

## The Darkness of City Lights

Gazing out the window, a street lamp stands tall,  
a dull glow emitting, surrounded by its silent cohorts.  
Roads, plotted in a grid lie below like painted on a wall.  
Man-made and precise, like the nearby cars that escort

faceless drivers from here to there; airport  
to hotel garage. Though surrounded by lights  
no warmth can be found. No, not of the sort  
that brings joy to the dark and dismal night.

I miss the sound of crickets chirping out of sight  
and of the smell of a clean cool breeze imbued  
with the scent of alfalfa; disarming and right.

And out my window, the twinkling view

of shimmering dancers. Without a clue

I traded those beacons for dull street  
lamps. In cities, stars are discontinued.

They're outshone by lesser, incomplete

lights. They can't be seen through conceit.

The stars have been seized by the darkness  
of cities lights. No more to be lulled to sleep  
by their constant vigil. In haste, their timeless

beauty pushed aside. Oh, and just as seamless  
it appears, that modern convenience has saved  
the day. They've made lights for the hopeless.

For those who won't look up and pray

and stare at the grandeur. Amazed day by day,  
and marvel at the wonder, hidden carefully behind  
the smog and smoke. By morning, the sun's rays  
are beaming. But to my evening solace I am blind.

I long for those endless, dirt roads lined  
with sagebrush. For the echo of a coyote's call.

For the sight of a star, blurred and defined  
in glory. The city holds me; restlessness my downfall.

But, to the gleaming warmth I'm enthralled.  
I miss them. I miss them with an ache in my heart.  
I'm determined to return, to break down this wall.  
For I have loved them too fondly to stay far apart.

Outside my window a street lamp glows.

A dull reminder of what I used to know.