Sunrise from the Jersey Shore

Eaton, Walter Prichard, 1878-1957

Across the salt-cool, restless river way
Manhattan stands up ragged on the sky,
Each crag-like tower lined majestically
Against the kindling east, each building grey
The cañoned cross streets where the night lamps die
Are sun-pierced gorges to eternity;
And high above the cloudy smoke plumes play.

Ah, fretful man, the beauty is not thine!
Thy stubborn will upflingest steel and stone,
But mightier Nature claims once more her own;
She yields to thee her quarry and her mine —
With thy small mounds to mimic mountain heights,
To clothe thy bareness in her morning lights!