



national 2023  
poetry month

# The Big Apple

by Jason Hong

*Whoosh* the taxi drives by I see a man calling for his ride

Where is he going to

Times Square, Central Park or the Bronx zoo?

As I turn around the corner i see the pigeon lady she's dressed in pink

And acting shady

The smell of cigarettes are fresh under my feet

I see the ads everywhere Times Square never skips a beat

The walk to my grandpa's store is crowded and bumpy

Two people are fighting typical New York grumpy

He greets me as soon as i get there, gentle pets and kisses touches

Smokeys hair

The smell of a burrito is music to my nose, so much to do and

different types of food!

But that's how it goes,

How much to see and do no one knows.