

PEOPLE

THE great gold apples of night  
Hang from the street's long bough  
    Dripping their light  
On the faces that drift below,  
On the faces that drift and blow  
Down the night-time, out of sight  
    In the wind's sad sough.

The ripeness of these apples of night  
Distilling over me  
    Makes sickening the white  
Ghost-flux of faces that hie  
Them endlessly, endlessly by  
Without meaning or reason why  
    They ever should be.