

## **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?