

# HELLO HUDSON



Logo by Hayashi Fumihito / Photo by Debbi Dolan

## **The Hudson River as Muse The Hudson River as Teacher**

**Summer 2023**

**Make W.A.A.V.E.S**

(Writing, Art, Activism, Values, Environment, Sharing)

# preface



## Dear Readers,

It takes a city, a poetry and artist community, a gem of an idea brought to fruition and a lot of volunteer hours to create this on-line journal. Debbi Dolan agreed to be co-editor. Working with her has been a joy. The original concept came from Hudson, a bi-lingual collection of poetry by Xanath Caraza, conceived and written during her tenure as Writer-in-Residence at Westchester Community College and staying with me her writer, sister colleague in my apartment overlooking our majestic river. This evocative and powerful volume, translated into English by Sandra Kingery (Caraza's longtime translator) has lived on my countertop since publication. For a period of time, I would read a poem a day aloud, both in Spanish and in English directly to the river as audience. Poem #11 begins our journal offering.

Summer of 2023 provided an opportunity for the workshop series partially funded by Poets & Writers and with gracious thanks to Blue Door Art Center and Beczak Educational & Environmental Center and encouraged participants to focus on the Hudson River as both teacher and muse. July and August Saturday afternoons co-hosted by yours truly, Deborah Maier, Debbi Dolan, Katori Walker and Andrea Wolper gave writers and artist/writers an opportunity to focus all writing in poetry, prose and non-fiction and creations of art on water and the Hudson River, its' history, its' majesty. Ekphrastic prompts, poems written about the Hudson, newspaper articles, meditations- all were used to jump-start the writing. An amazing body of work emerged and it soon became evident that these pieces needed to be shared.

Summer Make W.A.A.V.E.S 2023 culminated with a September Saturday event at the Riverfront Library. Participants had an opportunity to write, draw and learn about the Hudson River, including sharing poems created by W.A.A.V.E.S workshop participants.

I also reached out to guest poets and they are included with what all decided would be an on-line journal available at both BDAC and Beczak.

I must give special thanks to all the contributing writers and artists who contributed their work and to Yonkers Councilwoman Shanae Williams who fostered and supported my journey to becoming the first Poet Laureate of Yonkers.

Enjoy this journal dedicated to our estuary and created by all who have a love of this body of water and want to have it flow freely and environmentally safe. If you are in our neighborhood, visit Hudson from our waterfront promenade.

Respectfully and with thanks from co-editors:  
golda Solomon  
Debbi Dolan

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Logo by Hayashi Fumihito  
<https://thenounproject.com/browse/icons/term/river/> target="\_blank" title="river Icons"> Noun Project</a> (CC BY 3.0)

**Golda Solomon**, First Poet Laureate, Yonkers, NY, Adjunct Associate Prof. C.U.N.Y (Borough of Manhattan Community College), poet-in-residence Blue Door Art Center and spoken word performer, is the creator of Po'Jazz (Poetry in Partnership with Jazz.) and founding member of The Jazz & Poetry Choir Collective. Under the banner of JazzJaunts she also gigs around NYC and goes on the road with her poetry and a fabulous roster of jazz musicians. As poet-in-residence at Blue Door Art Center Golda created and hosts ArtSpeak/From Page To Performance, ekphrastic creative writing workshops and Make W.A.A.V.E.S (Writing, Art, Activism, Values/ Environment, Sharing). Golda has received grants from Poets & Writers, the NEA Yonkers Initiative, Arts Westchester, The Rotary Club, and others that help with her commitment to effecting change in Yonkers through the arts. Solomon is a published poet with two collections, *Flatbush Cowgirl* and *Medicine Woman*

**Debbi Dolan** is a retired Common Branches teacher and Literacy Specialist in the Bronx. She is a lifelong reader and writer who started keeping diaries and journals from the age of eight. She currently instructs United Federation of Teachers retirees at the Si Beagle Learning Center.

She is a nature enthusiast and environmental activist born and bred in New York. She is a citizen science working on studies in phenology at New York Botanical Garden. Debbi had been a docent at Teatown's Wildflower Island for ten years, and was co-contributor to a bloom list in Van Cortlandt Park. She is Conservation Chair for the Hudson River Audubon Society, and has been leading nature walks with the Nature Group of Van Cortlandt Park for over ten years. Debbi has been Captain for the Van Cortlandt Christmas Bird Count for five years.

She has lived in Riverdale since 2001 with her artist husband Matthew Turov. Her nature photographs have been used as writing prompts and have been featured in online journals. She

of Jazz and four cd's, *Po'Jazz:Takin' It To the Hollow*, *First Sets*, *Jazz Riffs* and *We Were Here* ( The Jazz & Poetry Choir Collective) and is currently at work on: *Medicine Woman of Jazz Vol. II: After Hours*. Golda has discovered the visual artist in herself and creates multimedia collages. A snippet of one of her poems makes its way into each piece. Golda Solomon collaborates with the Riverfront Library, Beczak Educational & Environmental Center and other neighboring nonprofits. She is a vital seasoned in years woman, and a Yonkers resident.

**Contacts:**  
[www.goldajazz.com](http://www.goldajazz.com)  
[gs@goldajazz.com](mailto:gs@goldajazz.com)  
914 207 0477

has collaborated ekphrastically on a solo art exhibit shown at the Riverdale Yonkers Society of Ethical Culture.

She has co-hosted workshops for Make W.A.A.V.E.S. and has participated in culminating events at the Hudson River Waterfront and Riverfront Library.

Her poetry aims to increase awareness of the splendor and importance of the Natural World. It is her hope that others will be inspired to help preserve our natural resources.

Her work has been published in *Trail Maintainer*, *Reflections in Prose and Poetry*, and in journals published by the Blue Door Art Center.

