

105th Street Sonnet

by M. Brooke Wiese

Thwack! A rubber ball rockets off
a broomstick handle, caroms off a wall,
rolls between feet – the runner's safe.
It's spring. The men are playing stickball.
A man yells, *Throw the effin' ball!* in English.
The women sit in lawn chairs on the sidewalk.
A man yells, *Throw the effin' ball!* in Spanish.
A siren fades. The women laugh and talk.
Two hombres bring a cooler full of beer.
An old man dances round on younger feet.
The sun goes down behind the Harlem Meer.
Grown men are playing stickball on my street.
Some guy turns up his car radio
full blast. It's springtime in El Barrio.