

From Nighttime in Lonesome City

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The city scene is quite the sight, not a moment dull,
Bustling with life: important business people heading to work
At 5 am sharp, nurses spending the morning monitoring their patients,
Parents dropping off their kids to school, and heading off to work.
However, the true city life starts once people start heading home, nurses clock out, and kids are tucked into bed after a long day at school.
The true beauty of the city happens, once all the bustling is dimmed,
a desolate, somewhat abandoned street with not a soul in sight.
Only then is when the day begins.
Looking out the window I see the countless lights
shimmering like fallen stars, twinkling from different proximities.
The comforting palette of red, green, and yellow car lights
flood the streets as splotches of paint on a water color,
Distracting you from the worries of the day,
your only companion in the shadow stricken sky.
With the occasional obnoxious motorcyclist ripping the streets,
Nothing disrupts the silence.
All the cars and trucks on the road follow a symphony of street lights and directions,
hoping to get home before their next shift in the morning.
The moon creates funny looking shadows, exemplifying your surroundings, yet assures you that
it is only you on this deserted path.
The pine trees dance with the wind, as the moonlight kisses their pines ever so gently.
The breeze causes your damp hair to freeze, crunching against every touch.
Your senses heighten, causing a feeling you can't quite put your finger on.
The air — a mix of the deep sapphire clear sky, a foreboding sense of rain, mixed with gasoline,
& a hint of pine — guides you along the sidewalk of the abandoned streets.
Only until the moon is hidden amongst the clouds,
will you understand the true meaning of this new profound sense of isolation:

Freedom