**Contacts:**  
[turlan@optonline.net](mailto:turlan@optonline.net)  
718-601-2957

For the Nature Group of Van Cortlandt Park newsletter:  
[thenaturegroupvcp@gmail.com](mailto:thenaturegroupvcp@gmail.com)



# Xanath Caraza

11 Xanath Caraza

Piensa con las manos, dice la voz del agua. Escribe la historia que se disuelve.	Think with your hands, says the voice of the water. Write history as it's dissolving.
Espacio de tinta y papel, de agua y tristeza. Fluye, mano creadora En el humedo lienzo.	Space of ink and paper, of water and sadness. Flow, creative hand upon the damp canvas.
La voz de la fabricas, De metales que cortan el Hudson, abren las venas, entierran la dura realidad.	The voice of metal factories, that slice the Hudson, opening veins, burying harsh reality.
Los poetas estan de luto. La luz del agua se graba en las yemas para que la historia no sea olvidada.	Poets are in mourning. The water light is engraved on fingertips so history is not forgotten.

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## Sheila Benedis

### power of water

along the coastal edge  
twice daily tidal shift  
brought on by the lunar cycle  
intensified by ongoing climate crisis

delicate balance of coastal ecosystems  
impact of climate change on human habitats  
shifting nature of rivers and water lines  
sea level rise an impending threat

all I have is hope  
prepare for a changing world  
through innovative design  
restorative relationship with nature

water, a life force  
respect nature's rhythm  
our survival, inextricably linked  
to each other

and to the survival of our planet

## Sheila Benedis

### Hudson Fibonacci

regeneration  
loss death decay make way for  
regeneration  
all life on earth turning over  
extinction always been part of this natural act  
today human impact on landscape prompts disruption of  
once constant extinction  
rates

## Cindy Borows

### My Hudson River Story

I live near the Sound  
so I only know the Hudson  
from driving past it

When I graduated college  
I drove with my dad into the city each day,  
working with him in advertising in the morning  
and going to art school in the afternoon

We went very early to beat the traffic  
I loved looking at the river from the West Side Highway

In the late afternoon  
he would pick me up from school  
We listened to Bob and Ray on the radio  
or he would take a nap in the backseat  
while I drove up back past the river

I loved those times with my dad  
When I think of the Hudson  
those are my happy memories

## Diane Garafolo

### Rumble of the Tracks

*after Tom Lake*

Subways, noises living beneath our feet  
Loud, fast-moving, chaotic, and overwhelming.  
A collision of sounds, coming from multitudes  
Of different things at varying octaves.  
The pulse of NYC.

The screech of the brakes, the clack-clack of the train  
Echoes of conversations, flickering lights of the approaching train  
Hurry through the crowds, catch the train  
Take a well needed breath.

Leisurely pulling out.  
At long last some quiet  
But, for the sound of the wheels  
Keeping a quick pace,  
The rhythm sways me gently.

Out of the tunnels  
Bright sunlight invades the train  
Pass the concrete buildings  
Resembling crates stacked together

Close one's eyes,  
The rumbling, rocking invades my senses  
Awaken to a vision of green  
Beautiful Hudson rides beside the rails.  
Offering a trail of incredible views.

The trails are typically quite flat,  
Their gentle course wanders  
Past amazing waterfalls, forested hillsides  
Fantastic views of the Beautiful Hudson River.

Oh, to be out of this rail car  
Running along the Hudson trail.

## Diane Garafolo

### Hudson River's Universe Below

Rubber tires, ropes, frisbees, ice-cream trucks  
All this and more found in the Hudson River  
What else can be found, found, found  
A wasteland of plenty

Diving down, down, down  
Hard as can be, one massive tire is released,  
Rises up, up, up  
Once, twice drifting back to its resting place,  
Third time succeeds, breaks through  
And lands onto the land.  
Quite a feat is achieved

Again into the River  
Down, Down, Down  
Liberate the rope from its resting place  
To follow the path of the tire.

Two great oaks, standing tall and strong.  
Climb oaken tree, rope flies over sturdy branch.  
Secure rope through tire  
Remarkably a swing appears.

For all to romp and play  
Just another day  
On the bountiful Hudson River.

## Debbi Dolan

### Along the Mighty Hudson

I.  
Mahican *muh-he-kun-ne-tuk*  
315 mile long river that flows both ways sustained the first peoples  
tides as far north as Troy  
from Lake Tear of the Clouds to the New York Bay  
ran through the Munsee, Lenape, Mohican, Mohawk, and Haudenosaunee  
homelands  
*Mahicannittuk* by Mohicans, *Ka'nón:no* to Mohawks, and *Muhheakantuck* by Lenape  
The lower half tidal estuary, brackish water flowing free to the open sea.

Algonquians were nourished by the river's  
freshwater fish, and striped bass, American eels, sturgeon, herring, and shad.  
Oyster middens attest to their harvest from the river floor.

II.  
Henry Hudson on the Half Moon came along the  
River, spine of Dutch colony New Netherland  
Landscape painters awestruck by its beauty  
and its Palisades  
formed the Hudson River school of painting:  
Albert Bierstadt,  
Thomas Cole, Frederic Edwin Church,  
Asher B. Durand and Jasper Francis Cropsey

III.  
The Hudson, site of American Revolution  
battles with the British until Continentals constructed  
the Great West Point Chain  
to prevent British fleets from sailing.

Single-masted Hudson River sloops dominated transport for decades,  
even after the arrival of steamboats.  
The Erie Canal linked the Midwest to the Port of New York,  
by way of the Great Lakes, the canal, the Mohawk River, and the Hudson River.

IV.  
Essays of Henry David Thoreau and Ralph Waldo Emerson  
celebrated its splendor  
Storytellers, songwriters and film makers were inspired by the river:  
Washington Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow

are now retold by Jonathan Kruk.  
James Fenimore Cooper, in the film - The Last of the Mohicans

V.  
Peter Seeger and wife Toshi  
founded the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, a floating ambassador  
to protect the Hudson River  
and annual environmental festival  
the Great Hudson River Revival  
Pete sang: "I can be happy just spending my days on the river that flows both  
ways."

