

The Talk of the Town

Yes you were indeed; sidewalk sparrows,
seldom out of chatter, included you
gladly; smiling panes,
bright with your reflection, provoked song
on the lips of the cleaners
any mint morning.

They were no simple amenities
small groups on corners
banded like bells; they were
your name and your splendour,
the chime of your every passing
that soared above traffic, lighted
on staff and pennant stem,
held noon's or night's zenith ablaze.

Small wonder when you plunged
down that horizon, dragging sunset with you,
the hundred normalities returned
one by one to their accustomed places,
streets settled back
to dull traffic sounds, dust, soiled windows.

—*John V. Hicks*