

On the Streets of

New York

A poetic tour of the city



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**COVER
NOT FINAL**



City Weather

The first blizzard of the year is a fine time to discover that everyone in your neighborhood apparently owns a sled, Or knows how to build one out of cafeteria trays and garbage can lids, every hill now flooded with bright mittens thrown in the air like wedding bouquets.

Central Park

Sometimes I walk through Central Park
with my arms outstretched and say,
Wow! Did you know there is a park here?
And so centrally located!

It is a joke for an audience of only fireflies,
who do not laugh, but do, I think,
deserve a performance of their own from time to time,
after all the shows they put on.

There are four-digit numbers on every lamppost in the park
and if you both know how it works,
you can tell someone where to find you
using only lampposts as your guide.
The city is full of secrets and codes,
never-ending ways to find who or what you are looking for.



We Get Where We Need to Go

we get where we need to go
by bike or by skateboard,
by taxi, by subway, by bus,
by bridge or by tunnel or by ferry,
in strollers, on shoulders, by wheelchair, by foot.
Escalators, elevators, ramps, and stairs.
There are maps & memories to help us,
crosswalks & traffic lights, signs & instructions,
& somebody to ask for directions
if you get turned around.





Times Square

There is something to see in every direction.

Look up: at the billboards, bright lights, & marquees,

Look in: at the audiences, the crew, the diners, the waitstaff,

Look out! for the tourists and mascots and commuters,

the buskers and promoters, the artists and vendors.