

Chicago Skyline

June lights shimmer, and the city breathes,
Concrete currents pulse hard beneath the eaves.
The Chicago skyline burns electric white,
Steel veins glowing through fading light.

Heat drips heavy on crowded streets,
As hearts hammer through restless beats.
Voices rise up in a layered song,
Where hope and hunger both belong.

Lake wind cuts clean through the neon haze,
As old stories echo through alleyways.
Every corner thrums with a fevered drive,
Chicago's soul knows how to survive.

Laughter spills from most open doors,
L train rumbles while the whole town roars.
Deep-dish scents and sidewalk art,
Streetwise jazz from a sleepless heart.

Heat crawls slow like a whispered threat,
New roots take hold in a tangled net.
Still, the restless always learn to rise,
With sweat and grit, beneath these skies.

Lit signs streak down State Street's spine,
The hustle sharp as the high-rises shine.
Chicago's heart, born in fire, beats bruised but true
Flag still waving blue, through old scars toward something new.