

LIBRARY ZINE!

VOICES FROM ACROSS
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Volume 1 • Issue 1
Summer 2017



New York
Public
Library

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Greetings creative New Yorkers!

Welcome to the first issue of The New York Public Library's literary magazine Library Zine!, a creative writing magazine containing original writing and visual art submitted by library patrons and staff of all ages. We encourage submissions in all languages and personal styles so that we can better reflect the diverse communities the New York Public Library serves.

New York prides itself on being a center of culture and creativity. Even through troubling times, our words and our pictures comfort us and show our imagination knows no bounds. This is a truth that can be recognized daily at any of the New York Public Library's branches.

To enter a circulating branch of The New York Public Library is to enter the realm of "real" New Yorkers. Distant from the vacationer's dream of what this city might be, each branch of NYPL provides those of us who require the extraordinary amounts of patience and fortitude necessary to continue our grind in the midst of so much noise with space to realize our personal dreams and pursuits. As community centers in this urban scramble, the Library is a necessary reprieve where the city dweller can recognize themselves and the questions or epiphanies this environment inspires.

This zine was thought up and edited by librarians who facilitate and observe genius at the desk or in programs. It is our goal to amplify and motivate the voices we support at the branch everyday and to do like librarians typically do and make this valuable information freely accessible. The New York Public Library has 88 circulating branches and countless voices; the Library Zine! works to harmonize and unify them into a cohesive and representative whole.

Such a diverse city holds a multitude of different voices and visions. We've asked contributors that all submissions be mindful and respectful of our audience, but that doesn't mean everyone shares the same opinions. All written and visual content are self-expressions of those who created them and are not intended to represent the ideas or views of Library Zine! or The New York Public Library. Difference of opinions is what makes New York City great!



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What Does NYC Mean To You?

Much like NYPL itself, the Library Zine! wouldn't exist without patron participation. This section celebrates and showcases the talent of your fellow New Yorkers. Here, you'll find the poetry and prose from the distinct voices you share this giant city with. Perhaps one of these pieces will even inspire you to write one of your own. Thoughts and feelings expressed here are solely those of the authors.

Art and Picture Collection, The New York Public Library. "Statue Of Liberty, No. 1."
New York Public Library Digital Collections.

Poetry



Irma and Paul Milstein Division of United States History, Local History and Genealogy, The New York Public Library. "Myrtle Avenue El in Queens" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*.

Metallic Steel Snake Wilhelmina Fosua Dua

Underground I hear you before I even see you.
Far away as your wheel rattle on the rail,
I sense your presence.
If I miss you by the a minute,
I have to wait longer for your arrival.

Aboveground I see you before I hear you
What a sight to behold As you pass by another
To see your long shining body glisten
To hear your engines run.
Steadily and surely my destination approaches

Like a snake charmer music
You dance to the coordination of your operator.
You announce your arrival
And let your departure known.
You wait for no one.

Wilhelmina Fosua Dua is an African who is fascinated by how different everything is here compared to where she came from. She is also a lover of all kinds of art.



Spencer Collection, The New York Public Library. "Momoyogusa = Flowers of a Hundred Generations." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*

Snow Snow Carlos Guichardo

Snow, snow beautifully flows
Claremont Park

Covered. Started now this Saturday afternoon
With Imagine Song

On the radio Lennon glows,
Through the street

Traffic slow.
New Year goes,

Day after day life moves on.
This is America

New York life I saw.
Bronx is prosperous.

Carlos Guichardo is a retired teacher, born in the Dominican Republic. He currently resides in the Bronx.



The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: Photography Collection, The New York Public Library. "Brownstone front and skyscraper, 4 East 78th Street, Manhattan." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1938.

What does New York City mean to you?

Felicia Franklin

To me New York City means unwanted births, strife and poverty

Underground lengthy holes of stench and filth that electrical wheel draw tubs travel through

The city means noise and anger shouting through the night
Then traffic and rushing around through the daylight

To me it's a place of unremembered birthdays and forced celebrat-ed holidays

A place of undeserved robberies. Where the thief of life was carried out with metal birds in the sky, traveling through grounded structures.

New York is a city of opportunity, wealth and great New Year's celebrations

It's a city of glorious shopping, fashions and of wondrous parades

Although New York City is not always kind to its people, it's still a cherished beloved place.

The place of my birth. My home.
The luscious Big Apple

NEW YORK CITY

Felicia Franklin is a native New Yorker living in the Bronx. She is a child care provider who likes to write in her spare time.

The Vendor

Tyler Thier

I have a quota to meet, an Ithaca
to reach, some memberships to acquire,
but I dare not harass this void-eyed
soothsayer pacing beneath his sheltered
awning, like Tiresias tilting skyward in a cave.

No approaching him with hornet strides today,
for as a clairvoyant tears through the fabric
of Fate, this man sees the past, present,
future, and in between. He deals in antiques,
after all.

Give him a rusted Nazi emblem and he'll cast
it off to the private collections of the world,
erase its violence like Time bleaches his sight.
Or that dead orphan in a sepia-tone photograph,
finally finds her a new family on the warmth of
a black-wood mantelpiece.

I see him hobble into a pastry shop a few times
to keep dry, buy a corn muffin once, watch the
rain
again. His teeth are as crooked as his curbside table,
chattering into the afternoon. No, I dare not pry.
I leave him to his magic.

Tyler Thier is an MFA student from Long Island. He enjoys escaping suburbia every now and then to explore New York City and its various art-world events. In addition to losing himself (or rather finding himself) in the Big City, he also loves a good day at the beach near home.



The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: Print Collection, The New York Public Library. "Maiden Lane, New York. Jewelry centre of the world" *The New York Public Library Digital*



Manuscripts and Archives Division, The New York Public Library. "The New York Public Library Exterior" New York Public Library Digital Collections.

NYPL Mission Statement Song*

Deborah Andrews

I lead the children;
 We teach the teens
 And we do everything in between.
 I make the flyers
 And we speak the Spanish
 And I bring in programs, all I can manage.
 I sing the songs
 I teach the tech
 And I champion this all for the whole biblioteque.
 So read me a book, sing me a song
 We'll remember these things all our life long.
 So teach me computers, tell me about college
 We'll thank NYPL for advancing our knowledge
 So bring in new programs and create a sense of unity
 And we'll all feel strengthened in our High Bridge
 Community!

*These words have been set to music and performed at an NYPL regional meeting.

Digital Equity at NYPL*

Deborah Andrews

In our quest for digital equity
 We'll review our challenges.
 The NYPL will keep its reputation
 For diving in with all its phalanges
 Refrain:
 Hotspot lending, data sending,
 One-on-one tech help.
 O dear patrons, you're improving;
 Now you're reviewing on Yelp!



New York Public Library Archives, The New York Public Library. "Bookmobile, Bronx, 1950s" The New York Public Library Digital Collections. 1950 - 1959.

Deborah Andrews was an information assistant who offered children's programs filled with her original songs at the High Bridge Library. She gets immense joy out of entertaining the babies, toddlers, and their parents of the High Bridge Library with singing from her books based on her songs, doing countless activity songs, and at times accompanying the group on guitar. Dr. Andrews is also the mezzo soprano soloist at Our Lady of Victory Church in lower Manhattan as well as a private voice instructor.

