



### **My Lost City**

by Diana Raab

*(After "Oh My Lost City" by Pablo Neruda)*

New York, the place of my birth,  
still hear Streisand's words of glory—  
the city that never sleeps,  
even for me as a teen  
who slept under stars  
with sexy boyfriends and cars.

Each Sunday visited  
Rockefeller Center  
where dad taught ice skating  
they called him Mr. Mark—  
unable to pronounce his long last name—  
Marquise—invented after immigration  
from some French ancestors  
which is maybe why I love croissants, espresso,

chestnuts and steamy nuts from street vendors.  
I left before I could drive,  
but now want to revisit my roots, especially  
with dad gone and the city changed faces  
more times than I can count.

Queens was my place, Cunningham Park  
where hippies puffed joints and concerts  
permeated lively words with numbered streets  
and houses in rows like soldiers, only colors  
setting them apart, one hundred and seventy-third street—  
oh the pink shingles dad pained when I was born  
to match his pink impala—  
the kid mother never wanted, but dad cherished.

She planted a cherry blossom tree  
in keeping with theme,  
her green thumb also holding the reins of her  
favorite four-legged equine partner,  
always more important than me.  
She's still there, waiting to die  
but never dying to live  
I only wish her well— planted  
in the city I used to call my own.

**Published in *The City Key*. March 23, 2025.**