

The Lady of the Harbor

It was a hot, humid, New Jersey August day
In the shadow of the world's most famous skyline.
The elderly ferry labored through the Hudson
As the Empire State Building stood above his graying neighborhood.

The twin towers reach through the heavenly haze
As buildings of all shapes and sizes crowd at their feet.
Across the river, Ellis Island sulks as a decaying monument
To the thousands of immigrants who landed there
Confused and frightened, awaiting their golden opportunity.

Years later, the descendants of those pilgrims ride the ferry
Retracing the final voyage of their fathers.
Generations of children of those weary travelers now
Stretch across this great land,
Living the dream of those who arrived into this eroded harbor.

As the ferry chugs on, the Statue of Liberty
Reigns above the choppy waters.
Like our country, she is weather beaten by time but
Still stands proudly, holding her battered torch of freedom.
The buoys bounce amidst the water, clanging their bells of liberty.

In the park beneath her feet,
Thousands of visitors of all cultures
Mingle beneath the green trees.
The proud lady still tells the duel story of her birth and
The re-birth of the many immigrants who created
A new life in this land of liberty.

Frank Allocco
New York City, 1984