

My City Block at Night



There they stand, an earnest row of brownstones right opposite my Manhattan apartment house, exactly the view I had when I lived in Park Slope in Brooklyn. For the last few nights, I saw a single woman sitting at a desk in a well-lit, unshaded, top middle window, her head bent, just so. Edward Hopper might have painted her, another lonesome Christina, but in an urban setting; unknowable, silent. Hopper's Americana at my very window.