E remembers the boy
in fourth grade who shook
is now a man. His rocking
egg: a kind of thin
E knew might break.
First shape: an opened eye
bird behind a bus stop tree.
It lived falling but only
in one wing moving like a tire
chain. The boy metallic,
his grease rattail, showed it
there; the tree that opened a circle,
a round paper dressing room.
The almond mouth, a broken gun-
powder heart; the boy who unlatched
against his knees on the brick
sill outside an accountant’s
office downtown on Audubon Street.

E slices through New Haven like
wire through clay.
E collects his whole body
made of shells.
E thinks of all the boys called Sammie,
those Sams, really loved.