

Pushkin Street

At the corner of Pushkin Street
He clasps his hands politely for the women he will meet
The leaves crack in November and the sidewalk rustles at his feet
Until he returns he'll begin to sleep

At the corner of Pushkin Street
Down near the harbor by the shipping fleet
Tourists crowd around him and huddle in the sleet
Until he returns they will ceaselessly speak.

Bridge

Snow brushes cobblestones
Imported by the sea over the years
The side-burned man in top hat waits alone
For some sonnet-speaking mistress to appear
To appear.

At the corner of Pushkin Street
The ravens will return with the springtime heat
But for now the spindling trees will be nobody's seat
And Alex waits with Milton, Lord Byron and Keats.

At the corner of Pushkin Street
I hunch in my wool cap and wait for the gang I'll see
In another country my sweetheart is waiting for me.
But until I return, I'm in love with this street.