



Green Hudson Line by Stephanie Parry

I've learned I'll see the city soon
and the panic's setting in From fear
that ghostly reverie
will rip my heart from skin

For as they clamber for Times Square or
the kitsch of Lower East Side I'll
remember forty second's rails and
the MTA's green Hudson Line

My soul will steal that northbound train
through Harlem One and Twenty Fifth
Where beggars beg and parents hover
and junkyard dogs defend their myth

Past forlorn bears who sit dejected past a
poet's voice of speaking rocks Through
Riverdale to old Ludlow where
a lost girl's song will pull me off

I'll walk surreal the tree lined bend find
Beechwood Seven Four
Then flip the latch and slip upstairs
to touch again the secret door

I'll feel the wood and smell the room where
wizened apes once ruled the world Where a
Jester's brew was almost true...
...and a gentle giant's soul was born

I'll linger there a moment's era then
retreat my time worn troops Of
memories and long-lost dreams
back through the veil of dust and books

Out to the street and down the hill dare
one last farewell glance No longer lost,
alone in Yonkers, I'll
surrendered onward in my trance

Back to the train that sits impatient with its
hiss and whir of anxious parts Eager to
aim and fire northward
like Lennon's bullet, it won't be stopped

Hugging close the river's edge a
loaded gun with trigger squeezed
Our destination...Tarrytown
my hollow at the Tappan Zee

Where dreams of autumn call me out
persuasion I try to disincline But
reminiscence with tendrils thick
will seize and claim my ethereal spine

I'll glide with ease up White's slick slope past
princes' homes and the pauper's Y Remember
Chinese plastic mountains
and the laugh of angry pizza guy

Then turn to face the house of men where
dollar bills once baited hooks Where
unrelenting sirens wailed
and windows, doors and nerves were shook

It's here I'll face my deepest cut at
Main and Fifty Two Where I'm sure
the echo still exists
of strings and music I once knew

I'll float unearthly through the rooms
where for a while time stood still
Here paws and fur were welcomed messes
and dust claimed every windowsill

And then there is that final image a music
man's sweet silent opus With newsboy cap
and one last box, then
off to bring life back to focus

But that's where haunting fingers loosen
where past and present meet Release me
from their painful clutches
and allow my soul to find my feet

Yet I'll hesitate while boarding home
because all yet nothing's changed Now
flying over roads last driven
though destinations were the same

I've learned I'll see the city soon and the
panic's setting in But I hope the ghosts
will hold me close
when they rip my soul from skin

For as they top the ESB or seek the bronze
of Carroll's shrine I'll be drifting up those
northbound rails
and the MTA's green Hudson line