

# The Long Parade

William Schutt

Bloomberg's in. It's all over  
the news. Winter's tamed pole shows  
no sign of reversal, none of her  
old selves. At dawn my mother tiptoes  
on my idle, prodigal behalf.  
How long's it been? More of the same,  
*That hair, Goodness the smoke!*

The city is mine only by name;  
the hound knows me by my choke.

On everyone's be-balconied lips, *loss*,  
but nothing appears lost -- should it?  
Central Park West's adorned itself  
yet again. The cocktail wives festoon  
their old throne perch; a kissing leaf  
is strung in the air like an aimless tune.

I've not seen these floats in years.  
The winds set sail to park leaves;  
old mother swathes the dog's ears  
like they were her son's. What thieves  
these educators are; the mayor --  
on his last hinds -- passes without  
my cheer. The crowd's holler  
hunts its hero; silence is my doubt.

Come what may, smoke runs  
from each roof like a burglar.