

Manhattan Man

For Michael - and the 'Two Way Street'

I met this special man
In New York,
We walked the
Downtown streets
Together,
In the bitter cold -
And we did talk ...

On the Staten Island ferry,
You took us both to see
The Manhattan sites –
Much better - and all for free!
And as we sailed right past
The Statue of Liberty,
You turned
And said to me ...

**“Tim – you know -
And this is without
A single word of a lie,
For 14 years -
Each and every day,
When I awoke
All I ever wanted -
Was to harm myself,
And die ...**

**And finally near *the end*
I reached out for *help*,
After taking an even
Deeper dive -
Someone said
Michael,
I hear what you say,
Long time to be so sad,
But if it's been so very bad?
After 14 years -
Tell me why it is?
*That you're still alive!”***

We walked down Wall Street,
You showed me
Where you worked – typing,
Just after you got off the booze,
Somehow - somewhere
You must have realized,
Your life was far too precious -
And beautiful - to lose!

Then beneath *the sea* of cables
Walking over Brooklyn Bridge ...
Yet another view of your home,
Your *scene*,
You turned again and said -
***“I’ll tell you something else,
You know ...
At ‘sixty something’,
I’m the happiest now -
That I’ve ever been!”***

Then, inside the warm place,
Of your beautiful Girl,
You listened as my poems
To you both - I did unfurl ...

The many wonderful things
About them - that you felt
And said ...
I carried them all back home,
Over all the miles of sea and land,
Where they live
And softly glow,
In tiny corners -
Of my heart and head.

My parting words to you,
I remember very well,
Not knowing,
That in this poem -
I was also going to tell!

*“Sometimes we have to go to places
And live in them -
Before we come to know,
That these spaces
Are no longer the places -
To which we now
Need to go!”*

I met this special man
In New York,
We walked the streets
Together,
In the bitter cold -
And we did talk ...

I remember
Fondly,
Walking
In that chilling cold -
With our hearts and feet ...

Sharing *pathways*
With someone special ...
Is always,
Always like sharing,
With loving
And with caring -
That very,
Very same –
Two Way Street.

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