

CITY OF GOLD AND SAND

City of gold, glittering bright:
 City of sand, crumbling away:
Neons flickering, bickering;
 Foundations shrinking, sinking,
With lofty 'scrapers towering high,
 With squalid tenements crouching below
And heedless traffic spinning by;
 The skyline of splendid woe;
In gold-crusted mansions by night
 In putrid abodes by day
Echo the frivolity and the mirth
 Abound the brutishness and vice,
And gay abandon in sprightly rebirth;
 And mad escapes from monotony entice;
In the lucrative market the brokers' shout;
 A flourishing vanity fair of sin;
O joyous without;
 O dreary within;
All is health and wealth.
 All is nillity and sterility.

City of gold and sand, happy yet not;
Outwardly playing, inwardly decaying;
Turn to God or rot.

—K. C. N. '51