

Central Park 2009 / Russ Deerfield

If I were on a boat in Central Park
I would sail from the mushroom of Hans Christian Andersen
With the children
Up to Columbus Circle
Pass under a bridge, in troubled water
Of crude materialism and Greed
Anchor in a green meadow
Go up to meet Genius in the Metropolitan.
Thinking that perhaps the key to Greatness
Lies, in fact, right there in the water
Exactly in the middle

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Curtains of rain
Scarves of raindrops
Drizzles of water on the trunk of a tree
Giant drops tumble from the leaves.
The sky is gray and below -
Light-green grass
Dark-green of the hedges
Verdant hazel trees
Deep-green lakes.
Maybe this is why yellow is the color of the cul-de-sac
In the Middle East
