

The Ezra Pound Look-Alike

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It's always the same man
Who looks like Ezra Pound
Stretched out on the sidewalk
In front of Victoria's Secret.

No one knows what to make of his catastrophe.
What's it like to be Pound's look-alike?
Every day he pulls New York City
Over himself like a blanket and sleeps.

The sidewalk is a stairway to paradise
Down Broadway to the open road.
The possibilities ahead turn around and beckon.
A woman is marvelously shaking the tambourine.

Each slab of cement has its own story.
Don't step on the sidewalk cracks or do.
Everything is magical.
Things are about to happen.

The pitter-patter of a police helicopter overhead
Looking for you
In the streets below
Says it is beautiful but also it is true.

So when America is over,
What is there after?
There's more America, comorado!
There's always more.

Canoeing in northern Canada
Where wolves howl in the night,
And then rain tries to tear your tent apart,
Is just the same as Manhattan.

How sweet when you're American
To hear how grown up you are
From the lady tousling your hair
Who can't see into your brain.

She might as well be a high-rise in the clouds
Reaching down to pat your curls.
Your face is at the level of her thing
And will be for the rest of your life.

You're where babies come out
And you are young forever,
And grow up
Only so far.

You're green as a grasshopper, America,
And jump that high.
You were green as a salad recently,
Which means summer is ending.

The future isn't over,
Even for the people left out.
It used to be there was no place that wasn't
Your stepmother making you a pie.