

City Spires

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Seen from afar
the City's spires leapt skywards,
with smaller buildings interstitial
low moss between tall rocks.
Flocks of every sort of people
swarmed around the corners,
along the streets, alleys and entrances,
like dazed denizens of a trodden anthill.

Towers and arches seemed
to yearn for the supernal vault,
to leap upward and out,
through the seven spheres,
to the firmament of stars,
to the twelve constellations,

Up close, each tall tower
aluminium and glass,
built for height,
to feign the open sky.

Behind glass windows with lights,
people sat at desks filling out forms,
writing reports, drafting memos,
thinking how to better themselves
or best each other.

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