

Fall in New York

Sweet swingin cherry baby
in the fall gone days
of summer's last roseate leaves
and 178th St. mornin

Sweet smilin out of sight
cross the street
leanin out that hot summer
window memory

i walk and smell
cookin auto grease fumes
in the kitchen street corridor
of dust-filled breath-filled
inside outside one room City

Sweet sight cherry baby
gray suit readin the Sunday Times
and a fine fur collar garbage pick in
sweatered poodle along
the fifth avenue scene

Ya i know that fall is here
i saw a half red leaf
blow down the subway aisle