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## Shattered City

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Hideous with the knowledge of  
The tomb—and cold and dank to touch.

\* \* \* \*

O brave anatomies clean and white  
And thrilled with life unto the bone—  
Where no intimacies of fancy might  
Corrode upon an alien zone

As: spreading their bright filaments  
Towards adventure and the ecstasy,  
They flaccid fall—and impotent—  
A green-slimed jar's anthology.

This cold corrosion of the flesh  
Is as much escapable  
As the heart's hot restlessness  
For things irreconcilable.

Ayl as the brittle insect wings  
Are shaped anemones beneath the glass,  
Against the arrant guise of things  
The soul is forced to loneliness.

HARRIS DOWNEY

### SHATTERED CITY

Evening is alone—the sun has gone:  
A laggard sky wades through the smoking city;  
Cement spouts its ruptured veins; withdrawn  
Is life upon the pavement of lost pity.

Hunks of bitten buildings, spat on streets,  
Retard the dragging feet of restitution;  
Crawling rags humanity secretes,  
Lie writhing in the midst of dread pollution.

IRENE BRUCE