

THE CITY IN SUMMER

Swasey, Robert

A dusty vista
Down which a cat
Darkly moves.
Bleak doors
And bleaker windows;
A withered vine
Patters against the wall.
A newspaper
Shambling in the gutter;
A ragged child
Stands at the corner
Beside a hungry dog
Looking in a dust can.
A murky
Silence over all:
The city dead.