

GARDENS OF BABYLON

Benét, Laura, 1884-1979

Huddled chimneys grey, forlorn,
In the deadened light of a city morn.
Roof tops ranging, red and high,
Tenement windows s glaring, dry.
And——Flower pots!
Gaily caparisoned flower pots!
Nodding against the sky!

Fire escapes alive with the green
Of scarlet runner and Indian bean,
Caught in a handful of black dirt
Carried home in a baby's skirt.
Flower pots!
Verdantly growing flower pots!
Lifting their blooms on high!

Jack and the Beanstalk's magic might---
Vines spring up in a single night.
Old faces soften, children stare
At the slender gardens in the air.
Flower pots!
Meagre little clay flower pots!
Bring the glow of the country there!