

Central Park

by Kathy Bayne

*Amidst the cold grey buildings of the Manhattan skyline
Is a place of respite from the city streets
It lies friendly and green in summer, filled with the laughter
Of children, lover and the sunshine warms its countenance*

*Amidst the traffic congestion and blaring horns
Is a place of wonder and magic
It lies golden and bronzed in fall, filled with the wealth
Of nature, cool breezes and leaves bejewel its limbs*

*Amidst the hurried faces and heartbeat of the city
Is a place of tranquility and peace
It lies white and serene in winter, filled with the sound of
The wind, melting icicles and the cold chills its heart*

*Amidst the sometimes unfeeling and bleak city
Is a place I treasure most
It lies lush and verdant in spring filled with
Color and splendor and the hand of nature stirs its soul*

*This is the time I revel in and feel rejuvenated
For in spring, it gave me hope
In spring it gave me you*

