



Saving Brighton Beach

...Sometimes the train slows, and you get a streaked glimpse of what's inside: an ancient man in pajamas stands to adjust a radio; a woman, her long black hair rubber-banded, raises an arm to close the blinds. Mostly night, mostly dark, but here and there on a fire escape or wide sill, the inevitable geranium, and everywhere the hum of the city's untuned harp.

