

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 and 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, though series gone
Fans were legion, wanted more
So eager sellers found their door

Even now, 38 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.