VI.  
Today, nature's productive habitat, carved by glacier, is home  
to species that have their best  
or only remaining populations in the region:  
the northern cricket frog, sable clubtail dragonfly, Kentucky warbler, timber  
rattlesnake, the bog turtle, Karner blue butterfly, and Indiana bat.

Rich in zooplankton, the Hudson River Estuary teems with marine life  
is home to 220 types of fish, 19 kinds of rare birds and 140 rare plants (one of  
which—the Hudson River water nymph—grows nowhere else on earth)  
American shad and striped bass, catfish and perch bring out the anglers.

Bald eagles and Peregrine falcons on the brink of extinction  
have made a comeback along the river  
thanks to years of conservation efforts that combat pollution.

Seahorses can be found along the riverbank  
use their long tails to cling to underwater grasses.  
The diamondback terrapin lives in the estuary, and Atlantic blue crabs.

Decades after their disappearance, the oyster may be returning.

Hudson River Estuary marine mammals have been documented in the Hudson  
River Almanac:  
harbor seal, hooded seal, gray seal, harp seal,  
harbor porpoise, bottlenose dolphin, short-beaked - Risso's dolphin  
Florida manatee  
minke whale, and humpback whale.

The Hudson is a Hudson River Historic District, a National Historic Land-  
mark, an American Heritage River, precious beyond measure.  
Cherish it! Protect it! Enjoy it!

## Debbi Dolan

### **I Am the Mighty Hudson**

Formed by an ancient explosion  
Banked by towering Palisades  
Lenape called my cliffs "rocks that look like rows of trees"  
I sustained them with my bounty  
War was fought around me  
I watched as Burr and Hamilton dueled on my banks  
I've carried canoes, kayaks, sloops, barges  
Jet skis buzzing like giant mosquitos  
I am home to menhaden that feed seals and whales,  
Shad, striped bass, hundreds of kinds of fish  
Bald eagles, gulls and herons partake of my banquet  
Seahorses and glass eels hide in my sea grass  
Anglers and swimmers have visited my shimmering waters  
I am a river of riches  
From Lake Tear of the Clouds to the Atlantic  
Fresh and brackish water mixed by wind and tides  
I flow both ways  
My beauty is celebrated by poets and painters  
Profiteers have befouled me  
My heroes rally to save me  
Festivals bear my name  
Fireworks sparkle and boom above me  
I am your Heritage River  
Protect me, defend me, cherish me!

## Debbi Dolan

### Ode to Nature's Wonders on the Hudson River

My heart beats fast  
to know seals, humpbacked whales, striped bass  
are sustained by menhaden in the river.

Diamond back terrapins dwell on her banks  
bald eagles and peregrines nest in lofty aeries  
along her Palisades.

Seine nets testify  
to marine creatures along her shores  
crabs, jellies glass eels and seahorses.

My heart is full  
as I witness swirls of sunset colors  
that ripple through her wavy waters.

Debbi Dolan

## Debbi Dolan

### Oyster Superpowers

I.

A sand grain, an irritant  
is covered in pearlescent nacre.  
From vexation to rapturous creation  
its superpower.

II.

Inside a misshapen shell  
mushroom of the waters.  
Creamy, custardy aphrodisiac  
its Superpower.

III.

Filter feeder  
strains sediment into nutrient  
forms reefs teeming with life  
engineering ecosystems, its Superpower.

Debbi Dolan



## Rosanne Ehrlich

### My Hudson

The leafy hills of town flow down  
to meet the Hudson River.  
Always there for me,  
a tease, a destination, a reminder  
of shifting memories.

Crossing railroad tracks  
to meet the river with its  
shining surface, a childhood  
dare and forbidden challenge as  
a glinting sun brings forth  
its jewels and its temptations.

Then patient receiver of my parents' ashes,  
Gentle reminder of a history  
with meaning long before my time and  
bearing feathered swimmers  
who know so much more than I do  
about its secrets, what's hidden  
beneath the glittering surface  
calling me in to swim.

*Rosanne Ehrlich's  
work has been published in Persimmon Tree, Panoplazine The  
Voices Project, Chicken Soup for the Soul, Viewless Wing  
Poetry Podcast*

## Russell Evans

### Lost Voice on the River





## Marcia Klein

### **Hudson River Spirit** (Ghosts of Fish)

Here we are swimming, noiseless, unseen, stuck in the Hudson River where we died breathing, eating, ingesting poison dumped into our water by thoughtless humans.

We are destined to swim unseen unheard as spirits in this river until the water is clean enough for marine life to thrive; and clean enough for swimmers, people and animals alike.

United we telepathize our existence into polluters dreams! Haunting them, ask them to stop polluting the river; stop killing off life in and on the Hudson River.

We insert ourselves into the minds of conservationists, asking them to help cleanse our desecrated river. Then we can stop swimming and go to fish heaven!

## Marcia Klein

### **I am the Hudson River**

My bottom is mud  
My water polluted  
Full of PCB's, dumped  
In me by GE and others

I am being cleansed  
Fish and wildlife  
Are returning to me,  
Thank you River Keepers

Oysters, Glass Eels,  
Mussels, Sturgeon  
Bluefish, Stripped Bass  
Shad, Snakes, Ducks

My Shores are beautiful  
Sunsets reflect light on me  
Brackish tides ebb and flow  
Stirring my everlasting waters

I can be peaceful, turbulent  
You can sail, kayak, canoe,  
Ship freight, on me  
Swim in my water

Years gone by, in winter  
You could ice skate,  
ice boat, and even  
Walk across me

I make you happy, sad,  
Pity me, keep me clean, pure  
For all to enjoy  
Don't Dam me!

