

9 February, 1955

Square set it-scrapers
Upping tall and furious
Pricking the plain sky

Many new growth cells
Pushing toward the endless plain
Kicking, pushing, digging of parched earth
Twisting for the birth
That never comes

~~Like carving a turkey
The bulldozer slides
Hungrily slices the deep earth
Moving mountains~~

You are (but)
Dallas, city of lost winds
And ungrown sameing nine-to-fives
Whose lust and pride is air-conditioned.

