

## Where Cities Grow

There was a night I watched the  
sun go down, red in gray-smoked  
skies over the dull concrete and  
rusting steel of massive shapes  
left by humans  
glomming together  
on soiled streets  
by cluttered steps.

\* \* \*

Where cities grow,  
places where people are not  
become fields of weeds and offal,  
swamps of snakes, mosquitoes,  
and poison plants,

through not merely the fouling  
of humans, as only humans can foul,  
but as a special kind of ignorance  
borne of degeneracy, in its turn  
the child, too, of too many.

And, through success, we are  
left to become, in the whole  
time of the Earth, simultaneously  
the most crowded and the loneliest  
of all beasts.

\* \* \*

I walked in the City  
the sky was blood-red  
the sidewalks were crowded  
but the City was dead.

In the People a sameness  
no fellowship bred  
I walked in the City  
but the City was dead.