



## Traffic

Who will remember this long Edwardian boulevard  
with electric trams running up and down it  
like Vienna fin-de-siècle except  
the thoroughfares have been cleared  
only American jeeps scoot along them  
the people jam the cordoned-off sidewalks where there  
is no space the boulevard by contrast is all space  
as if cleared for a parade in the air hangs  
a sharp sense of anticipation  
an openness beyond the ordinary a strangeness  
from the burnt-out smoke-damaged buildings  
standing shoulder-to-shoulder  
with the untouched ones & no one looks twice  
in the hustle and bustle men and women thread the crowded sidewalks  
eyes fixed on the next thing to do  
and as if by agreement neither side pays any mind to the other  
jeeps hurtle through the opened spaces &  
pedestrians disembark from trams warming from the sunlight  
of an ordinary spring day  
& close by an ambulance waits in the shadow of the stopped tram  
and the uniformed policeman who directs the traffic  
looks from a distance like a toy soldier  
his right arm stiffly extended to indicate  
a right of way or a formal salute  
to the undirected streams which flow in front of him  
behind him to his left to his right