

## THREE O'CLOCK

*Torrence, Ridgely, 1875-1950*

### Morning

The jewel-blue electric flowers  
Are cold upon their iron trees.  
Upraised, the deadly harp of rails  
Whines for its interval of ease.  
The stones keep all their daily speech  
Buried, but can no more forget  
Than would a water-vacant beach  
The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,  
Ghastly from some torn edge of shade;  
A drowning one, a reeling one,  
And one still loitering after trade.  
On high the candour of the clock  
Portions the dark with solemn sound.  
The burden of the bitten rock  
Moans up from underground.

Far down the streets a shutting door  
Echoes the yesterday that fled  
Among the days that should have been,  
Which people cities of the dead.  
The banners of the steam unfold  
Upon the towers to meet the day;  
The lights go out in red and gold,  
But Time goes out in grey.