

ALFRED STARR HAMILTON

INDOMITABLY BYSTANDERS

One looks at one's crystal ball
Of older and grayer times
One sees rain and grayer kinds of skies
Indomitable buildings stand forth and bystanders
And by being bystanders, It rains on
Words for one standing Within the crystal looking glass
Rains on Sad Sams and blurbs of kinds of peoples
And swishing and swashing, and siwashing on bye
Rains on incomitably on dishwashers' unions
On cups and saucers on dryer coffee pots
Simmering within—a taste of afternoonish grayer city's rain
And I and my old sidestander, that is I—and grayer city's whistles