

LITERARY ARTS

POETRY

FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY

HELEN SIENERTH

*Silver Arts*

**Artist's Name:** Helen Sienerth  
**Title of Entry:** First Visit to New York  
City  
**Category:** Literary Arts  
**Sub-Category:** Poem  
Salisbury Rowan Senior Games

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## FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY

She'd forgotten I was coming, I was certain. The joyous welcome I'd expected wasn't there.

She stood aloof, in haughty disapproval unforgiving that I'd caught her unaware.

I saw her ratted hair, the clawing fingers, ragged coat and weeping sores upon her legs.

I watched her slip up to a nearby table to bolt the scraps of food and drink the dregs.

I swallowed hard to cover my aversion to the rancid odors everywhere I turned—  
the fish'n'chips, the onions, the salami, unsalted pretzels, hardening and burned.

I saw the quick but aimless animation then, the secret, silent blankness in her face.

I wondered at the awesome undercurrents that had swept this wondrous beauty to disgrace.

Timidly, I waited in her foyer wondering whether I should flee or stay;

when, summoning the powers of her breeding the Lady beckoned me and led the way...

to the garden, where the skyline rose majestic and the copper steeples rayed to meet the sun.

She raised her hand in silent benediction for the homeless, huddled masses who had come.

The haggard crone who'd met me, quickly vanished as twilight gently melted into night.

I raised my eyes, transfixed, and saw the Lady

Resplendent in a Cinderella light.