

Tell A Story: "Sargon" The Far From Home Somali Fisherman

34 Meters Above Sea Level Central Park W & W 88th St. A little while back tulips were there. Planted to reflected red across the walking path. Under tattered tree cover each mimicked the red moon at night. A delight to sailors but scarcely witnessed by central city folk. Around the newly born children carried gently by their mothers. Between the businessmen quickly pacing across the surface of the brick path. Occupied within the park it is tucked into the bed of dirt. A secret only known by the flowers. Hidden in the locked outstretching hands of the green fractal bushes. It is only at night that the park becomes the illustration of beauty. Second tallest to the trees are the lamp posts. As if it were clockwork the illusion chimes as the lights flicker on. At the righthand of the path that sleeps stretched from one end to the the other of the park approaches a figure. The light cuts out the hidden holes from the buccaneer coat. Casting a shadow that resembles a fishing net. A face drenched with a beard for sailors. There to garden for the city. His walkway is turned into sea.

