crete and stone, they have bartered their
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
sheets.
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.