

## NEW YORK

The heart of New York was beating relentlessly  
To the rhythm of the East and the Hudson.  
A melting pot of cultures that wept and laughed,  
A wandering Tower of Babel,  
Searching for the North,  
Through the geometry of skyscrapers  
And the cold of the elevators.  
But the footprint of the indigenous tribes remained buried  
Under the lust of the shopping centres  
And the stress of the subway carriages.

Times Square looked omnipotent,  
To the four winds,  
As if there was no tomorrow,  
Its “five zero” Internet charms  
And the crowd paid heartfelt homage  
To the glamour of the Apple and the colour of plasma.  
But the aurora existed, stalked with eagle eyes,  
Its claws hovered without mercy  
On the homeless who populated the pavements

From Pop Art came Love,  
Red and sensual, on Sixth Avenue  
A young goddess of love and freedom.  
But in Harlem deep blues wailings  
Were still ringing  
And the World Center stood forlornly guarding  
The deep scar of the “S Eleven”

Five smiles remained on the Brooklyn bridges,  
Five looks of wonder, five memories...  
And, in front of the wind, Manhattan, like a dream.

Every night the goblin of Central Park  
Plays the saxophone in his boat,  
Playing a jazz song for us.

**“It Rains non-Stop” (2018-21)**

Jesús Claver Giménez