

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Alone in the Night



In Hopper's world, the city sleeps,  
As Nighthawks gather, their secrets keep,  
In a lonely diner, beneath the neon light,  
Isolation and alienation, both day and night.  
Figures in shadows, faces unknown,  
Each lost in thought, in the city's drone,  
A silent scene, a world apart,  
Where connections fade, and loneliness starts.  
Behind the counter, a lonely server stands,  
Pouring coffee into empty hands,  
A world of silence, a world of pain,  
In Edward Hopper's art, we feel the strain.  
Nighthawks perched on empty stools,  
In this quiet night, they are the rules,  
Isolation reigns, like a silent song,  
In this cityscape, where they all belong.