

**Manhattanhenge**

Asked to stay or go, I have nothing to name  
but my father's desires: five bananas for a dollar,  
waxy grapes in a plastic bag.

Traffic has stopped for the Sunday sunset aligned  
with the tilt of the island, 29 degrees off due west.  
Mom dragged us out to watch—Dad is interested in the fruit guy.

“He's back. Don't you see?” The carts deserted every curb  
when we were sick. You could fold up our whole city  
block from the corners like an empty napkin.

Dad moves to leave, proposes a vote. The worst part of being  
an only child is tiebreaking. It took years to learn  
I could upset my mother—she quiets

instead of erupting like us. The sun swells hot, peeled  
mandarin cradled between buildings, a glow  
Mom traces with a careful finger. I turn before it bursts

or disenchants, plugging my ears against the din:  
crescendo of car horns, cussing drivers,  
fruit guy on the corner hawking pears.

Like every daughter I think I understand  
my father, who can't see the impossible  
breadth of the sun in midtown glass.

It stretches my shadow as it sinks.  
I bounce home from shoulder  
to shoulder, praying that I am not myself yet,

the horizon creeps up,  
Earth circles through July,  
spins back around towards day.