

1992

## Arriving on a Nightmare

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## Arriving On A Nightmare

Walking down 57th street,  
I can see it,  
and feel it  
etched in the sweaty  
brown-black faces of  
the homeless, and the worker.  
It isn't going anywhere,  
it runs from the BMW driving,  
Armani suit wearing "Negroes,"  
to Mr. Greenwell walking  
up the Cole Ave. hill after  
another 15 1/2 hour work day  
with holes in his boots,  
and "lem-black" in his lungs.  
It travels across the linear  
boundaries of this place,  
and the degrees of pigmentation  
among us.  
It is the reminder of that  
moment, as fleeting as it may  
have been, when we knew  
we arrived upon a nightmare,  
which closes the cracks in on us  
even when we'd hoped that  
we had slipped on *thru*.

– Derrick L. Pryor '93