



Photos + a Poem for Lambertville, New Jersey

APOCRYPHAL
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There's an historic queer beach,
under the power line with views of the 202 bridge:
humming, slick with silt, grounded
connection. Fire Island? Nah, we met at Club Cové.
You're a Basil Bandwagon rising, "Get Rich or Die" moon,
Basking in the sun sun sun sun.
The blue heron side-eyes teens on eBikes
leaping from the canal bridge.
It told me that Jess from
the Juice Bar is going to be selling sammies
and smoothies like The Hot Dog man used to,
but he's going to get all the right permits.



A chorus of geese told the soft animal
of my body that Marhaba is re-opening,
offering 50% for locals
(don't flash your ID, let them
see it in your confidence,
swaggeringly hand over cash,
no fumbles with plastic). I heard on Coryell Street
that the last gay bar the conglomerate didn't
eat is in someone's backyard and
that you specifically were invited (they serve mostly
weed from the townie shop and diet coke and
Topo Chico and picklebacks).





Was Black Lives Matter

park once fronted by a fountain, a spring, youth
Ponce de León never sipped in Florida? I heard
they're putting in a ramen shop that stays open
all night, I heard that Marlene from Sneddons
healed someone completely with just a shoulder
squeeze, that if you go in the graffitied train car,
Deen Ween will serve you Chocolate Box truffles
and Savory cheese.

I read somewhere, I think, that the land behind the old
Homestead Market is going to be a dog park with water
features and free shit bags and a monument to
Callie. I heard they're putting in a community
pool and that if you buy a street parking pass,
you get the pool for free.

The students are mounting a protest:
CVS is being turned into a Trader Joe's and
one of them told me "the vibes are off."



Locals are using the river as an infinity pool:
upon surfacing, shaking off, and locking eyes with me,
one intoned:

"If you print out the next issue of Lambertville Matters,
hang it on your wall, you'll have seven years
of good luck."

But you're already here, I heard. I heard you're already
lucky and that I am, too.



DELAWARE

RIVER.

ALLEN ST.
CHAND ST.

MAIN ST.

DIV.

UNION ST.
ELTON ST.

FEDER

CLARK ST.

COMER

W. H. W. 1870

ABOUT THE PHOTOS:

Taken on TRI-X 400 High Speed Black and White Negative 35mm Film with Kodak Ektar Half Frame Camera, December 2024

ABOUT THE POEM:

Summer 2024, the Mayor of Lambertville asked for residents to write a "guest column" for the local newsletter *Lambertville Matters*: "Apocryphal" was my column. It is based on a friend's request for an apocryphal history of our favorite riverside "beach" (Club Cové) as a historic queer beach.

It is an honor to be a part of the long tradition of townie rumors and gayness in Lambertville/New Hope.

ABOUT THE LAUREN YOUNG:

I've lived in Lambertville since 2017. I teach public school, write poems, and love television. Leo Rising, Sagittarius Sun, Virgo Moon. Email me a poem you think high school students should know or tell me you have a crush on me at lucipamplemoussewrites@gmail.com



photo of the Lauren Young by Rachel Turan