Short Stories & Essays

First Impressions

Sabirah Abus-Sabur

“I’ve never seen such a horrid sight.”

This was far from what Marianne expected to hear as her mother’s reaction to seeing New York’s skyline for the first time.

“What do you mean?” asked Marianne.

“That smog. Dear Lord, you’ve been breathin that in ev’ry day.” Said Mama.

“No.” Marianne said hesitantly. “No, it’s not like that every day. Some days the pollution is just worse than others. But look at all the buildings Mama, isn’t something?”

“Yeah, it’s okay I guess.” replied Mama. They had just left LaGuardia airport and were on a New York City transit bus heading towards Manhattan. It was packed with passengers and their luggage who had similarly left the airport and others who were just trying to head into Manhattan. It was Marianne mother’s first time visiting the city from South Carolina and Marianne was excited to show her mother around the city she had fallen in love with five years ago when she came to study.

“We’ve got about another thirty minutes till we reach my place. Once you’ve settled in we’ll go to one of the restaurants in my neighborhood.”

“You mean you ain’t gonna treat me to a nice home-cooked meal?” asked Mama.

“Well, we can certainly have that later in the week. It’s just that I’d love for you to get a taste of some of the restaurants New York has. You’ll like it I’m sure.” Marianne smiled.

“Hmm.” Was all Mama said in reply with a dubious look.

Marianne placed her mother’s bags down as they entered her apartment. “Here we are. It’s a bit small but fairly comfortable and it’s in a good location which is what I like most of all.” said Marianne.

“Dear Lord, is this it Mari? It’s the size of a matchbox. Well at least I can say you’ve decorated it well enough considering what you have to work with. Our kitchen back home is the size of this entire place.” said Mama looking the place over.

“You better not be paying too much for it.” She said with a warning look.”

“Mama.” Marianne sighed. “Lots of people want to live in the city. So, there’s a lot of competition and yeah prices can be kinda high. But there’s just so much opportunity to living in the city.”

“Uh, huh.” said Mama.

“Would you like to take a shower and rest up before we head back out?”

“Absolutely. I feel dirty what with all those people smushing against me on the bus, the stink of your city and the grey filth in the air.”

Marianne smiled slightly. “I understand, it just takes some getting used too”

“Used to filth?” said Mama “Oh God, I hope not.”

Over dinner Marianne pulled out several pamphlets and a map to go over tomorrow’s plans.

“No visit to New York is complete without going to see the Statue of Liberty up close. Afterwards we can walk around Wall Street here. There are some pretty good stores for shopping around the area too.” Marianne pointed on the map.

“When will I get to see Central Park?” asked Mama.

“Thursday.” Replied Marianne. “Cause I have to go to work on Wednesday. There’s a deadline this week for the report I’m working on. Once I get that out of the way we’ll have the rest of the week together. Don’t worry though I’ll pick out a few

spots you can check out on your own on Wednesday.”

The following day came and while Marianne proudly took her mother to the hotspots of New York City she’d picked out, her mother reacted at the most with a mild interest. Mama said she’d thought the Statue of Liberty would be more impressive in person, that Wall Street was overrated, the churches to be nice but not homey and the shopping was interesting though overcrowded from what she was used to.

Marianne was disappointed that her mother was not as impressed with New York City as she thought she’d be. She decided a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art would be good for her mother to enjoy on Wednesday when she’d have to work. Although Marianne outlined how her mother could get to the museum she had forgotten to factor in the possibility of transit changes.

As is often the case with New York City’s public transportation there were changes from its normal route. The 4 train would be passing certain stations due to construction. Mama should have switched over to the 6 train but she had not known the 4 train was going to skip her station all the way to Union Square.

Looking perplexed, Mama saw station after station whiz by until finally the train stopped with a screech. Though she had intended to go to the museum she was curious about where she was and after a quick look at her guidebook, she

figured it'd be a good idea to check out the area. When she rose into the sunlight she saw a small park off to her right and ahead were two long rows of canopy tents. She slowly walked towards them.

"I was lucky to have gotten lost." said Mama. She was back at the apartment later that day and Marianne had just gotten back home from work.

"What! Oh no. Why didn't you call and tell me you'd gotten lost?" exclaimed Marianne.

"I can't be botherin you while you at work. Besides after a little disorientation I was able to take care of myself just fine. I ended up at that place called Union Square."

"That's so far out from where you was supposed to be. How'd that happen?" asked Marianne.

"There was somthin up with the train, it just skipped the stop. It's no matter, I had a delightful time at that farmers market."

"You mean you spent the entire day just there?" asked Marianne.

"And what's wrong with that? It seems wherever I've been in this city everyone's in such a rush. Where are all of you runnin to or runnin from?" Mama said with a laugh. "This Union Square was no different but how refreshin it was to take my time and talk with each of those vendors. We chatted real good about what they do, their products and beyond. I notice these New Yorkers, which you're trying to turn yourself into just don't

take their time, just *don't take their time. How often do you look up when you're walkin about the city?"*

"I admit I used to often when I first came here. Not as much now." Marianne admitted. "Well, so far what do you think of the city?"

"Not much." replied Mama. "It feels dirty, it looks dirty, it smells and it is quite noisy. And the sights are not much to look at. It is cleaner and prettier in South Carolina. You New Yorkers can keep what you consider your extraordinariness. I find waking up each day and enjoying each sight right down to the green grass beneath my feet, being able to say 'Hello' to my neighbor without being stared at and the simplicity of everyday extraordinary and I just can't wait to get back to my extraordinary life."

Sabirah Abdus-Sabur is a graduate of journalism from Baruch College. She enjoys writing poetry and short stories. She began exploring writing in her early teens out of a love and wonder of books.

Erasing the Prairie Within

Thais Sherell

Holding tightly to her denim handbag, Riley glanced over her shoulder before stepping onto the platform. Dark blue clouds stretched from the prairie to the heavens. The blizzard was coming fast and the conductor was urgently pleading for everyone to get on board so they could depart before the storm arrived. As she placed her foot on the first step, anxiety prickled the back of her neck. She couldn't shake the feeling that she'd forgotten something. Whatever it was, it would be lost forever because there was no turning back.

Riley was a New Yorker; that's what she told people anyway. It made her feel tough, stronger. The truth was, Riley was no more of a New Yorker than a pony was a stallion because it was bred on the same farm. Sure, she was born in Queens, New York. She even lived there the first seven years of her life, but when her father passed away of a mysterious illness, her mother quickly packed all their belongings and relocated to Long Island. It was strange; one day Fred was there and the next day he was gone. There were no good-byes and no funeral to mourn his early departure, just Jacqueline's concise explanation.

"Riley, wake up," Jacqueline whispered. "We're leaving."

"Is Daddy coming too?" Riley mumbled as she struggled to make sense of her mother's somber tone against the stillness of the night.

Riley's innocent blue eyes pricked Jacqueline's heart and she lowered her head to hide the mascara that streamed down her face. "No, Daddy can't come." Jacqueline had hoped that would be enough, but the wrinkle in Riley's brow convinced her to say more. "Remember how sick Daddy was?"

"Yes," Riley lied. Fred had never been sick. Jacqueline was the one constantly under-the-weather, especially since Fred started his new job which required him to travel frequently.

"Well- uh- he's in a better place now, a place he can always watch over you."

"Like an angel?"

