

# New York '98

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*Aidan Lyncaro is a pseudonym for a Canadian Ph.D. candidate specializing in Slavics. Aidan has previously published in the United States and with the web ezine 'Word Salad.' Aiden commutes to work on a 198, mint condition, Honda Rebel, 250.*

I am a piloteer techno explorer  
palm pilot subway map in hand  
old enough to remember orienteering with map and compass  
internal navigational sense without global positioning satellites  
but progressive and wise to embrace technology

distance bridged by satellites and land microwave towers  
you at Mont Tremblant Quebec  
me in a car coasting past the chemical farms  
of Elizabeth New Jersey  
more storage tanks  
than jersey cows in the Garden State

our long conversation on the mobile lingers  
suspended in the haze  
each word a breathless syllable

George Washington bridge shines like a jewel  
in the misty morning light  
rich York poor York  
New York of contradictions

Pier 76 on the Hudson wears the faded name United States Line  
in 1956 we disembarked the fastest ocean liner  
SS United States majestic proud ambassador of hope

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immigrant dreams in my father's pocket  
burning a hole with ambition  
an American! he was going to be an American!  
sweet land of liberty  
of thee he sang  
as the trunks revealed their meager cargo  
mother's china all the way to New York  
from France to America  
from war's end and poverty to promise  
promise and dreams

and the mobile conversation  
dangles in the air  
me here you there  
everywhere  
in poor York rich York  
New York of contradictions

two newly minted jacksons and an honest abe or two  
buy bvlgari at Saks  
the animated shop window dressing is free  
for passers-by patient enough to wait  
one by one

homeless with their possessions, plastic bags not from Saks  
praying in the nave of Saint Patrick's  
for redemption and the next meal

I light a candle and pray  
a Vivaldi summer  
brought promise and transition  
from the imagined to the real  
the prayer floats on angel wings  
within St. Patrick's walls  
lifting my intention to the universe in a trance  
a portal fitting of New York  
reflecting in Cologne like a digital image

clean streets  
once mean streets

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scented by the smoke of oversized pretzels grilling on coals  
bagels large as transport truck tires  
in the child's recollection cuisine

Times Square incandescent glow gone  
light bulbs replaced  
hi-tech computerized razzle  
past the neon dazzle  
getting ready for 99

arrogant cabs armored grills  
no fear  
heart stopping maneuvers  
my car left to jockey  
through traffic-choked Broadway and the Avenue of the Americas  
heart pounding

beneath the surface  
safe within  
the subterranean efficiency worming through tunnels  
a buck fifty to ride transfer and arrive  
without the need for cardio pulmonary resuscitation

subway tokens with their pentagonal centers  
brass life savers jingle in my pocket  
in time to the tintinnabulation of  
rockefeller bells

Rockefeller wire angels all in white  
ignore the December twenty-ninth rain  
trumpet gabriels herald  
peace on earth goodwill  
just around the corner from Saks Fifth Avenue  
where homeless street angels huddle on the subway grate  
in the ozone-tinged rising heat

Grand Central Terminal  
constellations trigger memories  
of a Ferlinghetti Coney Island of the Mind  
'when Christ climbed down from His bare Tree  
and ran away to where

there were no rootless Christmas trees  
hung with candy canes and breakable stars'

loose change on the streets  
subway stairs  
copper pennies  
embedded in the hot summer asphalt  
pave Broadway and 42nd  
enough in the collection for one subway ride to Whitehall  
the bullish market wall  
two pebbles disappear into my pocket  
as a souvenir of the rock foundation  
heart and soul create

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like a jewel in the misty night  
rich York poor York  
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