

## Skyscrapers

*Holley, Horace, 1887-1960*

A forest of strange palms  
That stir not, nor sway in the wind,  
Nor nod sleepy at evening, nor reach to nestling birds  
A warm and comfortable mossy bough;  
Strange giant palms  
Rigid and sternly fixed in the purple sunset.  
One day the loud vexed ocean  
Will drive a furious tempest from the East  
To lash your stony trunks,  
To tear your earth-devouring roots  
And shake upon a shore deserted  
This terrible fruit of flame long petrified.