

Central Park

Krystle Warren

Presently I'm drinking beer illegally
Tucked behind two friends and a thick group of trees
We fit into this urban view
tucked below the avenues

Central Park is much more beautiful at night. Green though green changes hue through it's lack of light. We move like shadows down the path. A tripping stone escapes a laugh. And the traffic and the hard shoes pound a world away. In these moments of almost silence I can almost swear I'd stay in this city. God help me. An arm and a leg is what you'll pay to lay your head. I'm a fool behind these walls, but the beauty of it all is I'm here.

I'm here. In this circus amidst these clowns running my hand through the lions mane. These visions of Manhattan through the keyhole of a plane will never compare to just being there. In that circus amidst those clowns running my hand through the lions mane. Those visions of Manhattan through the key hold of a plane... Love that city
you'll grow on that city
Love that city
I've grown on that city
has grown on me.

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