

BEYOND THE SUBURBS

THE laden waggons pass along the roads
Rutted by wheels, and intermittent rains,
Onward into the town whose lights flare high
At dusk above the low horizon line.

The small farm-houses crouch amid the fields
Worn by the warring of the rains and winds,
That shake the hanging shutters till they flap.
Like broken wings against the whitewashed
walls.

And all day long and through the silent night
The long trains thunder past into the town,
Tearing the silences, fraying the dark
With short sharp spears of yellow darting light.