

A Reading by Virginia Fitch



Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a
winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over
London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death
had undone so many.
Sighs, short and
infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his
eyes before his feet.

Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!"



"You who were with me in the
ships at Mylae!
"That corpse you planted last
year in your garden,
"Has it begun to sprout? Will
it bloom this year?
"Or has the sudden frost
disturbed its bed?
"Oh keep the Dog far hence,
that's friend to men,
"Or with his nails he'll dig it
up again!
"You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon
semblable,—mon frère!"

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