

## **Spirit of a Metropolis**

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Birds soar between buildings, the insides of which they'll never see.  
I walk the streets of a city, a part of which I'll never be.  
Among the dark office windows I feel a face looking down at me.  
A floor above, working overtime is a lost soul no one will ever see.  
Feathers flutter on rooftops that the sun won't care to touch.  
Shadows swim on the pavement I walk on too much.  
A drunkard stumbles in the sewers, leaning on his liquid crutch.  
The city feeds on its own lifelessness, that is such.  
The buildings stare down upon me with their bland design.  
Broken avenues lay silent and mirror these sad dreams of mine.  
The secret sorrow of the moon this scene does mime.  
A beggar asks me for a life but I can only offer him a dime.  
The empty streets reflect what's missing in my humble, aching palm.  
Faith has never helped but the desperate still read a psalm.  
The birds soar again, running away from this unbearable calm.  
And then the dead city disappears, under an atom bomb.