

## **Lines Written From An Early Morning In The City**

by Robert Tran - 2017

I woke up to the snow  
Bothered by the sound wind  
Whistling through the window.  
I wandered the snow covered streets  
Everything made silent and made pristine  
Snow affected into their quiet form.  
The city is all around me  
But I feel only the earth.  
There is no one to walk the streets.  
There is no one to watch me pass.  
The grounded earth gives life to my steps  
Overstepping the virgin snow  
That makes every step a crosswalk  
A mystery of unwalked paths.  
The snow makes it clear  
I will walk forward and never see my footprint.  
The pace is not in my steps,  
Every step a moment,  
Every moment a thought.  
The thoughts in my mind overtake the silence.  
Standing inside the unnatural-natural scene  
To the left is an old factory  
That no one enters or leaves  
Some things I could never explain and could only observe.  
The snow is still falling  
It sneaks onto my body  
Its cold touch rekindles my warm energy  
And keeps me wanting to move.

I stop at the middle of the bridge  
To overlook the still water  
That is ready to freeze over  
Presenting myself to the sun.  
It felt like nature was ready to talk to me  
And I was ready for it.  
I grew up on the countryside  
Where I could sit beneath the stars  
And watch them inter-linked and inter-twinkle  
Where the woods are darker than any night.  
This is no mountain  
Where I've gone to breathe the knowledge of a place  
Where nothing has changed in a thousand years.  
In the city the snow covers  
Everything we have created.  
The city here is always moving  
And unchanging.  
The trains mark a new day  
And the buses run their schedule.  
The city has a history  
We have a history  
I have a history.  
There is a history of the sacrifices  
Made to each other.  
But when I look into the open river  
I can see everything but there is nothing timeless  
To keep this city, to live in this city  
Is to be redefined, to be programmed  
With someone else's vision.  
I started crying but I am not sad.  
Something in the nature made it feel right  
To cry.  
I cried because I cannot remember  
The last time I cried.

The sun is rising.  
The light touches everything.  
And like the shadows  
Time begins to compress.

And at the end of the bridge I see an old man.  
Neither one of us  
Wanted to acknowledge the other  
The microworld we became  
We pass each other without a word  
It was understood.  
He must have been awake this early before.  
In this moment, I really wanted to be  
The only one to experience this feeling this loneliness  
Against the world.  
Is that selfish?  
This is the world we built  
And it is the world we choose to live in  
To stay in and to die in.  
And when the city is dead  
In the early morning before the sunrise  
After the snow has fallen  
We all feel the same snow.  
This is my home  
And thinking so makes it such  
My children will be born here.  
I started walking home.  
The civil machine is waking up  
It swallows the land  
And I enter the void.