"Uh- yes. Daddy will forever be your angel. So no tears, okay? I need you to be strong for the both of us."

"Yes Mommy," Riley said while she wiped the lone tear from her cheek. She could tell Mommy was lying; Grandpa always said Mommy was a weak link. Whatever the reason Daddy was gone, she had to step up. So, Riley held out her right pinky from under the covers. "I promise to be New York strong for you Mommy."

Jacqueline wrapped her own pinky around

Riley's. "Thank you, Riley. New York strong, for us."

--

Searching for a seat aboard the semi-empty Amtrak train leaving from Illinois, Riley sensed that the next few hours would be more bitter than sweet.

"Why can't they assign seat numbers?" Riley mumbled to herself as she searched for a suitable seat for what would be a long ride. "It would make life simpler."

The anxiety that Riley first felt as she boarded the train was mounting. She decided to pick the next unoccupied window seat. If she couldn't quiet her mind, at least she could look out the window and create stories to match the passing scenery; she was good at that. After all, she had learned from the best, Jacqueline.

Jacqueline was a loving mother; she just couldn't face reality. Whenever there was a conflict in her life, she made these elaborate stories that nobody believed except Riley, so she thought. Even at a young age, Riley knew when Mother was spinning a tall tale or not; she couldn't tell her though; Jacqueline needed her to believe, and Riley would not disappoint her. She had heard the conversation between Jacqueline and Dr. Robert. All the coding in the world didn't block Riley from understanding that Jacqueline had lost her second child during her twelfth week of pregnancy, and she would never be able to have children again.

From that moment on, Jacqueline became Riley's forever eaglet who needed looking after.

"Excuse me." The kind, gentle voice of a dark-haired man tore Riley from her thoughts. "Is this seat taken?"

Riley looked around. There were plenty of empty seats left. "No. It's all yours." She flashed the stranger a quick, polite smile and turned to look out the window.

"I'm Bill."

"Riley," she responded reluctantly.

"I noticed you on the platform," Bill said, refusing to let Riley sink back into her thoughts. "You had a sticker on your bag that read, New York Strong. I thought it'd make a great conversation starter."

Refusing to retreat to one of Jacqueline's tales, Riley decided to tell him the truth. That was why she went to Illinois, to clear her mind amongst the endless plains. Looking the beautiful stranger in the eyes, Riley shared something she had never spoken to anyone. "It was a saying I shared with my mother. She was bipolar. Whenever something was too hard for her to deal with, I assured her that I would be tough for the both of us, like the streets of New York. She uh..."

That was it. The anxiety that had previously mounted began to lift as Riley remembered what she had left behind.

“Her ashes,” Riley sighed with a combination of both pain and relief. “I forgot Mother’s urn at the motel.”

Unsure of what to say, Bill sat quietly as tears streamed down Riley’s face.

“Don’t worry. I’m fine,” Riley said as Bill gently touched her hand. “Really, I’m going to be okay. For the first time in my life I’m free of Mother and pretense.”

Thais Sherell was born and raised in the Bronx. She is an author, educator, artist, and motivational speaker who is passionate about community transformation and conflict resolution. Her projects holistically combine education, business, and spiritual guide posts to effectively bring awareness to community concerns and introduce alternative conflict resolutions.



The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: Photography Collection, The New York Public Library. "Entrance to Grand Central Terminal, New York City." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1925.

Out of Towners

Claire Anna Garand



The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: *Photography Collection, The New York Public Library*. "A garden scene in Morisiana [Morrisania], New York.

First, I walked into the bar, because it was warm and just to the right of the actual street corner. It wasn't packed but wasn't empty; only a few beanie-clad flannel-toting young people like me, playing shuffle board and sitting at the bar. Void of tourists milling, killing time before a train or a show they would be too early for. "Better early than late" they would say to each other, cheeks pink from a \$15 glass of wine. That was exactly the patron I was trying to avoid at this hole-in-the-wall

with Christmas lights draped over the large picture window. I was alone, and it was starting to snow.

Then, the door opened in a flurry of cold and crispness, the way doors do in the winter. My heart sank, because who should walk in but three out of towners. I knew because they all looked too eager to be walking around on such a cold night in the city. The girl in the front had her phone plastered to her face and was spinning around as if trying to entice the GPS to give her what she wanted (which it wouldn't). I guessed the two older people behind her were her parents. They probably had more bags with them than I own, and were clearly lost. I turned back towards the window, but the chill was in me now. I offered to buy the girl a drink, it would be a shame if she missed out on what was proving to be an excellent hot toddy.

Then, we were at the hotel. She had a name, Marie, and they, the three tourists, had been trying to find a way back after some sort of show in Manhattan. It was nice a hotel; cozy chairs in the lobby, a bellhop that didn't give you funny looks, large chandeliers, floors that were shiny and made pleasant sounds when you walked.



The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: *Photography Collection, The New York Public Library*. "Park Row from Tryon Row, the City Hall Park on the right, showing the Times Building, and a distant view of St. Paul's Church." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1865 - 501.

They probably got ripped off because of the tourist thing, so they must have been fairly well off. Not that I cared. I was only being polite, and it wasn't a far walk from my apartment. I found myself staring out the window as they put their things on the two queens and took off the winter layers. I could barely make out the skyline over the East River. Our blood was coming up to our skin, warming us from the inside out. They opened the mini bar.

Then, Marie was at my apartment, drinking hot chocolate and watching the snow fall.

The Millers, that was their last name, were leaving in a few hours. During the five days I knew her she had made it a habit of walking over to my place instead of going back to that big hotel with the shiny floors and the million dollar view. I told her the name Marie Miller sounded stupid, she asked what would sound better, and I blushed and told her I didn't know. She said she hated the city. I took that to mean she hated me.

Then, I was standing in the middle of the train station like a tourist. Only the ones from out of town stand in the middle of Grand Central and look like they've got nowhere to go. Everyone has somewhere to go in the city. People in suits darted around me as I looked up at the muraled ceiling, feeling like the axis of a spinning top. When I walked home I thought about hating the city. It would be so easy. I would begin by complaining about the noise, the rudeness, the constant pressure, the isolation; soon I would be lonely and drinking hot chocolate by myself. I was lonely and drinking hot chocolate by myself, but I couldn't hate the city.

Then, I called Marie. It had been nearly a month since she left but I had to wait until I didn't miss her quite so much. I said I wished she didn't hate the city. She told me she wasn't talking about the city, she was talking about me. She hated a city that held me within it; a city that I loved more than I could love her. Well of course I loved the city more than I could love her. She wasn't home.

Then, I called Marie. It had been nearly a month since she left but I had to wait until I didn't miss her quite so much. I said I wished she didn't hate the city. She told me she wasn't talking about the city, she was talking about me. She hated a city that held me within it; a city that I loved more than I could love her. Well of course I loved the city more than I could love her. She wasn't home.

Then, she sent me a package and it arrived five days after Christmas. It has some crushed up cookies which were once whole, lotion that smelled like her hands, and a little necklace with a tiny key that didn't open anything. All I had sent her was a card because I didn't want to over do it.

Her real present would stay wrapped, gathering dust under my bookshelf.

