This was after midnight.
Thus it befell.
The city that is Heaven,
The city that is Hell,
Blinded by its dazzle
Woke me aware
Of its tall titanic towers
Singing in the air.

From Madison Square
Hidden in the mist
Save for its pharos
A blaze of amethyst
Swimming in the mist,
The Metropolitan,
Singularly ringing
Through steel and stone,
Softly began
In monotone
The singing:

"To Enoch in the Land of Nod I cry,
Aeons away,
Forgotten by our day,
But rebuilt in the night,
Every stone,
Spectrally on high
Where cloud drives by
And the moon illumes the grey
Ghosts of cities in the sky
Thickly sown;
Majestic phantom cities that move above our slumber
Hung aloft in air—
Cities beyond number,
Towers beyond number!"

And over the Avenue
And Broadway, lying still,
The Flatiron Building answered
With every floor athrill:
"Thebes, I invoke thee,—
Tadmor in the Wilderness
Conceived of Solomon,—
Memphis, Alexandria,
Cyprian Paphos
Sacred to Astarte,—
Overthrown, tragical,
Blank blue ruins magical
Under the moon!
With sistrum and cymbal
Cozen me a tune
From this night air nimble!"

And from far to the South
I heard the Woolworth Tower
Reply from the sky:
"Aye, cities of power,
Each a granite flower
Stamened to unfold
With towers of ivory,
Towers of gold,
Towers of brass
And towers of iron,
Towers all as many as the hours that environ
The years of our servitude,
Our steel and iron yoke.
In the deep blue skies
They stand like smoke!
Pavia the hundred-towered,
Shining over Italy,
The Greek Heliopolis,
The City of the Sun,—
Phoenician Sidon,
Persian Persepolis,
The Vale of Siddim's cities
By sins undone!
There the strong rampires
Of Troy flare fires.
There like spears stand spires.
Priceless citadels
Pulsate with their paean
Aeon after aeon:
'We are the eternal.
Your frames but shells!
We are your sires,
The frozen fierce desires
Of Man made immortal
By temple-miracles!"

And the Singer Building,
As I seemed to know,
Resounded through the town
From its station far below.
It sang of the City of the Violet Crown.
It sang Rome risen and Rome gone down.
It sang like a seraph
Tremendous in the dark;
And the million-windowed Plaza
Up by Central Park
Echoed from afar,
Intoning to a star.

Nineveh they sang,
New York they sang!
In surcoats of stone
Like huge knights at vigil,
Each alone
Sealed with the sigil
Of the glories of the Throne
That wakes this Memnonian
Music eternal
In the clay and the compost.
The steel, the stone.

So above our shining towers
To my eyes was given
A last great vision
Of a wall great and high;
Twelve gates, twelve angels,
And, descending out of heaven,
The Celestial City
Blinding in the sky!
It lay foursquare
To what winds might pass.
Jasper was the wall,
And like clear glass
Pure gold was that city
Blazing in the air;
And sapphire, chalcedony,
Emerald, sardonyx,
Chrysolite, topaz, 
Jacinth and amethyst 
Garnished its foundations; 
And the wild salvations 
Of the risen nations 
Made a glory there!

Night flowed away from it. 
The River and the Throne 
Blinded my eyes. 
My heart fell prone. 
But my brain was ringing, ringing 
With vast anthems from afar, 
And the Towers, the Towers were singing 
To the Bright and Morning Star!