

# New York, New York

by Gary Percesepe

*You left your new shoes.—Frank O'Hara*

The city's hung in  
flashlights. Wizard's  
bridges festooned  
with garlands for  
those who must live  
forever. Sun is weak  
but no one notices.  
Trinity Church alert  
like the narrow finger  
of God at the head of  
the street where money-  
men who pray for more  
pace nervously for Maria  
Bartiromo. Pictures fall  
off the wall of a TriBeCa  
loft. Bobby DeNiro sighs  
somewhere close by.  
The big hole in the  
ground is not closed, still  
zero. I was too young to lose  
my virginity to the girl  
from Virginia that I  
met at the Waldorf so  
instead I smiled and  
stood next to her on  
the choir risers. I miss  
the Horn and Hardart  
automat, lit like an Edward  
Hopper painting & the  
Camel smoke curling from

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the billboard in Time's  
Square. Twice a day  
traffic comes to a com-  
plete halt on the LIE  
in honor of Robert  
Moses. I don't remember  
her name, the girl I  
mean, but if you see  
her would you tell her  
for me that it's OK to be  
an out of townner when  
you look like Catherine  
Deneuve. And that I'll  
wait for her on the Circle  
Line, Pier 83, West 42nd  
Street, she can cab it  
but don't forget the tip.

