

## Suzanne Vega "Ironbound"

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In the ironbound section near Avenue L  
where the Portuguese women come to see what you  
sell  
the clouds so low the morning so slow  
as the wires cut through the sky

The beams and bridges cut the light on the ground  
into little triangles and the rails run round  
through the rust and the heat  
the light and sweet coffee color of her skin

Bound up in wire and fate  
watching her walk him up to the gate  
in front of the ironbound school yard.

Kids will grow like weeds on a fence  
She says they look for the light they try to make sense.  
They come up through the cracks  
Like grass on the tracks  
She touches him goodbye.

Steps off the curb and into the street  
the blood and feathers near her feet  
into the ironbound market

In the ironbound section near Avenue L  
where the Portuguese women come to see what you  
sell  
the clouds so low the morning so slow  
as the wires cut through the sky

She stops at the stall  
fingers the ring  
opens her purse  
feels a longing  
away from the ironbound border

"Fancy poultry parts sold here.  
Breasts and thighs and hearts.  
Bucks are cheap and wings are nearly free.  
Nearly free"

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