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Masha D'yans



I come from 50-cent stores, beauty parlors, and nail salons.
I come from the smell of sea salt and the curve of carousel horse hair.
I come from honey dripping off baklava at Lefkas Pyrgos.
I come from rare steak on plates with potatoes au gratin, salsa con pollo with black beans, Belgian Fries, bagels, shrimp lo mein, and torped salmon with soy sauce.
I come from mango with tomati, and beans with sweets.
I come from a babaf.
I come from dark Atlantic waves and silent echoes.



Then the poem is lit on the city
burns into a stream
changes like an elephant's leg, which took
and it moves in a New York night as busy as a jungle.
The poem moves like a washed board on freight bark
and rolls up into the sky like a pig pink hat.
And from the poem glitters the road like
falling snow.
Then



My, Statue of Liberty,
wait! I just see
or was it you on the A train
on his get to meet?
Now I can see
your habit is really a MetroCard!

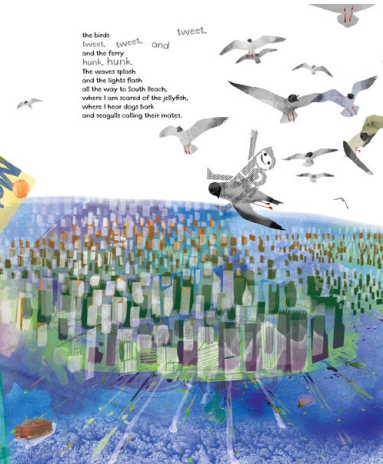
Oh, Statue, don't you get tired?
Looking into their eyes,
foreseeing the crowds,
the never-ending waves,
watching the city changing
like a kaleidoscope
from sky to dry
never the same.

And to watch disappear upon
watching New York minutes
trickle
like
pickles.

A flock of seagulls comes down
and offers the poem a ride.
They fly above the Veranoano bridge,
above the blue water of New York harbor,
the poem smells the salty roof of
Walden Island.

The poem rides the ferry
and hears the waves
whoosh, whoosh.

the birds tweet, tweet, and
and the ferry
hums, hum, hum,
the waves splash
and the lights flash
all the way to South Beach,
where I can smell of the jellyfish,
where I hear dogs bark
and seagulls calling their mates.



The poem went to the Agartarian
and got caught in an octopus's mouth
and swam with the sea lion.
The poem walked by the East River and roared up
to touch a pink-and-white striped sky.
It passed by the Chrysler Building
and it looked like a wealthy woman
who just couldn't hide her jewels.

The poem burgle jumps out onto a cloud
and over the Brooklyn bridge.

The Brooklyn bridge bends down
like a person doing yoga,
stretching across the East River,
graciously showing its granite back with everyone,
its big cold granite fluffy coming down
like four massive bears for a grant to play.

You ever been to Brooklyn?
Don't hesitate, come to BROOKLYN!

Brooklyn is the place to be, and you know I'm right,
from Spanish to Asian, to Black and White!

So much diversity! That is who we are-
Manhattan may be the center, but Brooklyn is the start!

Let's go to the park! To Kater Park we go,
to hear the young people say, "hey, what-up, yo."

On Coney Island,
there is a Ferris wheel that goes up, up, up and down!

How many rides can we go on today?
Caribee! Caribee!
OHANNNN, hold on tight!