City

The wind sneaks around the buildings tall,
A shriek, a whisper, or nothing at all.
Long, distorted shadows appear in pale moonlight,
Enough to give the toughest of all a real fright.
Parking meters stand shivering and fearful,
Cold, grubby wind makes the stoplights turn tearful.
Gangs hang around, all huddled and burly,
All the while parking lots sit alone but still sturdy.
Buildings stand strong, to the sky do they tower,
They will not be frightened, nor shall they cower.

As the sun’s soft rays of light fill the sky,
Hearts are then lifted; their spirits now high.
For they have survived another night in this city,
A place of no mercy, a place with no pity.