



WRITING

Heart-Beat

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TYPE

Poetry

I would be a cloudy city
I would seem sad, until
you see The blazing pops of
colors encapsulating The big
billboards and other bright signs.

The damp clouds would
send a gentle mist
Falling
 Falling
 Falling
To the bottom of the earth.
Sending. Chills up anyone's spine.

The black concrete would be
Moist to the touch, but will
Have tiny little rock jabbing
The fingers of the hands who
Touch it.

Every movement in my
City would have the tempo
Of my heart beat.
Bu-dum Bu-dum Bu-dum
The trash rolling on the sidewalk
Bu-dum Bu-dum Bu-dum
The tempo of me walking
Bu-dum Bu-dum Bu-dum

My city would be barren,
But will feel like it was

Once jossiling with people
At one point because of
The faint smell of smoke.

If you walk through my city
You will feel a sense of anemoia
Which is feeling nostalgia for
Something you have never experienced
Before.

This is me and my Heart Beat.