

# theHARLEQUIN

*Patrick Toland*

## **City Lights**

First, know what I have surrendered  
To write this; a fond bed, dinner

Steaming and sounds of children  
Percolating in the autumn gloom.

So much for your claim to suffering.  
I am the tramp of our moment.

Striding out in borrowed shoes  
And shirt, my tie aslant and spent

And you the millionaire; nursing  
In your drunken hand these words

Like brandy brewing in a glass  
And I stone-sober, waiting on the embankment

As you pool in the canal, fool around in your riches.

Thank you for reading! Find more at [www.theharlequin.org](http://www.theharlequin.org).