

Gateway: Norwalk Nights

On summer nights the windows open
voices spill out of cars

music – salsa, reggae, bossa nova
kompa, rapso, Bartok and Brahms
echo under the bridge

and when the light turns red
cars sit side by side: Jeeps, Caddys
Camrys, Chevy vans with sleeping babes

idling engines, rumbling
whining, grumbling, hissing
mixing in the night: a jambalaya, a guisada
a ciambotta, a flaki, a pichelsteiner
of voices and music and smells

all rising like smoke
golden strands of sound
and scent clinging to the walls

until with the green of go go go
they launch out of the gate
screeching and growling and putt-putt-putting
away and up and off and down West

leaving lightning filaments
then just wafting
and then just memory

Jack Powers