The 79th Street Squirrel

Paul Baker*
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by Paul Baker

Chemistry Jr.

The 79th Street squirrel plays the harmonica and really loves poetry.
The 79th Street squirrel is in.
He digs around in the leaves and finds the city where it's hidden.
The 79th Street squirrel can tell you all about leaves and magic and love and high rise apartments and low room rent.
He knows what it means to be up a tree.
The 79th Street squirrel waves his flag on the fourth of July but won't cross streets at crosswalks.

He is waiting for sidewalks to be torn up and for people to be cast onto vast grasslands between buildings; for streets to be torn up and for cars to stumble over broken rock-bones to leave their baked-out carcasses bleaching in the sun.
And I am waiting for the 79th Street squirrel to tread up my stairs at night, smash down my door with a single effort, and, after casting off his boots against the fireplace, curl up and go to sleep.