

Alone

An original poem inspired by the painting
Old Brooklyn Bridge by Joseph Stella



Water rippling underneath
Almost silent
Except for a soft car,
Somewhere in the distance.
People all around,
But now gone.
Waiting to fall into the soulless sea
But not now.
Still here.
Cold, lonely,
Just the harsh wind and me.
The same every night.
I stay here,
Alone

Chris Hobin
Grade 5 – Mrs. Hoehlein
Potter Road School
Framingham, MA
2013