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*Poem/spoken word*

### **New dreams arises**

New York city painted blue  
such a beautiful hue  
treasures hidden  
on the pavement  
bravely walking down  
the street - meeting the sun  
greeting the moon

alone in the city  
captured by a strangers eye  
almost drowning in the crowd  
- when a hand reaches out

keep on moving  
always on the go  
sitting down  
slowing down  
breathing  
counting the stars  
remembering the days

when the dream was a spark  
lightened by the idea  
of a better place to find yourself  
waking up and realizing it was not  
all gold

some of the old  
going through the rabbit hole  
as we are dancing off the heaviness  
the new beginnings comes closer  
new dreams arises from  
what once was -and will never be again

new fields to run across  
new places to discover

throw overboard what you do not need  
and keep your faith close at hand  
as you enter the city of your dreams

you might feel small - among buildings standing tall  
but your soul is big and shines bright  
so do not fear the light

go steady with your feet on the ground  
and listen to the sounds  
take in the versatility - the energy

of New York City

- painted blue

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