## Marcia Klein

### Sensing The Atlantic Ocean

#### *TASTE*

Swimming in the Atlantic Ocean  
By accident I gulp seawater  
I taste the salty water

#### *SIGHT*

Watching waves dancing on the ocean  
Capped in white foam  
Standing out in night darkness

#### *SMELL*

The steamy smell of salt water  
Remind me of mom's comment  
Nathan's hotdogs' smell like sand and salt water

#### *TOUCH*

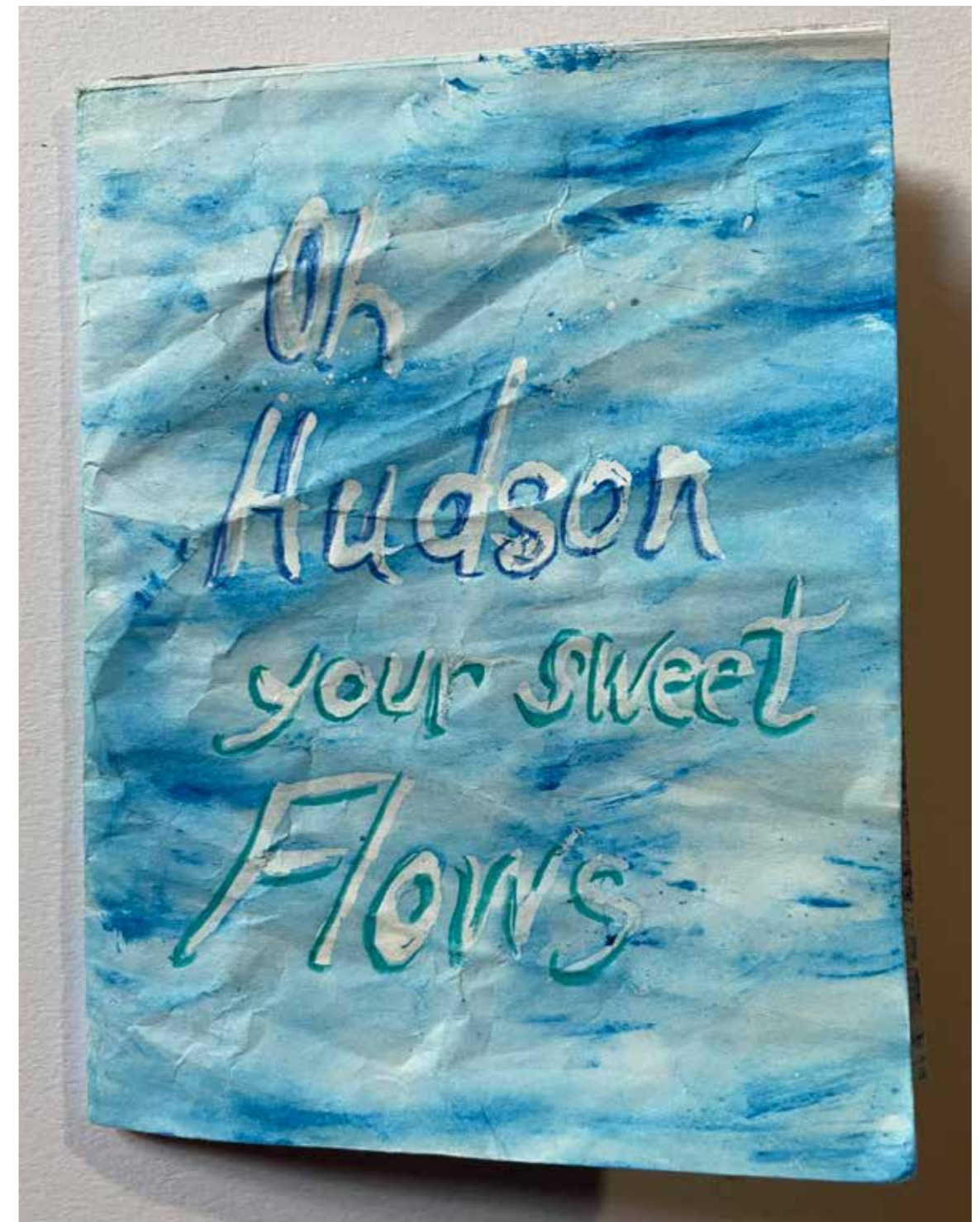
MY feet touch the shallow water  
They feel the ocean's rip tide  
Swirling sand around them

