

Nocturne 1

Oh city,
Now quiet late at night,
Where are your people?
I feel alone
Among the street lamps,
Beside the semaphores
That without utility
Persist in their patterns.

Oh city,
I have seen your faces,
Walking among them.
These are my people,
These men and women on morning buses
Who are strangers to one another.

Oh city,
Yet I love you,
Love the lights that flicker
Like diamonds! Like jewels!
When it is quiet,
When all are sleeping,
When it is I and you!

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