

## Seasoning Rochester

The hill where the sun hides  
    blushes lilac with the first scent of spring.  
On the east side, life sashays outdoors to Park Avenue cafes  
While Joseph Avenue barbecues  
    Jumpstart  
        to a different beat.  
Pops from red winged batters streakpastMercury on their way out  
of the city.

In summer it's a fair day  
    and we ring around the ponies  
        while the sea breezes carry us to yesterday.  
White hotdoggers cruise down Lake Avenue to throw back Gennys.  
But our custards drip worries of job loss from melting careers.  
    We lick faster and faster to catch them up.

Come September, colleges rule.  
We read books with yellow jackets  
    and develop prints of learning.  
George's city now belongs to Gap and Garth and Golisano.  
    (not to mention Bill and Maggie, and Dan and Bob)  
But philanthropy still underscores our collective music here.

The winter has its lake effect,  
    and the change winds ferry fast across our great lake.  
It's time to contact the world through a fresh lens,  
    pend a patent on a new Spirit of Ontario.  
Reinvent an upside down, turned around, North Star of a hometown,

Flower of the Genesee.

By Sally Valentine Steinmiller  
December, 2004  
Published in *Knocking on the Silence*  
An Anthology of Poetry Inspired by  
The Finger Lakes  
FootHills Publishing  
[www.foothillspublishing.com](http://www.foothillspublishing.com)  
July, 2005