

# A Day in Rome

In morning light, the cobblestones feel warm,  
a gentle breeze slides softly past my arm.

The alleys hum their whispering refrain,  
from marble halls rise echoes like a chain.

Along the Tiber, time begins to slow,  
the setting sun spills out its final glow.

From Aventine, light falls on ancient stone—  
and leaves me there with Rome, and me alone.