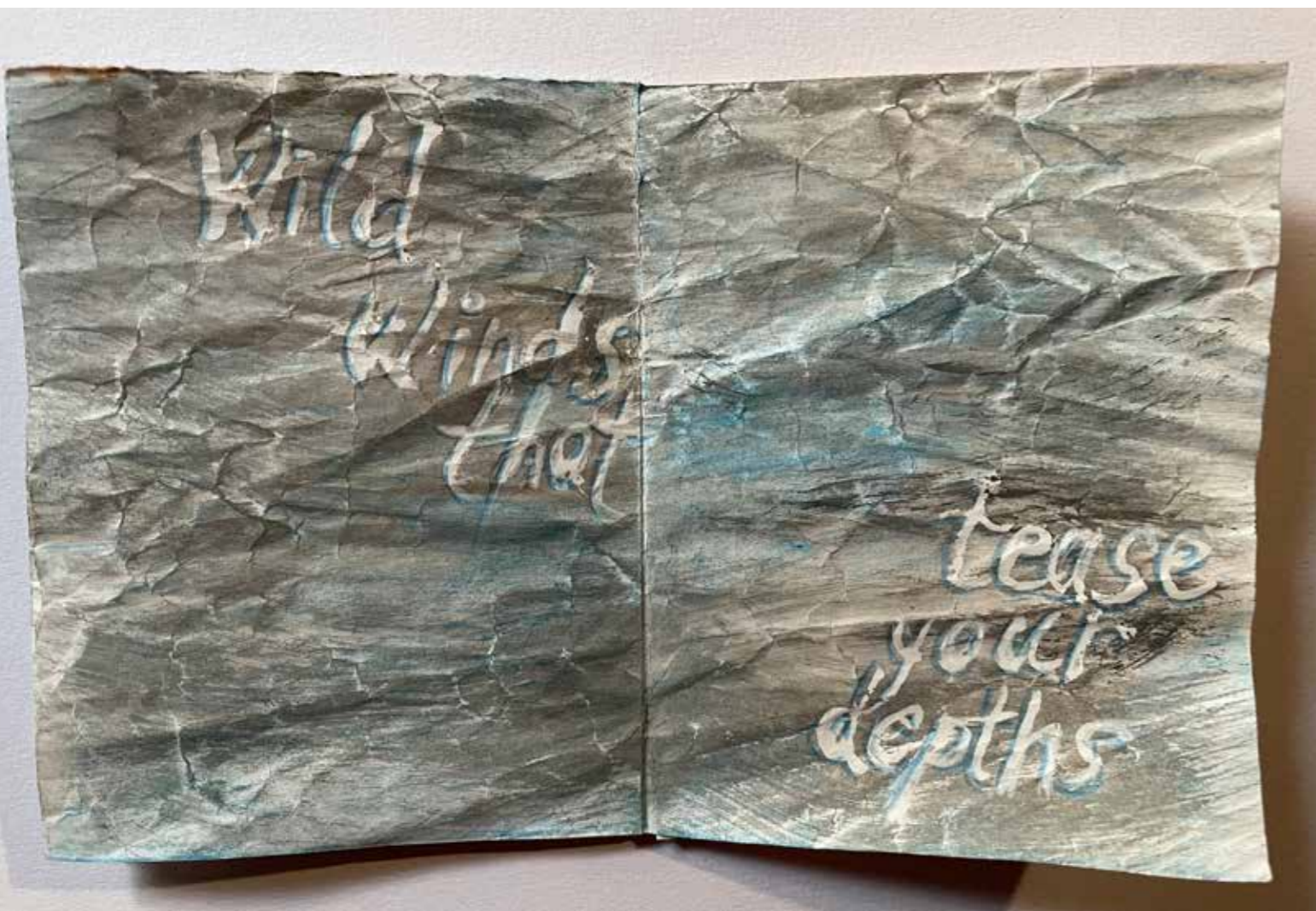
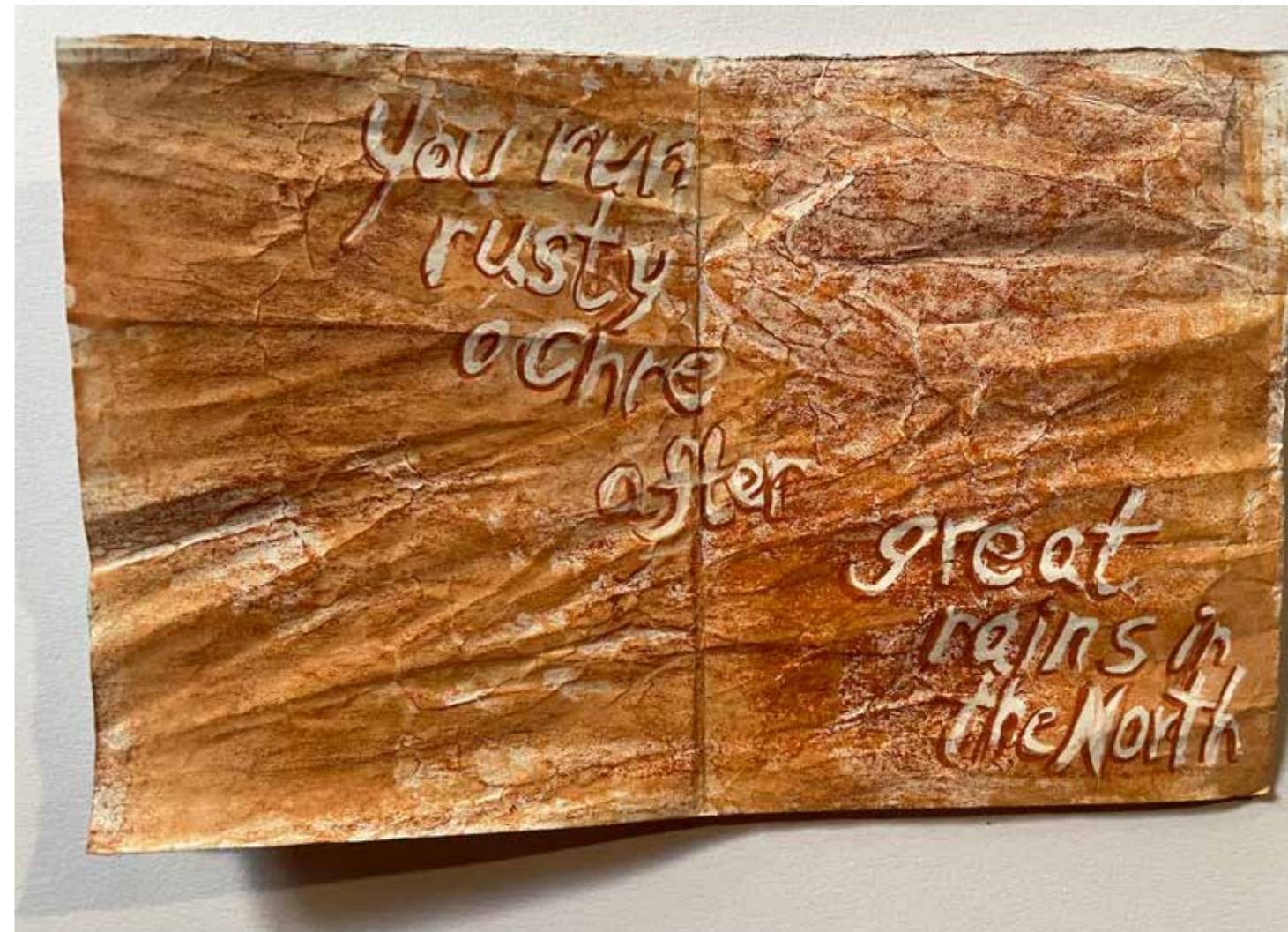
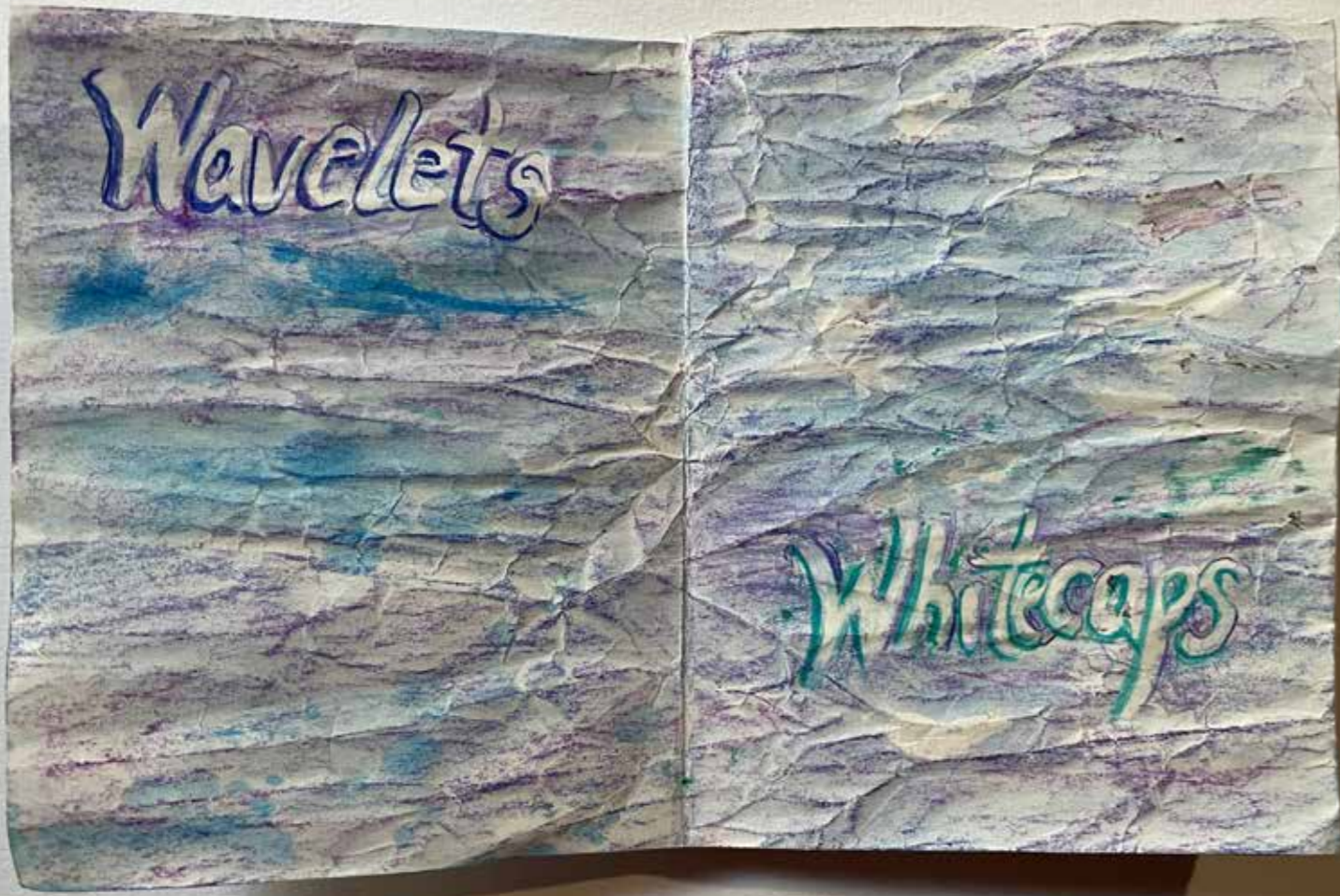
#### *HEAR*

