

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.