

A contrasting poem based on Country Life by Pablo Neruda

City Life by Amy M (Year 6)

Under the blinding, celestial lights, beside the sprawling, tainted ocean, among the architectural marvels, the scurry, the scamper, the scramble of the mighty New York City....My feet nailed to the cold-stone slabs, a hot dog seller squawks, that iconic accent earning it's next meal, a vertical giant rises in all its splendour, his humongous body casting a deathly shadow upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of the burgh; there is no sky-line here. And then, out of its stubborn silence, it blinds me.

The ethnic diversity of this urban jungle fills my senses, a cacophony of fragrances floods my soul as China Town encompasses me....the scent of Five-Spice Alley....the mildly fishy, stagnant water, the waft of grease....I soldier on, the Hudson River guides me, the veins of this metropolis leads me to it's fresh, pulsating heart....Central Park....this precious part of the city still so youthful, yet it seems to goad me with the generations of secrets it keeps hidden....a City....a Country....built on consumerism....I stumble past the chess players....the rhythm of the horses hooves seems to take over....I stop in my tracks....For there, in all her majesty, is the mighty French Lady herself....torch in hand, towering above those, like me, who choose to stop and gaze....Her jade body earns its strong posture, stuck, frozen in time, yet standing in the most alive city in the world....I gradually move on, removing myself from the trance....I pass so many more competitors drawing in the crowds; the solemn Ground Zero, the vicious Wall Street fiercely take part....where the insignificant hopefuls scuttle frantically like rats in an effort to become the next Wolf....But none of these shining beacons compare to the Beauty that is the Empire State Building....The magnificent skyscraper looms over every other spectacle in the Big Apple, challenging those who dare to go to the top, taunting those without the courage.

Anyone who has not been to this urban sprawl, this conurbation, this megapolis concrete jungle has not truly lived.

I have now parted The City That Never Sleeps – so populated, yet so silent...as its victims desperately scurry, each one exclusively absorbed in their own rat race, oblivious to the beating heart of their city, oblivious to each other....too absorbed for even a Hello or Goodbye. Not one Hello. Not one Goodbye.