

Stone Lions

I pass two of them, asleep,
straddling the front door
of the Regency hotel on Park Avenue
in New York City, walk on

see two more—alert
and watchful this time,
on either side of the main
staircase at the New York
Public Library on Fifth.

Perhaps, I think to myself, someone
is trying to make a statement
about the difference between hotels and libraries?

But then I decide not, remember
how many there are who
cannot sleep in a hotel bed,
while reading on the other hand. . . .

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