

STREETS

Some streets wind crookedly between long rows
Of dingy, dirty houses
That frown down upon them with their lank, long faces.
Some streets flow gracefully along, bordered by stately trees
And calm, palatial mansions
That smile at them in silent, tranquil peace.
One street I know climbs roughly up a rugged hill,
Surmounting many huge, impeding boulders
Until it gains the top;
And then slopes gently down the other side,
Finally merging into the cool mist
Of a blossomed, green-turfed valley.
A man I know is like that street,
Who having climbed the rough and rugged hill and reached the summit,
Now steps upon the springy, carpet-grass and steadily makes his way down into
the valley;
There to pause, a-wearied of his tiresome, toilsome trek,
And lying down upon the moist loam, allow the cool, damp mist to cover him
And he will sleep.

Eugene Kelly