

The break from the city

Through the dirt and rain I walk.

Mother nature is wild, enraging, emerging into the concrete jungle.

Much like freedom of speech emerging through the bright scribbles on the wall, the mustiness in the air, the footsteps on the pavement, the cyclist speeding through the tunnels and the raindrops bouncing off the canal.

I walk through free from the hustle and bustle of the city. I walk through the dark tunnels with the emerging light ahead. I walk free what a thing I take for granted. My freedom.



Mariam Mann