***Ghost of Easter Past or Time Machine Nostalgia***

**I’m sweating out this Easter morning zombie reappearance**

**From my 2-steps below the street Barrow basement apartment**

**My armpits are sweet, my shorts sticking to the backs of my legs**

**The ceilings are low, it’s too hot to dream the Impossible Dream**

**Seventh Avenue resembles the Yellow Brick Road, sans Dorothy**

**From Christopher Street to the ferry launch at Battery Park**

**From the West Side Highway to the borders of the United Nations**

**Easter parades its heat-stroke bonnets through Sheridan Square**

**Angela is slicing up a hand full of drugs, half for herself**

**Half for her Scarsdale trust-fund musician boyfriend**

**Who she met at the Rocky Horror Picture Show**

**They won’t last long, they have similar descending sunsets**

**Mid-brunch urban cowboys adjust their mid-brief hardware**

**While drag queens rearrange their Farrah tributes**

**Spiro Agnew in yellow Peeps chicken pajamas**

**Emerges from Simler’s Deli flashing the Peace sign in reverse**

**Holly is displaying her Welfare acquired boyfriend, Ricky**

**Who is cute, but doesn’t have a clue about what’s between her legs**

**She is schooled in the release of buttons, zippers & flaps on sailor’s uniforms**

**She took the name of a graveyard because it sounded eternal**

**Linda escaped her Brooklyn parents for a Coney Island Baby**

**Barbara got pregnant and joined a cult in Hell’s Kitchen**

**Jim can’t keep a girlfriend, he blames his separate bedroom parents**

**Nathan has a semi-detached lover who visits every other weekend**

**Tricky Dickie is screaming up to the ladies in the House of D**

***“I am not a crook. We returned that cloth coat.”***

**The ladies cannot forgive his crimes & misdemeanors**

**He has betrayed the Avenue of Americas**

**Byron moved to an apartment between 2nd and 1st Avenues**

**He thought he was beyond the grasp of Alphabet City**

**He thought the teen with the switchblade was a circus juggler**

**A cut purse thief was the blue-eyed child in Tompkins Square Park**

**As evening cools the sidewalk outside the Waverly Movie Theater**

**Patrons discuss Visconti, Allen, Wertmuller, *8 ½* or *400 Blows***

**Vincent, a professional junkie from the rice paddies of Vietnam**

**Carries a ragged poster of Jim Morrison & sells handmade wristbands**

**Later, when the sweet chocolate bunnies are devoured**

**I step from my basement apartment out into the night air**

**A couple of dyed Easter eggs are splayed out on Seventh Avenue**

**Happy Easter to all and to all a good….**