

THE BRIDGE

SHARPLY defined against the sulphur sky
In naked strength the bridge lies long and lean
Between opposing shores ; and always there
The crowds press forward in a long gray line
That knows no end even when daylight sleeps
And shadow forms about the haggard piers.
Stamped with the jar and fret of life they are,
Those faces passing there indefinite,
Small blurs of white against a sombre sky.
At times a waggon heaped with market bloom
Blots its clear crimsons up against the gray
That closes round it ; slow, processional,
To sound of choking horns and grumbling
wheels