

Bobby Fischer

by Felix Jung

Would I know you if I saw you standing
by a streetlamp, waiting for a bus or
checkered cab? I want to say I'd recognize
your hands, the way you'd hold a city
map. I'd like to meet you walking down
the block, the two of us almost colliding
by a playground where the hopscotch
chalk's been lessened by the rain. We'd
step aside. I'd motion you. You'd shake
your head and motion me instead: one
arm outstretched, your legs two solid lines.

Every city has its grid, each street eventually
meets the next, however near or far from
here it is. The sidewalks have their lines
and distances, each house its old familiar
doors that creak and say *Of course you can.*
Come home, come home.



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