

**On 12th and 4th Street**  
*for Myra Shapiro*

The degrees of separation grow together  
When you meet a man

Who has a marvelous friend in 6L,  
When your daughter lives in 7G.

It's amazing! To think that  
When your child drops a dish

Or a spoon that speaks through wood and  
Glue below to someone who knows

The man who sits at your table,  
You smile again at how ivy grows up

Windows to remind the city  
Of its boundless roots.

*Neil Diamente*