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New York Melancholy

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Something struck me about my recent visit to New York, perhaps the abundance of taxis,

strolling spirited business people wired into music shutting them off from city sounds which have

woken me for the past five nights relentless rolling ambulances, and sirens taking people to their final

resting place, and sheer absences of green patches of oxygen on cold winter days.

How does your soul survive such cold concrete corruptions and what happens with its removal?