

The White City

I will not toy with it nor bend an inch. Deep in the secret chambers of my heart I muse my life-long hate, and without flinch I bear it nobly as I live my part. My being would be a skeleton, a shell, If this dark Passion that fills my every mood, And makes my heaven in the white world's hell, Did not forever feed me vital blood. I see the mighty city through a mist-- The strident trains that speed the goaded mass, The poles and spires and towers vapor-kissed, The fortified port through which the great ships pass, The tides, the wharves, the dens I contemplate, Are sweet like wanton loves because I hate.

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