

POETRY

A Satellite

by Nino Pepanashvili

Once, an artist created amazing pictures.

He illustrated the way that birds fly during migration, and how they move—both as a flock and individually.

It is surprising how they can fly in the same direction, and they still leave their complicated footprints loose and tangled like cardiogram lines.

It is difficult to trace their path, for many are pulled off and lost.

Only some of them reach the target, only some of them reach their destination.

The plane started to swing in the air.

I raised my head heavily and looked out of the porthole with sleepy eyes...

The blue ocean below me has been replaced by a white stone ocean.

“New York” — I am whispering in my heart. “New York”— I repeat loudly.

I've finally arrived, I'm telling my imaginary habitat as if I came back after being reincarnated.

It is a colorful autumn, full of its dignity in New York.

The first smile is playing wantonly on my face without wanting to leave.

I am smiling at the Statue of Liberty, Times Square, The Empire State Building,
Fifth Avenue, Broadway.

I go to a small café near Trinity Cathedral, where I can feel autumn intensely with its irrepressible spirit:
rain, yellow leaves, and black umbrellas.

I smile at the people of Brandon Stanton.

I smile at the New Yorkers.

I also smile at the piles of garbage, as a part of a non-stop exhilarating life.

New York...

The more I am here in this city, the stronger I feel how much I need it.

Now my veins, blood, and every little cell are filled with the burning desire for this city.

I need it like a drop of water for the thirsty, like air for the drowning man.

I am fed and filled with its energy.

As I admire its cobblestones, its Broadway, bookstores, and the smell of Starbucks
I gradually start to feel that I will never be able to live without it ever again.

But she is unaware of my feelings. Nor that she has become “home” for one more person....
That one more person has become her satellite.

A new hashtag has appeared on my Facebook page #myimmigrationchronicles.
The posts are followed by other posts.

The more I write, the more I am filled with emotions, and all these emotions are then
put into words.

I can never get enough of this city. I walk in the streets and linger in the museums.
My viewpoints have changed, the tunes of my life have been transformed.
I am confused.

Sometimes lying with my whole body on the floor of the MET looking at the white marble statues and how
slow-moving people with tense, curious expressions look at the masterpieces it seems to me that art and the
world are still interesting, besides being upside down.

I am still wandering in the streets, this time I am looking for a job.
Winter is coming, sometimes I am cold and even hungry.
Now I feel I am unable to stand all of this.
Nothing good appears to happen yet, just only rare, temporary job offers.

Imagine the train windows covered with mist in the fall, or even in the winter, from which
we can see the lit, colorful Brooklyn houses, the East River, and the Manhattan Towers.

It is the route of the Q train, my mystical train, and it swings like a native Georgian
“Akvani,” a cradle for the newborn.

This is exactly the place where I analyze my past and plan the future – who I was, who I am,
and who I want to be.

The last stop. I have to get off here. I have to clean somebody’s house near Borough Park.

Then the night comes again and the tired thoughts swing along in the train.
One can easily see the black silhouettes in the yellow windows.

I can no longer get rid of the sadness.

How do other people live?

- Who are you over there in those lit-up windows, what kind of lives do you have?
- Maybe we have met? Maybe we will meet?
- What bothers you? What makes you happy?
- Can I come to you? I am alone. Maybe you are alone as well...
- Maybe being here makes you as happy as I am, or sometimes you experience the same melancholy as I do—the life that is thrown at our faces—the life full of loneliness, in New York.

A tiny room on the outskirts of Brooklyn shelters me.

You can see one chair that is colored red like a traffic light and in the background, there is green furniture and plants.

The chair looks like a poorly drawn picture on a mottled colored painting.

Sometimes, I shiver with fear, unwilling to turn myself into that faded painting on a piece of old canvas, covered with microflora.

Finally, I have been offered a permanent job! The January sun has finally risen!

Something is going on.

Something scary.

The funny, smiley faces suddenly disappeared. Cars, advertisements, tourists.

Energetic rappers in the subway, polite drivers, and sellers with the phrases

“How can I help you, ma’am?” “My pleasure” has also gone somewhere.

Only people with busy faces, covered with masks, full of fear and apprehension in their eyes, walk in the streets.

It seems to me that the city of eight million inhabitants has stopped breathing. Everything looks deeply asleep.

This cannot continue any longer! She has to wake up as soon as possible!

The sooner, the better!! The sooner, the better!!

I am yearning to do something for her people ...

But I can do nothingand I am in great pain....

I am only just a common satellite.

Life gets back to its normal rhythm.

I am working and studying hard.

The more disappointments in life I have, the more confidence I gain, and I am fully convinced that there is no other solution than “never give up.”

So what if you cannot win or maybe win sometimes, but maybe it doesn't make you happier.

So ... the “taste” of life is probably in these battles.

The crucial part here is to somehow be reborn from the ashes.

It is possible in this city. Then life gets its vivid colors back.

Unlike the birds, I am often confused and feel uncertain about taking the right path.

I used to choose my ways, and I often got lost.

Now I have found the starting point. The point from which everything is emerging.

I will never get lost again.

New York!

I am feeling your pulse, I have always felt your pulse.

You motivate me to take new steps in life.

Your people and their energies make up the energy of the entire city, which makes the greatest positive impact on me.

It fills me with miraculous, invincible power—Me, your satellite.



Nino Pepanashvili is a native of Gori, Georgia, and is a graduate of Gori State University with qualifications as a teacher of Geography-Biology. She is a volunteer with the Innovative Language Academy in Gori and we thank Nini Gharibashvili for sharing this prose poem with us. Nino is now living in Brooklyn, New York, and her poem tells us that she has fallen under the magical spell of New York City.