

To Autumn in New York by Nick Vagnoni

All words and phrases come from John Keats's poem "To Autumn" and Vernon Duke's song "Autumn in New York."

The last ooziings of new love:
in a wailful choir, Lovers bless the dark.

And still more, of mists and mellow, New York,
often mingled with fume, New York.

How to load and bless Dreamers with empty hands?
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd to live it again.

Autumn in canyons of steel
transforms the slums into their clammy cells.

Conspiring with exotic lands,
Spain twitters in the skies.

Dreamers, empty to the core,
watchest with empty hands.

Bless the dark
on benches in the skies.

And sometimes, like mellow fruitfulness,
this autumn in New hue.

You'll need no castles in maturing sun;
music—the thrill of first-knighting.

Shimmering the hazel shells
in New York.

It's good now, with treble soft,
to load and bless with fruit of new love.

Autumn in New York
seen oft amid steel.

They're making me
Autumn in New York.

Close bosom-friend,
careless on a granary floor.

On benches, twined flowers
all sigh for to live it again.

Autumn in the moss'd cottage-trees,
and I'm home.

Miami Bus Stop Portraits by Nick Vagnoni

One sock rolled down past the heel,
furiously scratching his foot.

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In a wheelchair, she
rests one of her stumps on the bench.

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Tiny black woman in a bucket hat,
spitting.

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Nothing but sweatpants and a cigarette.

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Chugging a gallon of whole milk.

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Past the bench,
a man by the railroad tracks,
playing a banjo.

Really.