

DRAWN SHUTTERS

*The red geraniums on the window ledge
Blaze through the shutters drawn against the
sun*

And heat that rises from the street below.

Life in its flood sweeps steadily along,

A pageant lavish of its flare and sound.

*The high white blaze of noon beats down out-
side,*

A barrel organ jingles out its tune,

A slow procession in a long black file

Beats a dull rhythm from the paving stones.

A man with fruits to sell cries out his wares,

The swift sharp noise of many horses' feet