

# New York Musings

by Angie

Oh what a city I've never known  
Nor visited, ever, except at home  
I feel you though, bustling along  
A real backdrop for film and song  
I see your streets and motley crowds  
You never sleep, your voice is loud  
I love the films, the docs, the tales  
Your heart that throbs but never fails

The City swallows loves and hates  
Yet more await beyond its gates  
The melting pot clasps all within  
Millions lost, while more begin  
Yet its gleam will ever beckon  
Promises kept - or never reckoned

You came to us one autumn night  
With a tunnel world of rare delight  
That got more real as tales were told  
The folk, the Falls, the windy cold  
Candles, braziers that warmed the stone  
In the City of Night, one walked alone

While Above she walked alone as well  
That friendship grew, they'd never tell  
Her world and his met hand-in-glove  
In a blue-lit threshold warmed by love  
Above, Below, day or dark  
Beast and Beauty gave us 'heart'

And B&B grew off the screen  
Tales, songs, art kept live the dream  
Zines and costumes, vids and Cons  
Fandom grew larger, the series gone  
Fans were legion, wanted more  
So eager sellers found their door

Even now, 37 years past,  
So much we have will always last  
We cherish items, pass them on,  
The pool though small, is never gone  
A New York era on that small screen  
Revives with every treasure's gleam

Small items speak of what abounds  
Once glimpsed in chambers underground  
Memorabilia for evermore  
Found even on a distant shore.  
They're fabric, metal, glass and bling  
Yet give imagination wings

The place where dreams have come to pass  
New York I know thee, first to last.

