

At Twilight

Monroe, Harriet, 1860-1936

You are a painter—listen—
I'll paint you a picture too!
Of the long white lights that glisten
Through Michigan Avenue;
With the red lights down the middle
Where the street shines mirror-wet,
While the rain-strung sky is a fiddle
For the wind to feel and fret.
Look! far in the east great spaces
Meet out on the level lake,
Where the lit ships veil their faces
And glide like ghosts at a wake;
And up in the air, high over
The rain-shot shimmer of light,
The huge sky-scrappers hover
And shake out their stars at the night.
Oh, the city trails gold tassels
From the skirts of her purple gown,
And lifts up her commerce castles
Like a jewel-studded crown.
See, proudly she moves on, singing
Up the storm-dimmed track of time—
Road dark and dire,
Where each little light
Is a soul afire
Against the night!
Oh, grandly she marches, flinging
Her gifts at our feet, and singing!—

Have I chalked out a sketch in my rhyme ?