Then, the seasons changed, and I wondered, would the spring make me forget her? The birds seemed to feel better when the cold lifted, and I heard them singing. I walked the streets without coat and listened to music of the sidewalk. Troubadours emerging from the subways like the birds in the trees. I wondered if I would also be singing. The answer was a resounding "no". I called Marie, and she called me, and I wrote letters, and she forgot to respond to them.

Then I forgot to write letters. Then I finally felt like the birds do. I let myself breathe. She was silent from wherever she was. It was fall already, and I was afraid of the winter.

Then, I went to that bar, that hole-in-the-wall with the Christmas lights strung up over the picture window. I had never stopped going there. It turned out they never took down the lights, not even in the summer. It had become a haunt of mine because I always imagined I would see her there again, by some miracle, that it would be snowing in the sun. Of course I never saw her again.

Then I left. the street lights had just come on and I could see the flurries showing themselves in the thin triangles of light. I looked up - they always say you can spot the tourists in big cities because they look up at the buildings, but I still do it - I looked up and see the city on the horizon, and the city around me. My key stuck in my apartment door and the hallway light was still out. For a city that constantly moves it never changes. This is why I avoid the out of towners. You should never get attached to something that won't stay.

Then I went to bed, the street lamps lighting my dreams, the city singing me to sleep.

Claire Garand is a writer and filmmaker living in Brooklyn with her roommates and a black cat. She is a sucker for interplanetary romantic dramas and is currently working on a musical (the two are not related).

What New York City Means To Me

Joseph P. Griffith



Art and Picture Collection, The New York Public Library. "Brooklyn Bridge & Woolworth B'Ldg." The New York Public Library Digital Collections.

Many people believe that New York is not America, but they are wrong – it is America in microcosm, a huge melting pot that embraces all races, religions, philosophies and dreams. America did not start in New York, but the city is the gateway through which everything since has flowed.

My father was born in Belém, Brazil, in 1907 and came to the United States in 1926, sent away by his family to escape their grinding poverty. It was the Jazz Age, prosperity, and there was room in America even for a young Brazilian who spoke no English and stayed with relatives after disembarking at humble Ellis Island. He gradually learned English and became fluent, sometimes speaking it like an Englishman and sometimes like a hard-boiled New Yorker, and never used his Portuguese anymore. He had never been to school, but he read a good deal – at least the newspaper every day, cover to cover. He got a few jobs, then struggled through the Great Depression. He eventually found one he worked out for about 40 years. His mild-mannered personality made him a popular guy known by everybody at his job. He was the elevator operator, at a time when most elevators still needed operators.

My mother would take me to his Garment District building and he would let me run the elevator, whose big, round switch with a handle stood taller

than me, to the delight of the riders. When I reached adolescence, he would take me up to the roof and show me the ships moving on the glistening Hudson River. A world high above the noisy streets, where one could be alone in thought, and perhaps meditate on what it would be like to rise above one's surroundings to greater heights, leaving a humble beginning to achieve something the way they said everyone could in America. He taught me to do it without complaining, because there was always someone who had it a little tougher.

He was a great fan of sports – he had played on a team that won the national amateur soccer championship in Brazil. He especially loved boxing. He would regularly see Jack Johnson, the first black heavyweight champion of the world, working as a greeter for Hubert's Museum a few blocks away on 42nd Street. Rocky Marciano was in his elevator the day after knocking out Joe Louis in Madison Square Garden, his hands bandaged big as boxing gloves. My father had seen the fight for \$4.

Once I took him to the heavyweight championship in the Garden. I was covering it as a sportswriter, and I got him a \$100 seat for nothing, though I gladly would have paid. We enjoyed the warm June evening at an outdoor café, then went to the fight. Later he wrote me a letter of thanks, as though after a lifetime of support a single evening put him in my debt.

Sometimes he would awaken in the middle of the night from too much coffee for a foul cigarette, and we would sit by the windows overlooking glorious Manhattan as my bittersweet jazz records played in the dark. He would tell me what he'd seen or done but seldom what he felt. He would not tell the sadness of his effort, but it came across in his eyes.

There was the time in the Depression, he said, when he went with some friends in their 12-cylinder Packard to try to find work in New Bedford, Mass. The car used so much gas that by the time they arrived they were almost broke. I imagine him standing, looking at the sea from a place where Herman Melville might have stood, lost in his thoughts but not telling them, like Bartleby the Scrivener, setting out not after a great white whale, like Captain Ahab, but for the dream that is America – a better life tomorrow, if not for him then for his children.

We are the dream. Each generation struggles so the next will not want. Amid the hatred, violence, crass commerciality and emptiness, the human spirit prevails with the hope that each new day will be better.

My father died a long time ago, but today, as I walk along the Garment District streets and see the faces of a thousand weary immigrant workers, laughing, crying, drinking, enjoying the companionship of trusted friends, he is there in every one.

He never went to school but he sent me there to learn Walt Whitman:

*It avails not, time nor place – distance
avails not,
I am with you, you men and women of a
generation, or ever so many generations
hence,
Just as you feel when you look on the river
and sky, so I felt,
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I
was one of a crowd ...*

*I too walk'd the streets of Manhattan is-
land, and bathed in the waters around it,
I too felt the curious abrupt questionings
stir within me ...*

*It is not upon you alone the dark patches
fall,
The dark threw its patches down upon me
also ...**

When I cross the Brooklyn Bridge and see the skyline of Manhattan, or hear the rhythmic beat of street musicians, or see schoolchildren of all races playing together, or smell the salt water on a hot, lazy beach, or am touched by the sadness of a distant saxophone playing blues in the night, or taste success, if only for an instant ... I know he and a million others are guiding me on the way.

**Crossing Brooklyn Ferry by Walt Whitman*

Joseph P. Griffith is an award-winning writer and journalist who has contributed to publications including The New York Times. He has written several books on subjects including endangered species, film and China.



The Stories We Tell

Our lives are driven by stories we are continually telling ourselves. Though our narratives are intertwined with some input from others, everyone's stories is their own personal synthesis of tradition, society, and culture. The stories we tell may hide the truth or invent a new reality but they will always say something about who we are, where we have come from, and where we are going.

Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Art and Artifacts Division, The New York Public Library. "The Writing Lesson" The New York Public Library Digital Collections. 1935 - 1943. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/531c32d0-2892-0132-4433-58d385a7bbd0>

The Starcatchers

Zelda Rosenbloom



Credit: Pixabay.com

Chapter One

Adelaide Emerson came in crying. “Another one fell, I don’t understand why this happening!” Her mother and father exchanged anxious glances. Addie had just rushed in from a play session in the park with their dalmatian, Adam. She looked to her older brother Matthew, but he brushed it off. “Chillax, Addie! Stars falling are **not** our problem” But even he was uneasy, because he knew that falling stars **were** their problem, Adelaide and her family were Starcatchers. That meant that they protected the heavens, and when a star fell, that meant that the protective barrier they had placed around them was failing. If any more stars burnt out, Adelaide and her whole family, the whole race of Starcatchers, could become humans, mortals, just thinking about it made Addie shudder with horror.

