

Lauren Weisfeld

The Wind chill makes it freeze,
In a time where nothing seems to breathe,
The streets deserted,
Lights flicker endlessly,

One light is on,
It is young and fresh
Just given life by those who stumbled upon,
The place were some belong,

They give back that rhythm,
One that made them flourish,
In all matters of life,
When light was bright and strong