

Alberto Coello

English 12

03/08/13

Greenwich Village

Content - A

Structure - B+

Grammar - A

A-

Some wonderful poetic imagery
- great rhythm!

Great concept
↓
needs editing a bit

Everyone has that one special place that sparks the imagination, and kindles your heart.

Whether that place is the mall, your closet, or a spot in the woods, it is a place where you

feel comfortable and at home. As we stumble through life we come across many different

places. By chance or by fate, it is up to you, but it was by fate that I fell into Greenwich,

Manhattan.

"To each his own." This is a quote I've come to respect. I've been told that I have eclectic

taste. At the time I didn't know what that meant, but it is the one word I would use to

describe "The Village". Eclectic: adj. 1. selecting; choosing from various sources or

systems that, according to taste or opinion. In The Village, my Village, there is no bias.

You are loved, and appreciated by strangers for being who you are. These people only add

to the magic of its surroundings.

It all starts with the Williamsburg Bridge. The midnight blue of the sky is reflected by

the water, covered in a dazzling confetti of lights from the city. The bridge is silent. But

Ground the geography more clearly

constant presence

Shao me this is not details

their room

their

play

Implies you will believe me flat story -

you don't

awesome!

Very
Poetic

its multiple personality hides beneath the surface. A train that runs through it praises the chaos around it. No strings of lights, just those of passing cars. It is mute to the honking of horns, the train, and the drivers cursing their frustration, a silent stone

amid the beautiful chaos. On Delancy Street, most shops are closed, weary from a hard days work. They ignore the music outside. This music, a harmonious composition of sounds, is found everywhere. Mouths chatting, shoes clicking, tires squealing. Once you park the limo that once was your car, the adventure begins.

Bleaker Street and MacDougal are the stars of the show. There is an Italian restaurant on each corner where they intersect, each one boasting their prized dishes. Strolling down a certain street could leave your senses craving Japanese, Indian, or Mexican food,

sometimes all at the same time. One of the greatest things is the smell. The mix of food, smog, people, sewer, and pavement is stirred by the wind through the trees and my body.

Through out the streets are hidden treasures. Tiny stores filled with shiny trinkets or sparkling jewels. C'est Magnifique, a dusty old closet like jewelry store, seems too cluttered to be bothered with, but its dark rooms hold inestimable treasures for those eyes eager to find them. No matter the store, anything can be found here. Across from the hidden cathedral, there is The Village bookstore. Every store should be made like this one. Not only are their books dirt cheap, but tax is included. So a William Blake collection of poetry is a grand total of

five dollars. From travel books to mouth watering cookbooks, and their children's section next door, they are sure to provide everything to quench any readers thirst.

Among readers, there are poets, artists, skaters, chess players, and musicians that seek

refuge in Washington Square Park. It is a safe haven for all. Everyone, every race, religion, culture, and sex become each other: sharing their experiences and lives through their poetry. Lamps designed with colorful shades illuminate the night. The trees whisper the secrets of their time to the night walkers.

Underneath the surface, lies such beautiful history. Such things lost in time, from the past are trapped in the future. Trapped between two worlds. The cars of today, and insensitive people oblivious to their surroundings trample on the beautiful old cobble stone streets. Tucked away from this new world, hidden in an alleyway stands an old pay phone. Soon to be an antique, this phone stands hopeful yet abandoned by the technology of the twenty first century.

Although this place is so far from me now, I still hold on to it for dear life. My heart longs for the day when I can stroll down those busy streets. The passing scenery will be people and shops, not cows or barns. I go there in my mind and live there in my heart. My Village, my home.

Why?
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