City Evening

The sunset light hangs over the city
The town buildings, a dim silhouette
A cool February air hangs around
The metro, like an Erector set

The top of the parking garage
There is a vista, a spacious view
The city’s sounds rising up in the air
People below, subjects of you

These roads are so often driven
The city’s streets, a gigantic grid
Sounds of car horns and engines
End the silence, what it had hid

Then later into the dark nighttime
This downtown, an adventure
The night is fast approaching here
Into the city, where I’ll venture

Once the dim sun has disappeared
The people, ready to be engaged
The old daytime has been hidden
In buildings, tonight hasn’t aged