

crete and stone, they have bartered their sheets.

eyes for wheat and oil, their ears were

the price of mighty metal monsters that

scream and shriek at their deaf masters.

They have given love over into bondage

for long columns of tabulated figures in

black and red on large white ledger

I cannot speak or sing or play or

paint or write or die. They cannot hear

or see or love or live.

I am a fool who can only weep. They

cannot.

## Crescendo

Mary Alice Kessler

I heard a horn crunch on the air

And a piece of laughter whistled behind a building,

An old newspaper scratched the curb stone

And a faint horse hoof ticked up 72nd Street.

I listened hard for the moaning child cry of police whistles,

The click of the traffic light, the scraping crippled foot,

I listened, and soon each disjointed sound

Each murmur of horn melted into the great stir,

And its infant pulse began to pound with the great one

To such a climax of roar, twang, beep, swish

That my ears throbbed and my heart beat with the throb,

Throb, throb, throb of this city.