Sleeping near the ocean  
I can hear the soothing roar  
Of waves hitting the shore

## Deborah Maier

### Oh Hudson Your Sweet Flows





## Molly Mandlin Cornelius

### A Pink Invitation by Molly Mandlin

We've gone swimming together so many times before  
(mostly in my family's deep, white, pre-war bathtub)  
You in your Malibu bathing ensemble--  
Me in iridescent suds and a child's blissful ignorance.

Your arched feet and dainty toes were so clearly made for dipping in water  
for wading in chlorinated pools  
and algae green ponds  
and Mr. Bubble pink-scented bathtubs like ours  
so why not a river?

Oh, Sweet Anatomical Anathema!  
My high fashion action hero,  
think of the glorious relief!  
Kick off your tiny, plastic Jimmy Choos.  
Sink your feet into the silvery silt.

You can move and float in the brackish water with me.  
Buoyancy is a gift to all women—  
even those made of nylon.  
Hippos and minnows are equally graceful in a river.  
"We girls can do anything! Right—?"

Come to the river, Barbie!  
I'll braid up your hair, so it won't get sandy.  
Haven't you ever heard of a mud bath? A seaweed wrap?  
Nature is good for you! (You know that.)

Honey, you've been juggling so many careers,  
throwing so many parties  
keeping up with every trend  
and keeping that smile bright for everyone.

You can wear whatever you want or nothing at all.

Bring Ken if you want to  
Or let him stay at the Dream House and tend to the horses.

