

IT'S IT'S

not its, *not it not it* it's
the difference between it's a horse
of a different color and left

its mark but it's not a choice matter
jedem das Seine, para gustos
colores you can't use its for it's

just because you want its your way why
this morning it's on 30th Ave
the coffee shop wears its steel eyemask

asleep under grid sheets but not too
early for Mister Softee to chime
down a side street its song like a tray

of spilled forks at noon in the middle
of 45th and it's the feeling
when 41 floors up Queensboro

Bridge stacks its large brick smokes its odd beige
steel straddles the East River its wrought
brown towers blink red it's as if they

could spin, delicate torch, candlestick
base or candlebra, missing flame
holder, for it's that part of me bound

to the shadow city the part which
still marvels at these views: concrete
V complex on Roosevelt Island,

the orange harnessed tram wires, Pepsi
Cola red blur on the water. It's
the truck idling on 35th

on its bed ten men lunch on an I-
beam the eleventh stolen a voice
on the street—its perfect tone—she sings

in time with these radio strings it's
in this way it's and its cross, line up,

it's in time with all the things its owns.

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