

## City

I was a wooden cabin  
Put up in fear  
Of winter's coming.  
I was a wagon-rut.  
A stonework well.  
A log-bench church.  
Too much is new these days, but

I grew as pavestones were set,  
Bricks stacked, mortar spread.  
My body right angles,  
My blood traffic on footpaths.  
Lamposts, shining, filled the sky  
Under sooty black clouds.  
Too much is new these days, but

Now I'm gray, concrete  
Bones of iron, heart of  
Brick and termite-wood.  
Still growing, with glass and steel.  
Varnish on an antique  
Table, the underside all nicks.  
Too much is new these days, but

I remember  
Thatched roofs.  
Drafty log-walls.  
The first seeds sown  
In hand-plowed fields.

I remember  
Rustic meetings.  
Lampless evenings.  
Moonlit trysts and  
Muddy streets.

I remember.