Skipper will have a wonderful time.

And, Girl, there's more than one way to be her role model.

Show her how to drop her bags and her appointments.  
Show her how to relax long enough to observe.  
Then tell her it's okay to fall apart sometimes.  
Bawl your pretty blue eyes out.  
Show her how to really lose her shit and  
get properly furious at the disrespect shown to Nature's grace and beauty.

Come to the river, Barbie.  
You don't need your pink yacht.  
If you're tired, I'll carry you.

The truth is here.  
You've been a teenager for half a century, Girl.  
It's time to rebel again.

# Molly Mandlin Cornelius

## Riverbound Reflections

I don't remember my name.  
That doesn't matter.  
Anyone who ever spoke it  
died centuries ago.  
I don't remember my name,  
but I remember this river.

I don't know when I was born  
or recall my mother's face.  
I don't know what my cradle was made of  
when she laid me down  
to free her arms and do her work.

This river has been my home—  
my bed and my basement,  
my cauldron and my kitchen,  
for as long as I can remember.

I don't mind the boats that travel these waters.  
There have always been boats  
of changing shapes and sizes.  
The boats don't bother me with their people and their cargo.  
Rivers and boats have always rippled together  
to the farthest reaches of my memory.

I don't know when the people first became a problem.  
My memory has become murky just as my river has.  
I liked it at first—  
seeing people at the water, in the water, over the water—  
They brought stories that would remind me  
of times before,  
of people I once knew,  
of who I once was.

They brought news of the changes happening on the river.  
Their stories helped explain  
the arrival of millions of people,  
the erection of great bridges,  
the construction of towers overlooking my waters.

I have heard the glories and tragedies of these multitudes  
spoken in the hundreds of languages I have learned  
since I became one with these waters.

I didn't know, in my life, that  
sound travels four times faster under water  
than it does through air,  
but I know that now.

I hear their songs,  
their laughter,  
their weeping,  
and their excuses.

I don't have a jaw to clench or teeth to grit  
anymore.

## Molly Mandlin Cornelius

### I am the River

I swell salt and sweet and salt again  
my many faces  
glass and murk, silver, pewter, mudgreen, black, and gray  
only truly blue on the rarest day.  
but water, like a woman, has many moods  
and those you don't expect can be even lovelier than  
those you do.  
and those that are more fierce than fair, well—  
they have their purpose too.  
my sand and my rocks are gifts  
to those who venture forth risking soggy sneakers.  
I give a bed and birthing space to oysters and mussels, clams and snails  
and when they are done with life, they give their shells back to me  
and I tumble them in my watery palms and rub them soft on the edges  
with sand and silt.  
I lay these treasures along my beaches beside the tangled marsh grasses  
and the glacier rocks I lick slippery with my kelpy tongue.  
the geese gather here and honk all day and night, competing for notice  
with the echoing rumble of the rattling trains.  
along the pebbled beaches, you will find more evidence of my magic—  
how even in this tense coexistence with industry and excess,  
I take the gifts of refuse you have given me and transform  
these green and brown glass bottles, broken plates, jelly jars, and sugar  
bowls—  
I spin your world's trash in to gems of emerald and amber and tempt your  
dreamers  
to wander my banks between twisted rebar, broken brick, and jagged slabs of  
concrete  
to witness—marveling at my majesty and power  
and lament the trespasses of their own kind  
upon my estuary kingdom.

## Leslie Reaves

### Because of the Hudson River Now I Am

I was not an Ichthyologist one who studies the biology of fish,  
But because of the river, now I am.  
I was not a Herpetologist one who studies reptiles and amphibians,  
But because of the river, now I am.  
I was not a Cetologist one who studies whales, dolphins and porpoises,  
But because of the river, now I am.  
I was not an Aquatic Biologist one who studies ecology and properties of fresh  
water systems,  
But because of the river, now I am.  
I was not an Ornithologist one who studies birds,  
But because of the river, now I am.  
I was not a Geologist one who studies soil, rocks and minerals,  
But because of the river, now I am.  
I am all these things and more because of the Hudson River.

*Leslie Reaves POET NAWAZ*



## Leslie Reaves

### **Sand And Sun And A Whole Lotta Fun**

Swimming in the river collecting different shaped rocks,  
getting a red-hot tan because we forgot our sunblock.  
Loving this life so we decided to stay overnight,  
gonna sleep in our tents and hope the mosquitos don't bite.  
The beautiful Hudson River such a site to behold,  
Come experience its bounty before it gets cold.

\*Croton Point Beach at Croton Point Park  
East Coast of the Hudson River  
1 Hour Drive North of New York City  
In Westchester County  
508 Acres  
Largest Penninsula in the Hudson River  
Spans over 4 Miles of Hudson River Shoreline and has a Nature Center

*Leslie Reaves Poet Nawaz*

## Janice Arlene Rost

### **One Nugget to Share**

Before us, a rich and bountiful banquet,  
nourishment for all who partake the panorama,  
bathe their souls in nature's grace

the natural world gifts us merely by its existence  
without any pretense, cycling evolution  
responding to its nature and human intrusion.

*When I was a child...I thought...reasoned like a child,*  
with no sense of immortality, some adults think  
with child-like reasoning, do not see clearly

regarding the environment believing we have evolved,  
our industrialization, our greed to excel to excess  
to power over, not companion nature,

has devolved our planet to a crisis state of existence  
with human ignited events - excess rain, floods, wind,  
scorching heat, drought, melting glaciers

extinction of species, will we be soon to go?

let us emulate Indigenous Earthkeepers  
walking the beauty way,  
listen to Green grandfathers who spoke,  
wrote and painted their love of nature

we have the honor of being here, alive  
as part of nature's existence and harmonize,  
not ignore the mounting signs,

*the intrinsic wisdom of all that exists  
is that everything is related,  
is and must remain connected,  
has its place on this planet Earth,  
belongs on this glorious banquet table.*

If I had one nugget  
to share and pass along,  
that would be it.

