

# Streets By Naomi Shihab Nye

A man leaves the world  
and the streets he lived on  
grow a little shorter.

One more window dark  
in this city, the figs on his branches  
will soften for birds.

If we stand quietly enough evenings  
there grows a whole company of us  
standing quietly together.  
overhead loud grackles are claiming their trees  
and the sky which sews and sews, tirelessly sewing,  
drops her purple hem.  
Each thing in its time, in its place,  
it would be nice to think the same about people.

Some people do. They sleep completely,  
waking refreshed. Others live in two worlds,  
the lost and remembered.  
They sleep twice, once for the one who is gone,  
once for themselves. They dream thickly,  
dream double, they wake from a dream  
into another one, they walk the short streets  
calling out names, and then they answer.