

On the Streets of New York

On the crowded streets of New York
As we wound ponder,
Taking a look around
With curiosity and wonder,
The magnanimity of mankind
In the creation of sky-high mansions
Astonished us with surprise,
As we watched them with passions and emotions!

People on the street were nice and polite,
They were of the caring nature.
And the attitudes impressed us
As we moved on from place to place on the streets in a hurry or in leisure.
May be we were lucky,
We met the precious ones.
But the travelers make the impressions
In a hurry with limited wanes!

In any new place we the tourists care to know more,
Not because the stranger has plenty of currency and cash
But we all wish to know
How much the associate cares for us!
The words like love and care,
These are simple and indeed, small expressions
But they could move mountains
In their skills and relaxing communications!

Who can't feel the warmth
That is carried in the core,
When received
In a turbulent hub with additions and more?
But the time of eternity smiled
As it watched our voyage;

We were preparing to be ready
To take the highway with joy and courage!

When on the highway far or near
Our experiences were of profound anxiety with considerable fear
The mammoth trucks with huge and more-than-a-dozen tires
And all other vehicles of sizes unusually larger
Were all in a hurry speeding with time.

Obviously, there were people inside those fast moving hurricane
Minds were closed though and inadequacy of exchange was felt time and again