

## Good Morning

Seven fifty-seven in the morning when the jackhammers awaken and the concrete loud shattering beneath the building across the avenue filters through the smog and the rushed city people and early morning workday rejuvenation. The sound waves traverse nineteen flights of imaginary air into the cracked open window of this apartment in the reconstructed sky.

A tangle of tanned arms and thighs and rippled torsos we unravel, squirm, finally detach from the twin-sized loaded bed wobbling from its precarious loft to the music of the constructing cranes and the incessantly jackhammering destruction machines in this apartment in the sky

(the oxygen situation is dizzying)

at Park Row and Pearl. So we run, us three boys, through the air to the Chambers Street station.

Empty Starbucks cups and organic cartons of sushi we battle, splashing through the rain and puddles of STD water collected on homeless sidewalks until underground

we go.

We will be back to this apartment in the sky, way down past Canal Street and Chinatown, after we have gotten some ecstasy.

Tommy Rimbach