

Times Square

By Jordan Elizabeth Mierek

I was beckoned across the path,
The hand I saw with fingers coiled,
And the breath of a thousand whispers.
My footsteps resounded with the others,
Past and present,
The future of Times Square.
Ghosts mingled with the people,
Voices jumbled,
Languages and colors.
The air thrummed,
The land throbbed,
And a song played through the electric lights.
I can stand still and the world will blur by,
Yet even if I close my eyes,
When I open them I will still be there,
Lost in a sea of faces and heritages,
The world coming together as one.
Even if I stand still for a century or more,
The hubbub will still thrive,
And the laughter will still rise.
The memories will watch,
Through faces crystalline,
The sound of carriages fading into traffic,
Cars and horns,
Electric lights replacing the flickering of candles.
There is a song that is sung,
And it plays through the ages,
Dancing off the faceless lips,
Of those who walk the pathways.
It tantalizes at our fingertips,
Boils the blood and stirs the heart,
Excites the spirit and ignites the soul,
This tempest of a city,
That stirs with this song,
And a beckoning hand.
It is a mystery of secrets,
Lost in a web of magic.
I breathe the words that flow with them,
People I will never know,
But we are all connected,
By the same weaving song,

A song with a heartbeat,
That vibrates throughout the city.
I'm going to sing a song of a thousand voices,
And in it we are all the same,
And you'll never hear the world whisper against,
Because we all stand together again,
The song that is sung in every heart.

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