Famine in oasis

Hungry eyes- parade the streets of NY,  
Each ascending light signals new hope,  
Before descending light arrests the eye,  
In endless search for winter warmth.

Lend your hand, please,  
Wash snow from this sweating face,  
For eyes choke in its own waters,  
Roam empty streets of New York,  
For there is famine in this oasis.