



...january 12, 1994...

**staring through windows of this small cafe
i look at scrapers towering the sky –
watching faces wandering loose stares
to a somewhere only they can see –**

**bulky coats and jeans and scarves and shoes –
and dresses skirts and jacket-vests and boots –
earrings and rings and dangling silver chains
with hats reframing sculpted bobbing heads –**

**i sit inside my cozy window spot
inside this coffee-wafting green café –
soon to join the ever-shifting crowds
and disappear in anonymity.**

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