

Surrender

Atop a weather scourged facade baroque,
A leery gaze alights upon a truth,
A winking neon scarlet call to Coke,
And fears this age is wasted on the youth.
Against the church walls hard against the doors
And sacral courtyard sheltered from the street,
A topless disco, sojourners and whores
Profane unworldly places of retreat.
Along the street of diamond shops, of pearls,
The hawking of the seafood and the lace,
The cobble trodden fragrant dogshit swirls
And mocks the commerce of the golden fleece.
Around the vendors stalls, between the aisles,
Gripped briefcase and slung nylon braided sack,
The tongue of many worlds wags on for miles,
All sweep the stones, descending to the track.
Among the tunnel minions of the dark,
The music of the metro is the trains,
Commuter coughs and sighs that wrack the ark,
The chants of beggars and orchestral strains.
Another site strikes tired Moroccan eyes,
To render dumb what language will disguise.

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