1 Corinthians 13:11 -When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I did away with childish things.

## Janice Arlene Rost

### **The Hudson Valley - A River Runs Through it**

the glacier-cleaved a bed for the Hudson  
to river tides from the Atlantic's wide mouth  
and salt its way north past Lady Liberty,  
between buildings and Metro North tracks

hugged by high rolling green grown rocks growing  
taller to Adirondack mountain sides, it winds under  
four bridges spanning miles of estuary,  
britney tides combined with Upper Valley fresh

flow from Grandmother's Tear of the Clouds  
lake springing forth streams above ground  
and under, rivulets run, run to river, watering  
their way to serene on southward journey,

verdant shoulders bend round ecosystem,  
encircle the seeker of quietude sitting in canoe  
who paddles through wetland waters  
as one among diverse life, floats  
where water meets sky,

where silence is sliced by bird calls,  
and rushes' rattling wind song  
loving hands move oars moving water  
along Hudson River's shores

## Janice Arlene Rost

### Hudson River Highway

my ears shun sirens screaming through streets,  
the clang-clatter of dumpsters emptying their bowels  
into the open jaws of their truck's back end,  
the motorcycle roar reverberating 'round the hood

give me the moist groan of fog, the horn's low mournful wail,  
a warning night call from shore bringing barge captains  
the remote comfort of watchful eyes over traveled waters  
and skies that can turn naughty

in a nautical minute, or send me the sound  
of train whistles muted as mourning doves, as a new moon,  
announcing approach to a station for exchange,  
all hours, arrivals, departures, the *conductor's*

fading call *All aboard...* heard no more,  
I listen to the distant soulful breath of blasts  
traveling the tracks lining the waterway  
of the Hudson River highway

## Janice Arlene Rost

### My Hudson Neighbor

315 miles from Troy to New York Harbor,  
the Muhheakantuck, a river that flows both ways -  
Lake Tear in the Clouds to ocean Atlantic, midway  
tides and estuary combine water salty fresh

glacier carved, held by Palisades dragon-shaped hills  
railroad tracks and ties along east side, many times  
crossed - bridge, boat, barge, brave swimmers,

shimmering shad, eels, the slap of water-rock crash,  
eagles return to nest each winter, we watch,  
we summer sail cruise the open water expanse,

river riders ebb and flow in kayak or canoe  
glide beside reeds, weeds, biodiverse habitat,  
one paddle or two quietly propels through gray,

blue depth and foam making Water is Life latte,  
hundreds of volunteer hands help birth and restore  
One Billion Oysters project in NY Bay

keeper of wisdom, muse of ritual, pass along,  
precious river, living breathing life giving  
neighbor, speak your ancient secrets  
how life can flow both ways.

## Catherine Palmer Sampson

### **The Joy of Hudson River**

What a joy  
To be in Yonkers  
Where there is the Hudson River.  
It's beautiful the river  
Surrounding downtown Yonkers.  
Oh how I love the scenery  
Of Yonkers  
That has a beautiful river  
Named the Hudson River.  
There is joy  
And happiness  
And no sadness  
When looking at the great view  
Of the Hudson River.

## golda Solomon

### **my hudson**

that hudson river of mine  
goes this-a-way, then that-a-way  
the scent of pungent ocean  
floats up to me on the fourth floor  
brine and memory for a fire island lover

## golda Solomon

*oatmeal on the hudson golda solomon*

*this morning i sit at the table  
brought back from senegal  
imani years gone  
her smile in a ripple of stillness  
flows steady*

*i remember our friendship  
the jangle of all her keys  
worn daily as a necklace  
lest she forget them and be late again  
her daughter called yesterday*

*early morning river palatte  
chiaroscuro black promenance  
tall pipes sentries to the science barge  
a lone white seabird tags a pipe  
and moves on*

## golda Solomon



Oatmeal on the Hudson  
(collage)

## Katori Walker

### The River

I am the rhythm of compassion  
I am the rhythm of love  
I am the rhythm of desire

I am the rhythm of the river

I am the one you kissed on a warm summer's night

I am the one that shared her beauty and her light

I am the passionate waves that brush against the rocks

I am the rhythm of the river

I am the one that is bonded to you for life  
I am the one that never fights  
I am the one that saved your life

I am the rhythm of the river

## Katori Walker

### Apartment 423

I sit and stare aimlessly out the window and watch the Hudson River flow calmly toward an unknown horizon.

The birds above fly gleefully in the air and my soul is nourished by the whispering of the wind. My tired heart is finally at peace.

No more sleepless nights helplessly watching grandma slowly dying.

No more tears splashing down my face like the waves of this serene river.

No more stories of my ancestors pouring from my grandma's 100 year old wrinkled lips.

No more loving hugs and homemade chicken noodle soup.

No more sweet tea and pigs feet.

Grandma has given us her last breath. Her last laugh.

Apartment 423 is my secret refuge and a place for healing, art, and rejuvenation.

A sacred, beautiful, wise friend has let me stay here.

Now, I can watch the river, feel its energy and be reborn....

Now the river has become my muse in all its mystery and beauty.

Oh, but how I still long to change grandma's diaper.



PHOTO: DEBBIE DOLAN

*With thanks to:*

Michele Amaro, BDAC Gallery Director and Diane Falcone, BDAC Asst. Director and Dr Russell Evans, graphic artist/poet, lecturer in creative writing at University of Plymouth, UK, for his assistance with the front and back cover and contributor, for their technical assistance in uploading Hello Hudson to [bluedoorrtcenter.org](http://bluedoorrtcenter.org) and to Bob Walters, President Beczak and Marcia Cooper for uploading Hello Hudson to [beczakenvironmentaleducationcenter.org](http://beczakenvironmentaleducationcenter.org)

