ACROSS THE MON
with a certain strained frequency
we return to the heart
of wherever we’ve been
the best we can

we can stand at the bank
of our personal Monongahela River
see a great city
and seek ourselves, in vain

the streets we walked
our Ruskin Avenue, the number
67 bus, the cafeterias
all empty of us

and our friends
in love with every one of them
the city our playground
our workspace, a stage

oh we were eager
crowding the gray hallways
our faces pressed to the glass
so eager, blind as bats

now we live in other cities
different cities, some very far away
but none too far to hear our singing
we are still singing

—Chuck Joy (MD ’78)