

NYC Poem Draft #1

Out the garage, and onto Gleane.
Kids all about, uniform and not, stroll past my way.
A stop at the light, then onto Whitney.
A white and blue bus drives further off into the day.
A brief halt, then right onto Broadway.
The market doors rumble open and are ready for sale.
Another stop, and then a left onto Queens.
Jet black taxis speed by, to respond to a call it would've been and may.
A detour onto 33rd, marked in deep orange.
Yellow maintenance trucks chuff materials like through a maze.
A turn onto Skillman then back to Queens.
The elevated train roars above, going on into the urban fray.
Over the plaza and onto the bridge.
The Roosevelt's fringes come over the East River's haze.
Off onto 60th, under the tram.
Sidewalks ablaze with footsteps through midtown and away.
Then out onto 8th, out to the Garden.
The skyscrapers' gleam never fails to amaze.
Lastly, into the garage, and further down under.
Facing what was the Penn Station, now torn asunder.

This is my city, and this is my way.
It's not exactly perfect, but that is okay.