Addie responded to Matthew with a sharp “At least it hurts me. The fact that I feel it makes me a way better Starling than you.” (“Starlings’ was the nickname for their kind, originated by humans to explain the so-called “Faeries” they saw fluttering around the stars. Starcatchers had adopted the name later on.) Her brother lunged at Addie. After wrestling for a few seconds, their

mother jumped between them, she hated it when her children fought, and she said “ We need to focus on the common goal, figuring this out. The stars aren’t supposed to fall. Each star represents a Starling, and when a star falls, it means that a Starling has died.” Addie’s little sister Anne piped up “ But I thought we were immortal.” their father took her on his knee and said “ You’re right, Anne, which is why this is such a big problem. I think we need to contact your uncle Matuchi, he’s a chemist at the palace, he might know what’s going on.”

Chapter Two

Over the next week, thirteen more stars fell, and Addie holed up in her room. Even the sight of all of her books, and her lavender walls couldn’t cheer her up. It felt like something was tugging at her heartstrings, weaving them among their fingers, and giving them a sharp twist. It wasn’t just heartache, each time a star fell, she would feel nauseous, she would almost faint, and each time a star fell, she would report it to her family, because she hadn’t been lying, she was the only one who could feel the stars falling, and this made her the most powerful starcatcher in history. They tried to contact Matuchi every time a star fell, but he had seemingly disappeared straight off the star grid, he wasn’t even at the Gemini’s birthday party!

Eventually Addie couldn’t take it, she pressed the eagle tattoo on her shoulder. Each

Starling had a tattoo, and each one was different. The tattoos, when touched, would bring the starling to the Castle in The Heavens. It was rare that someone would go to the Castle, for the only reason that a starcatcher would go there was because they were in agony, and Adelaide was in agony now. She gained entrance to the chamber, and bowed, “Sire, thirteen stars fell this week alone. My body just can’t take it!” she retched and coughed and shook, “ make that fourteen.” The king was troubled, not just because of the stars, but because he was unaware of Adelaide’s rare ability. Her parents had always hidden it from the king, because they feared what might happen to her if he ever found out. She could be executed for being more powerful than him!

Instead, the king took pity on the pale, trembling figure that stood before him. “Child,” he began, “I cannot ease the pain you feel when these stars fall, but I will do everything I can to make this nightmare cease.” he gently brushed her tattoo, and it sent her home. Her parents had been frantic, and when they finally opened her door, there were still traces of the king’s magic on her shoulder. They rushed into her room, and asked her where she had been, Addie refused to say anything about it, only murmuring; “ I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” She realized now that the king hadn’t known of her power, and that in going to the Castle, she had put her whole family in danger.

Chapter Three

Soon the King contacted Addie's parents, he was greatly disturbed by the fact that they had not seen fit to tell him about Addie's rare talent. The power was so rare in fact, that the King took Adelaide to be his advisor, to tell him when a star was falling so he could find out who was sick, and try to ease the pain. Needless to say, this plan did not work very well. Oh, sure, he was able to give ten Starlings an easier death, and that's no small feat, but ten Starlings is nothing compared to the hundreds that died a horrible, painful death that month. From then on, the month of Arling was known as The Black Month, The Dark Month.

The King had saved Addie a great deal of trouble by taking her away, for children were not supposed to go to the king alone. Addie's parents were worried about their daughter, but they had their own problems to deal with. Matthew was popular at school now, because his sister was the king's advisor. Oddly enough, he missed Addie, although that might have been because now he had to walk Adam. (The Emerson family had named him Adam because he was missing a rib.) Even little Anne felt her older sister's absence, Addie had shared a room with Anne, and now she was gone.

Matthew started to take his newfound popularity for granted, which caused some... problems. He refused to speak to anyone,

choosing the strong, silent type, and his little sister missed him, He was the closest thing she had to Addie, and Anne missed Addie terribly.

Chapter Four

Addie had just walked into the extensive basement of the Castle in The Heavens, to do her laundry of all things. What she saw there was surprising, to say the least. The King of the Starcatchers hung from the ceiling by his neck, his face charcoal black. There was a note on the washing machine, with the name "Addie" on it. She stepped closer and read the note. "Adelaide Emerson, leaving this world with yet another crisis may be cruel, but I cannot live in it any longer. I have spent 9748 years here, some good, many bad, I leave you in charge, you can fix this, I know it." Adelaide's eyes watered as she saw the official seal. She clenched her jaw and said; "I will." As Addie read the letter to the public at large, her eyes watered again, she was going to be coronated as Crown Princess next week, because she had to wait until she was eighteen to be queen. She had been appointed such, as the king had no known relatives. She decided to keep her current rooms, rather than the princess suite. After the announcement of the king's death it seemed frivolous that she should have a dress fitting, but that's what it was. As pins and fabric blurred all around her, she began to wonder if it was a who, not a what, that was doing this. and if her speculations

were correct, when would she meet the mass murderer? She did not have to wait very long...

Chapter Five

Adelaide was confronted in her Castle bedroom. The man in the red mask had slammed the door, and pulled out a Starshooter, the most vicious of weapons; when it hit a Starling, it sucked their corresponding star into the void, and it was the longest, most painful death that a Starcatcher could endure, and Addie didn't want to die. She knew that this must be the criminal, but she had no idea how to restrain him. Putting on a brave face, she asked "Who are you? What do you want from me?" "Simple," He replied, "I'm your murderer, and as for what I want, well, that's simple too, I want your power." For by now the whole star galaxy had heard of the fifteen year old girl who could predict the falling stars, and the fact that she was now Crown Princess, although if he was underground, he might not know that last bit. "What is the weapon you use?" asked Addie, deciding to play dumb, "It is a modified Starshooter, instead of sucking stars into the void, it sucks a Starling's power into the gun's user." "How quite terrifying." replied Adelaide, shaking inside. She realized that she needed to show him the dark side of this power. "Indeed." The man in the red mask agreed. Then his watch beeped, and he said impatiently; "Look, I'm here to steal your power, and then kill you, so can we get on with it?"

"I'd really rather not," said Adelaide nervously, "But just let me finish my convulsions." The man in the red mask inquired "Why do you have to have a convulsion right now?" "Simple," Said Addie, echoing his words from earlier, "A star just fell, and every time that happens, I shake, and cry and feel dizzy, it's a painful side effect of my power." A star had in fact, not fallen, but the dark side of this power was pretty bad. Her plan worked, for her attacker suddenly looked unsure of himself. While he was busy fiddling with his gun, she secretly contacted the guards stationed outside of her window in a code she had learned as soon as she was instated at the palace, tapping on the wall behind her 'incoming, three o'clock' To Red Mask she said, "You don't want this power, in fact, I'm pretty sure that you don't want to be here at all." "Why?" Red Mask asked, skeptical. "Because of them." she pointed to the window and soldiers clambered in "And them." Soldiers burst through the door, "And them!" And with that, soldiers poured out of her closet. When the man was sufficiently restrained, Adelaide asked the guards to take his weapon, and to remove his mask. She was shocked when she saw who was behind it.

