



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.

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