

NANCY HOFFMAN GALLERY

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Don Eddy

I stepped out onto Broadway and headed south. It was 9 am on April 5. The sky was an ominous gray, the air damp and chilly. As I walked toward Bowling Green, there was no one on the street. The shops were locked up. I saw a car or emergency vehicle every few minutes. It was to be a Silent Spring. By the end of the day, 3,786 people would contract COVID-19. 1,394 would be hospitalized, and 580 would die that Sunday.

As I walked towards the tip of Manhattan, I thought nothing. It was just eyes and ears that led me on. I saw a few people in the first mile or so: the homeless, the police, EMS. A vehicle passed every few minutes.

Then, at the very end of the island was a flowering magnolia tree. Either hope or benediction, I wasn't sure. But... I was being told something, of that I was sure. Soon I encountered the shuttered ferry terminal at Battery Park. The river was still, the sky low, the terminal all reflections and dead. I was being told to memorialize that one day and those who died.