

Song of the City  
by Ellen Pober Rittberg

Awash in ginkgo leaves on street  
Fans discarded others brittle curled turning in  
human life at terminus and knowing it:  
receding  
I photograph my shoe perpetual motion  
Man as whirligig but smooth, man the purveyor  
I buy life I sell it  
To myself mostly  
sunrise's umbilicus obscured by objects urban  
seen as nectarine band splayed across horizon  
Uncooked omelette  
I perceive them all:  
doorways sidewalk art  
One says 'protect yo heart' and I do.  
I gird it unburthen it rarely and to few  
Oh, the solitary life is a lovely life  
is a lonely life is a riff on melody  
A roundelay of song  
And ah and so  
I sing it lustily long.