I painted on the roof of a skyscraper.
I painted a long while and called it a day's work.
The people on the corner swarmed and the traffic cop's whistle never let up all afternoon.
They were the same as bugs, many bugs on their way--
These people on the go or at a standstill;
And the traffic cop a spot of blue, a splinter of brass,
Where the black tids ran around him
And he kept the street. I painted a long while
And called it a day's work.