

*Erik Gleibermann*

Sleeveless in the Subway

Bless a steam hot concrete day  
when shoulders slide slender  
from your blouse and sweat come  
from underground. The A train air  
is soup below 49<sup>th</sup> St. rumble.  
At home, I wait seeing the colors making my eyes go.  
You holding a Mirabelle shopping bag  
of gifts to your skin that flow  
with hair braided tight behind  
broad African cheekbone, thinking  
about our baby Jamaca here in the crib, soon to  
feed from that rich place I know inside you.  
We give the strong love.  
I feel you coming here among underground folk.  
Bald shop man thumbing *New York Post*,  
mothers slapping flies, kids moving like salsa.  
I know you be there leaning against  
the sidecar, hips perfect  
for a baby and your man's hands.  
What goes on woman under that dress  
where all the sweat goes?  
Lips and the river is life. Get home.  
I put my nose to your forehead that shine.  
Gonna cradle that life,  
we two, we three,  
bell of the world.