

CITIES

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Once when I was a little lad
There burned before my sight
Great starry hosts of fireflies
Hung in the locks of night.

I stood upon a lonely hill,
A meadow lay below,
Whitened by the faintest mist,
Lit by the fireflies' glow.

City of vision, dream, I saw,
Jewelled with myriad lights,
A city built in beauty,
Perched on the cloud-capped heights.

But now that I am growing old,
Have many places seen,
Oxford with her domes and spires
And dreams of what has been;

New York's sky-piercing symphony,
White Tours and Carcassonne,
I find the one that kindled most
Is like Atlantis gone.