

The Corner of 6th and Waverly Place

By Mika Higgins-Woo

Has given up, gone home, and refuses to come out from under the covers
Weeks-old garbage languishes on the street, yearning for a truck which rarely comes

A forever-empty store stubbornly stands at the corner
It's abandoned window desperately whisper-begs FORLEASEFORLEASEFORLEASE

This insipid intersection is home to the homeless
Human beings with drool pooling at their mouths, muttering nonsense, eyes pleading *help me*

Mothers' eyes dart around for possible danger, holding the hands of their oblivious children as
Their eyebrows knit together at the broken bottles, the deserted tent shelters, a rusty subway staircase

This watered-down, halfhearted corner of 6th and Waverly Place is indefinitely overcast, yet

Maybe the night before last, a growing-old-together couple met for the first time,
Incidentally bumping shoulders by the flickering street lamp

Perhaps fifty years back this corner was vibrant, bursting at the seams with passion
The storefront a club where exhilarated college students would scramble

It's possible in two years the FORLEASEFORLEASE will put a glimmer in the eye of a hopeful graduate
Who will scrub the floors with hope and wash the windows with laughter

Through my eyes, the corner of 6th and Waverly Place is as tasteless as a drink of water after an ice cream
But to many it might be an origin, a flicker of hope, a fond memory, a drink of water after nothing at all.