cities

maybe the trees here

are the same trees in central park

not much difference in colour

same hues of orange and green

the trees have just as many stories as the concrete

--- more

the wrinkles coincide with the cracks in the pavement

their tales overlap and intertwine

maybe settling is not a sigh

that is followed by rolling eyes

maybe settling is accepting

and warm

met with careful eyes and forehead kisses

the leaves will crunch the same here

as they do in my dreams,

beneath my boots,

the same buildings above my head

c.c