Chapter Six

Her uncle Matuchi started to talk as soon as his mask was off; "Population explosion, I mean really, our race is like bunny rabbits, there are so many of us! We just keep breeding and breeding,

Starlings need to be taken down a peg from their high and mighty spot, come on, people, there are too many of us to be immortal! Someone needs to die or else we'll take over the earth, and our race will never be secret again! Is that what you want, Miss King's Advisor? Do you want to be locked in a human zoo and be gaped at as a miracle? The star galaxy needs to be mortal or else-" he stopped abruptly as his niece slapped him across the face, saying "There are too many of us, you're right, but murder is never the answer, you beast! It is a simple enough spell to make us mortal, if you had petitioned the king and provided evidence, none of this would have happened, he would have ruled in your favor. How many stars will we find in that gun of yours?" "It was you wasn't it?" She had realized that he had lied about the gun, it was just an ordinary starshooter. "I can't bring those Starlings back to life, but I can ensure that no more will be murdered by the villain in this story. I don't know if you were aware of this, but the king killed himself last week, and he left me in charge. I'm going to turn us all mortal, he passed on his power to me, I can do that now. But you, 5341 year old uncle Matuchi, yes my uncle, who I still love, who I still love but no longer respect, I'm going to sentence you to a human zoo and not take away your immortality. You will live for eternity, knowing that you and no one else are responsible for the deaths of 1546 Starlings.

You will know that forever. Everyone you know and love will die eventually, but not you. So let it be written, so let it be done."

Chapter Seven

Epilogue

Addie's orders came true, and she settled into queenhood with grace and aplomb. Her entire family moved into the castle, and Anne was overjoyed to see her. Matthew was even more popular now that his sister was Crown Princess, but he realized that he had missed Addie more than he wanted to admit, and that he missed talking too. Adam trailed his black and white spotted pride all over the place, and the family was happy. Although all Starlings were now mortal, Addie didn't dread it as she had in the beginning. Most of her story had a happy ending, and though the reign of Adelaide Emerson started through pain and suffering, by the time she turned eighteen, she was hailed with shouts of "Long live the Queen!"

The End. (For now...)

Zelda Rosenbloom's short story won the Teen Writing Contest that was held at Sedgwick Library in Summer 2016.

Storm

Cydalia Acevedo



Credit: PublicDomaininPicture.net

What is a storm? A storm can come in many forms. It can be a storm of snow, ice and frigid temperatures that freezes your fingers to the metal bar of the local bus stop sign, or the blinding snow that makes driving impossible. It can be a sand storm that makes your eyes gritty and your skin itchy with rashes. It can be the tornadoes that form on the plains of the Midwest. It can be feelings.

The feelings that run through our bodies come in many forms - anger, rage, happiness, sadness, surprise, shock, or fear. One alone is a feeling or an emotion. However, our emotions rarely come as single entities. Our emotions come in waves and in combinations which can be even more powerful and dangerous than the storms in the sky or on the horizon.

Injustices towards our person make us angry and, therefore, jolt us into taking an action that

will rectify that misdeed resulting in happiness. Alternately, it can have the opposite result. You feel that you are doing the right thing; but in the end, your effort was futile and it leaves you bitter for the duration of your life. While they are not connected in the conventional way, a storm of emotions and weather storms have more in common than some people might imagine. Both are caused by disturbances that must be rectified in order to see the light.

This is the fictional moment when two sisters start to work out the problems in their own personal storms or risk remaining rigid on the precipice of greatness and watching life unfold before them.

“Still working on your novel?” a young woman happily calls out.

“Yes, I am working on a section of my book.” the writer replies, not taking her eyes off the paper in front of her that contains her handwritten notes.

“However, I do not know if I have it right. I think I am going in the wrong direction. What if no one will be interested in the novice ideas of an unknown writer?” her voice betrays both her fear and doubts in her own talents.

“Stephen King was, at one time, an unknown writer. Stop being so hard on yourself and focus on your goals.” the eldest sister, Sabrina, replies as she carries two mugs of hot chocolate into the living room “Let me read what you have written so far.”

“Are you sure you want to read such trite?” Isabella looks at her older sister.

“First, never put down your own work before someone has a chance to read it, as it gives the reader an image that the writer is not proud of his work.” Sabrina hands her sister a cup of cocoa “Second, people that use a word such as trite often make the best writers.”

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you.” Isabella smiles as she takes one of the cups of cocoa.

Grabbing the laptop and carrying it over to the black couch, Sabrina sits down and reads the first few lines of her sister’s book.

“This is really good.” Sabrina looks over at her sister “I love the way you described feelings as a storm of emotions.” She looks back at the screen, then over toward her sister “What about when people have an argument? Isn’t that synonymous with weather fronts; two opposing factions at odds with one another?”

“Or maybe even two people on the same side but just going about it differently?” Isabella takes a sip of the cocoa.

“That’s the idea.” Sabrina sips her cocoa “Make

sure you work into the characters’ dialogues and backstories the storms they have faced in their lives.”

“Or maybe even two people on the same side but just going about it differently?” Isabella takes a sip of the cocoa.

“That’s the idea.” Sabrina sips her cocoa “Make sure you work into the characters’ dialogues and backstories the storms they have faced in their lives.”

“You should be a writer.” Isabella smiles at her sister “You have amazing ideas.”

“My ideas are just an extension your ideas.” Sabrina glances over to her camera and her photograph portfolio “Besides I am still trying to get my nerve up to send my pictures into that competition. I am not a professional photographer. What if I get laughed out of the business before I am truly a part of the business?”

“Now look who is being too hard on themselves.” Isabella looks at her sister “You are a great photographer.”

“And you are a great writer!” Sabrina shouts “You need top sitting on the sidelines. Get out on to the field and make your name known in this world!”

“True, but we both need to enter the arena. We need to face this storm together! What if you take pictures of what my book represents and I will go over them and decide on one for my cover.”

Isabella hands her sister her camera.

“I will think it over.” Sabrina glances at her camera. “I am not a professional photographer.” she notices the annoyed look Isabella is giving her “I know. I know. Face my fears and weather-the-storm.”

Just how Isabella is always second guessing her own writing, Sabrina always doubts her skills as a photographer. It is humorous how these two sisters possess the same traits and clearly see them in each other but not within themselves. The rain inside storm clouds, much like recognition and acceptance of one’s own self-worth, is waiting to be released from their confines.

Over the course of the next few months, the winter would bring two major snowstorms. On these crisp, chilling days, Sabrina would venture out to take many pictures of falling snow, a winter sky, and icicles forming on the edges of the roofs. Slowly, winter made way for spring and the thaw. The warmer days beckoned her outside, so she walked the well shoveled sidewalks to take pictures of the first vestiges of melting snow and falling rain as a few bolts of lightning flashed in the distance. With every new hint of the coming spring, the sisters’ pride in themselves and their work broke through their defenses and started to dance in the dawn of a new day.

Cydalia Acevedo was born and raised in The Bronx. She has enjoyed writing ever since she was old enough to hold a pen. Writing to her is not only a way to create the fictional worlds that she wants but also to escape the problems of the real world. She started attending her local library, Eastchester Branch, at the age of 9. Since then, she has been to several libraries in The Bronx and Manhattan areas.



Poetry in Motion

Poetry can be free form or strict, sad and depressing or sensual and euphoric. Or poetry can be both at once. Or neither at all. Poetry's only requirement is that it is written by the heart. This section will provide you with a glimpse of the depth, complications, and confirmations of a few New Yorkers' hearts.

Irma and Paul Milstein Division of United States History, Local History and Genealogy, The New York Public Library. "Bronx: Bronx River Parkway - 174th Street (East)" The New York Public Library Digital Collections. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/510d47dc-a581-a3d9-e040-e00a18064a99>

The Missing Game

Sandra Chukwudumebi Obiora

It begins as a creeping thought. Like an itch.

Easy to ignore, difficult to locate.

