

THE HOPE OF THE STREETS

The still sweet meadows shimmered: and I stood And cursed them, bloom
of hedge and bird of tree, And bright and high beyond the hunch-backed
wood The thunder and the splendour of the sea.

Give back the Babylon where I was born, The lips that gape give back, the
hands that grope, And noise and blood and suffocating scorn An eddy of
fierce faces--and a hope

That 'mid those myriad heads one head find place, With brown hair curled
like breakers of the sea, And two eyes set so strangely in the face That all
things else are nothing suddenly.