

## The Skateboarder Puts His Hand on My Shoulder

I overtake him on a First Avenue incline  
and feign indifference to his presence,  
board at my heels.  
The hill surmounted, all is level again.  
Then, his teenage hand is on me.

I've seen him before—  
on a Tudor City cul de sac,  
jumping benches in Midtown plazas, Sundays.  
He never loses his balance—  
scaling the triangles of cellar doors,  
off curbs into one-way traffic,  
edging marble fountain plinths.  
Meeting me is an easy feat.

I know where he lives,  
an accidental discovery;  
he has a sister, mother (the redhead source),  
father, whose shoulder he, too, clasps.

"See that person over there," he says.  
    "Where is it you're looking?"  
"By the florist, over there, that corner.  
That person (a name I don't recognize),  
she's famous. I know a famous person."

Past the pizza parlor, Chinese take-out,  
luxury (what else?) condo sales office,  
I pull him along, his motor source.  
A push from my shoulder and he is off,  
riding in profile, wheels registering concrete.  
    "And now I know you, a famous person."

I expect a smirk with my last remark,  
an emerald of sucked candy spat  
in indifference, sunlit, arcing the sidewalk.  
Instead, he smiles.  
Oh, give me another city block with him,  
how much can occur in just that space.

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