute mistress of a man named Microsoft

SNOWFLAKES DANCE AGAIN BEYOND THE WINDOW
As a precaution its lower half has been grated though it’s
the fifth floor Fort Washington alley 245 In any event
for a hundred years no one has cleaned the windows
Surely fearing the FBI which today sent me an e-mail
alleging I had visited forbidden web-pages
The gypsy Melquíades knows them or anyway has taken note
of them Mr Jefferson Mr Negroponte messrs snowflakes
In fact the question is more complicated Brown
or green eyes A beautiful even glimmer of spring –
because the artist not only has blown apart clouds
above the boulevard of the old world or above
the intersection of Lepiku and Lai but even has
lavishly planted young women’s legs in boots
The earth itself looks blue beneath them! (Only now
I notice it) You are nowhere else Father come home
at once! And they leave behind no muddy footprints
AN UNKNOWN ARTIST whose signature on the boulevard corner that need not necessarily be in Paris if magnified might perhaps read C Camot has made of six persons who walk past lavishly striped awnings over café or shop windows who knows why four slender-legged young women whose legs are like nice flowers evenly planted in boots of an early spring or an early autumn The Sun that even in the dense row houses on Fort Washington Street has discovered a slit peeps in to find the legs of the young women plays piano on them Maybe one of them is Joanna who has never been to Europe and will never get the chance to travel there This key disobey this obsession: how to find a job to keep her American children fed

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