

# Color Symphony: Bronx Summer

Carol Novack

## Allegro Red

By the bodega on a scorcher midnight, 23 men and women  
in delicious shades of ebony & bronze  
shoot the breeze while trying to find it.

“Run mon, here come the heat—the bad heat, mamma.”  
“Niggas, niggas,” you got it coming:

Clubs guns pain so much pain in the breaking ribs & veins:  
the shit going down & no goddamn rain.

## Lento Blue

As if all the hydrants contained lakes,  
the children wait for their release into water,  
arms flapping like fins.

The children dream they are cleansed of color.  
Languid minnows, white as CEO's.

“Cool, cool!”

## Adagio Green

The shade of her favorite elm; protection from the rap the hip the hop  
The jive the juice the fists always the pounding of the fists.

## Vivace Violet

Party time for that dress from which I explode, all mammary glands and hips, those  
real gold earrings and the old jazz he plays: “give me my saxophone, sweet girlie,”  
he always says when he's had too much  
rum, forgetting there's no more saxophone, it's just the radio playing miles  
johnny & b. b. and me and him getting it on doing it doing it  
so fuckin fast it hurts.