

Sonnet Scroll

Manhattanhenge

By M. Brooke Wiese

Light slides in from the west, across the river,
glancing off the rolling surface like fire
erupting spontaneously from water, or like a sparkler
shooting stars on Independence Day. A square

of light, a trapezoid, a rhombus slants
across the brownstone rooftops, hot, bright,
cleaving to the gem-cut skylights, the vents
like sentries, and the chimneys, just before dusk, and night.

Driving north to Ninety-seventh Street
from SoHo, we can't stop looking left,
or westward, where each cross street meets
and intersects the Avenue—the city's warp and weft.

We watch, amazed, as this great, fiery orb
fills up each street, curb to curb.