A Night in New York

Elinor Holmberg*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

One night we walked Beginning by the river Where the foundry lights, the COCA-COLA, the ADMIRAL Spilled over the water like discarded dreams...
Iowa Winter

Her arms stood stark and naked,
Dark dancing skeletons,
In the bitter wind.

Her hair lay brown and brittle,
Lifeless strands on her mud face,
In the bitter wind.

No more!

Arms are waltzing ghosts,
Her mud face lies hidden
Beneath a veil of powdery white
In the bitter wind.


A Night in New York

One night we walked
Beginning by the river
Where the foundry lights, the COCA-COLA, the AD-
MIRAL
Spilled over the water like discarded dreams.

Across the Drive and up the street . . .
Along the smoothness of the Avenue
The precision of platinum on velvet
Trim, spaced elms and trim, spaced doormen
The hum of thin, late traffic by the Park.

Passing the housedogs on leashes
On their last trip round the block
Over a sidewalk still warm with old sun,
Pulling unsmiling girls.

Steamy, soft like a young child's breath
The night drew us on . . .

By the Bongo drums, the Congo drums
At the top of a long set of stairs
The girl-like voice lifted above them
Half in the red light, half gone.

"Para los angelitos . . ."
Fragmented lullabies from darkened doorways
Idleness grouped about garbage cans
By faces that stared or smiled, then faded.
Down to the river again.

A night in New York
When we walked
And the lights spilled over East River
Like forgotten and discarded dreams.

—Elinor Holmberg, Sci. Sr.