It graduates into an illness, and soon your mind is stuck on replay.

Like a swarm of butterflies with needles in their mouths.

You tell yourself that you can do without her, that you are a strong man.

You recount the many battles you have won in times past,

And the many wars you have fought against your flesh.

You tell yourself that the flash of her smile in your mind means nothing.

That her beautiful eyes are not a recurring statement in your heart.

You lay in bed with your eyes closed. Rejecting those lips that refuse to cease.

Your hands itch to hold onto something. Something else.

Your nose bleeds from the force of your own denial,

And soon your hands are shaking, and your teeth clattering from this winter of your creation.

Oh brave one, just indulge this one time. Take that bold step you have taken a thousand times already.

Grab onto that hand you always wish to hold. Kiss that face you yearn to always see.

Breathe in that scent you hope will never end.
Gain back your life you thought was nearly over.

For you may have been dying from a terrible disease known as missing another human.

Sandra Chukwudumebi Obiora is taken to the exploration of the unique things of life. Her aim is to provide a deeper understanding to those aspects of life that the rest of humanity tends to ignore.



Jerome Robbins Dance Division, The New York Public Library. "Manières françaises, en place!" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections.*

Rain (Part 1 & 2)

Amani Joseph

Part 1

I won't let it rain
I won't let it pour
I won't let the desert blossom

The clouds will hold it in
For an eternity if possible
I'll let the skies stay gray

I'll let the plants wither and die
I'll let the thirsty thirst
Until their throats are sand dry

The clouds may explode
Into a constant thunder
With a clap, booms, and anger

But no matter what
I won't
Let one tear
Fall
From my eyes

Part 2

The flood is coming
But don't be prepared
Isn't that what you all wanted?
Isn't that what you all dared?

Don't tell Noah it builds his ark
Don't tell the civilians to climb the mountain
Don't tell the neighbors to evacuate
This is what they wanted
And soon it will come

Don't hide the children
Don't hide the pets
This is even what the genie wished for
And soon their wish they shall get
The clouds can't hold it

For an eternity?
I was wrong
They must be giving in to the siren's song
Eventually, they'll break
Because of the weight, they could no longer take

The storm is brewing
And swirling in the atmosphere
I'm no genius
And I can't predict the future
But if I hold the rain into long...

It's going to fall and it's going to fall hard
So, listen to your newscaster
And be prepared for the results of your wishes
Plus, the siren's song

And if anything, you should be praying
"Thank God, it took too long!"
Brace yourselves
For the volcano and hurricane about to rage
Because this is what you asked for

And my strength is all given up.

Amani Joseph is 13 years old and loves to do various things such as practice his volleyball skills and read and write stories/poems. His ultimate dream career is to be an Emergency Room nurse or an EMT.

A Town Called Clifton

Marsha King

The swings made of old car tires are empty
 Long gone are the joyous laughter of playful children's voices, a cloud of despair has become shrouded over the lives of the innocent
 Long gone are the happy gatherings on the front verandahs of the neighbors' houses

Lost are the sweet aromas of Sunday dinner of curry goat, fried chicken and rice and peas

The cane fields are empty now; the land lay bare before me

The houses are larger; the town's folks are becoming more prosperous, but less involved and neighborly

Gone are the days when you could hear the blaring of the Beverly's bus line as it approaches the town for the day's run

Gone are the fragrant smells of the fruits at the start of the season. The trees in full bloom; bursting with color and fruits, small and large

The roads, long and winding, absent of the occasional car and frequent bicycles of the neighbors near and far

Lost are the memories of a town of innocence, a town of hope, a town of love, a town of acceptance---lost is a town called Clifton.



The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: Photography Collection, The New York Public Library. "Cleveland County, Oklahoma." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1937

Marsha King is originally from Jamaica, but has resided in the United States for over two decades. She recently started writing novels, short stories and poems, something she revisits having done some of this several years ago.

In a Matter of Hours, In Matter of One Day

Tabrizia Jones



Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Photographs and Prints Division, The New York Public Library. "Two women and a child standing on step in front of a doorway of a house." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections.*

In a matter of hours
 In a matter of one day
 Our hope burned out
 The rights we hold dear to our hearts
 Disappeared like a ghost in the night
 The young's eyes, filled with exuberance
 and innocence
 Look up into our own, asking us "Why?"
 "Why did we do this?"
 Our silence speaks volumes
 As the dark cloud hovers
 In a matter of hours
 In a matter of one day

The King's dream
 The stem of our fight for change
 Our cause for hope

A laughingstock amongst arrogant men
 The lady in green
 A symbol of freedom and dreams
 Now shivers in fear
 Uncertain of what is to come
 The flag, waving proudly in the heavens
 Lost all meaning
 In a matter of hours
 In a matter of one day

The media says "Accept"
 The media say "We must unite"
 The media does not say "We're sorry"
 The idolized, used, benefitted
 Not once seeing the truth
 The trust has gone
 The pain lingers
 In a matter of hours
 In a matter of a day

I feel lost
 I am angry
 I feel empty
 My country is gone
 My heart is shattered
 This heavy cloud has told me
 It's not okay that I'm me
 It's not okay that my family are here
 My friends are different when we are one in the same
 Now, we must wait
 Our uncertain future lurks around the corner
 All the progress we made
 All the hope we accomplished
 Undone
 In just one hour
 In just one day

Tabrizia Jones is a native New Yorker and was born and raised in the Bronx. She is currently A Young Adult Librarian of the Sedgwick Branch and is one of the editors of "Library Zine!".

Art in the City

New York City means something different to everyone. Some express their views through writing, while others express their thoughts through drawing, color, and photography. Here you'll find your fellow patrons' physical interpretations of the city that never sleeps. These art pieces are not only beautiful to observe but also help us visualize the city from another's perspective.



Art and Picture Collection, The New York Public Library. "John Brooking's Studio." The New York Public Library Digital Collections. 1873.

“Fruitful Thinking and Growth”

Kira Grace Jackson

Inspiration: Mother Nature provides us fruitful thoughts to grow past the ignorance in today’s world.



“Nature in the City”

Amani Joseph

“What inspired Nature in the City was the beauty of the flowers around me and the view from a photographer’s eye. I was at the park that day taking pictures of the flowers and greenery nature had to offer. Later producing my photograph, expressing the scene of the city and the nature embedded within.”



“The Women’s Rights Dress”- A Mixed Media Sculpture

Cheryl Shackeltonhawkins

Celebrating March, women's history month with imagery from women's struggles from around the world. From Tahrir Square to Latin America to the recent women's march in Washington DC. Women's rights and the fears and concerns of immigrant women are showcased.



“12 Things Nobody Tells You About Being Black and White ”

Kira Grace Jackson

Inspiration: Negativity towards people who are different, especially those who are bi-racial.



“Winter Scene”

Lily Shen

“In February 2016, I strolled by 110th Street and Riverside Drive on my way to work. It was about a week after the historic blizzard of 2016, and a fine dusting of snow had fallen and coated these trees and cars. I was intrigued by the stark beauty of this scene and paused to take a photograph of it. The next day, the snow melted away, and this fleeting scene was gone forever.”



“Enid A Haput Conservatory”

Whitney Davidson-Rhodes

The conservatory in The New York Botanical Garden, located in the Bronx



“Love Birds Song”

Kristin King

“My work is influenced by my fascination with fraktur. Fraktur is both a style of lettering and a highly artistic and elaborate illuminated folk art created by the Pennsylvania Dutch between 1740 and 1860. In my art, I take the circle and designs of the hex, the images and lettering of fraktur and combine them with a modern twist to come up with pieces like Love Birds Song.”



“Art Will Survive”

Kira Grace Jackson

Inspiration: Despite the negativity in the world, the voice of the artist, through his/ her art, will continue to speak.



“Journey on Kevin”

Kira Grace Jackson

Inspiration: The death of a friend struggling to beat drug addiction and depression.



“Through the Trees”

Whitney Davidson-Rhodes

“Taken at the New York Botanical Gardens during cherry blossom season. The fallen pink petals give a sense of winter even though it’s spring”



Kira Grace Jackson is a bi-racial artist, social advocate and college student who was born in the Bronx, New York. It was in the Bronx where she sharpened her passion for life before moving to continue her educational studies in New Jersey and Illinois. In the Bronx, and throughout New York City, she appeared on various stages and cable productions, alongside her mother Thaïs Sherell, bringing awareness to community concerns and social issues.

Amani Joseph is 13 years old and loves to do various things such as practice his volleyball skills and read and write stories/poems. His ultimate dream career is to be an Emergency Room nurse or an EMT.

Cheryl Shackeltonhawkins is a Senior Adult Librarian at Clason's Point Branch Library.

Lily Shen is a patron of the Morningside Heights Branch in Manhattan. She enjoys documenting the change of seasons near Riverside Park during the year.

Whitney Davidson-Rhodes is a Young Adult Librarian at the Wakefield Branch in the Bronx. She is one of the editors of *Library Zine!*.

Kristin King is inspired by her roots in Eastern Pennsylvania. She describes her art as folk art images mixed with a modern day twist.

ABOUT THIS PUBLICATION

The Innovation Project's mission is to expand our horizons by surfacing and supporting staff ideas and creativity throughout NYPL. We aim to break down barriers, to imagine the impossible, to support and encourage each other, and to create a culture of "Yes! Let's try that!"

The Innovation Project is part of an innovation landscape at NYPL which, along with the Innovation Communities, provides pathways for exploration and experimentation with the aim of improving our programs, services, and processes in ways that advance our mission and strategic priorities. NYPL staff bring smart, creative expertise to their roles in every corner of our organization and are often closest to understanding what innovative ideas might align with that aim. If you are a staff member with an innovative idea, this project can help bring it to life.

The Innovation Project Team is made up of staff from across the Library, including past awardees, to ensure representation of the entire system. All staff will have a voice in the process, by submitting their ideas, voting, or both. Also importantly, this process will expose staff to each other's projects, which we hope will in turn spark more ideas and conversation across the system.

MEET OUR EDITORS

Four librarians came together with the idea to start a publication that celebrates the artistry of the New York citizens they, and other library staff, serve. They applied for and won The New York Public Library's 2017 Innovation Project, which is made possible by a generous grant from the Charles H. Revson Foundation.

Tabrizia Jones is a Young Adult Librarian in the Bronx. As someone who was born and raised in the Bronx, she has seen great things that makes New York a creative and vibrant city and what way to display that creativity in a magazine that celebrates New York! Tabrizia has participated with literary magazines and newspapers in high school, working on them and submitting to them. In her spare time, she loves to write, both short stories and poems, do art, and of course, read!

Karen Loder is a librarian for the adults at her Bronx community's library where she promotes reading and writing and learning because she loves those three things! Throughout high school and college, Karen has participated with literary magazines either by working for or submitting to them. She thinks this one is particularly special since here she can show off the super talented patrons who attend her writing workshops. To Karen, New York City represents much of what the Library does: freedom to express and explore oneself and one's world in a vibrant, nurturing, and diverse community. Unlike the Library, however, NYC is expensive. She thanks you for your interest in this publication and asks that you continue to support the library and the amazing people who shape it.

Whitney Davidson-Rhodes is a Young Adult Librarian in the Bronx. Though an upstate transplant, she's found a home in this bustling big city. Whitney was previously on an art gallery committee that showcased original work from LGBTQ artists from the tri-state area. With a background and passion in art and literature, she's always wanted to produce work that showed off the talents of the people in her community. She's lucky to have found three other people who shared the same goals.

Adena Gruskin is a Young Adult Librarian in the Bronx. While she has been published before this is her first time working on a Zine and she is very excited to get to see her fellow New Yorkers creativity first hand. An avid reader and writer, Adena is thrilled to have the opportunity to work on this zine with colleagues who share her passions. She is particularly excited about this project because it provides a showcase for our talented patrons and beautiful city.



BUILD A BETTER WORLD THROUGH READING

Calling All Writers!

Get Published in Issue 2 of Library Zine

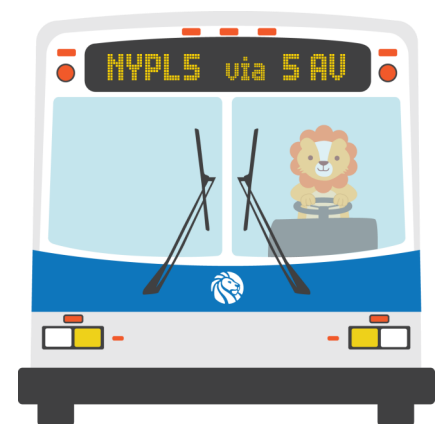
We call for the distinct and creative voices of our patrons to submit their poetry, short stories, essays, and original artwork for our second issue.

This issue's theme: **Build a Better World**

This issue shares its theme with the Library's 2017 Summer Reading Program: Build a Better World. We are looking for inventive and creative takes on this theme which inspires reflections on community, construction, social awareness, and education. Do not take this theme literally; build your own interpretation! Make sure to stand out from the crowd and make your title unique to your work.

Submission Deadline:
September 1, 2017

All ages and languages are welcome
to submit!



Manuscripts

All written manuscripts **must be typed** in 12-point font with one-inch margins, and checked for spelling and grammar. At the top of your submission, please include your name, address, primary phone number, and email.

Poetry should be single-spaced and not exceed 1,000 words.

Short stories can be 500-2,500 words, about 2-10 pages double-spaced.

Non-fiction and essays should not exceed 2,500 words, about 10 pages double-spaced.

Manuscripts must be in .doc or .docx format, and/or readable in Google Drive and/or Microsoft Word.

Submissions can be written in any language.

Artwork and photography

Physical copies of artwork (e.g. paintings, sculptures, etc.) or photos will not be accepted. Instead, **take a picture or scan your work** into one of the following formats: .JPG/JPEG, .TIFF, and .PNG. Images must be 300 pixels per inch (PPI). Images containing nudity will not be accepted.

Along with your image, attach a separate Word document with a description of your work and a short anecdote of what inspired the work.

Please Be Aware

While Library Zine does not want to limit our patrons' creativity, be aware that this publication is intended for **all** audiences. Submissions must be mindful of language, the use of graphic violence and abuse, and the depiction of harmful stereotypes based on age, race, religion, gender, sexual orientation, and mental/physical disabilities.

Limit of 5 submissions per person.

Please submit your work by submitting to our email address, nyplzine@nypl.org.
We will send you a consent form after we successfully received your submission.