

LONDON

A day in the City

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London, the fog flies away.
High shadows are appearing,
Scrawny outlines are coming,
Skeletons made of glass and metal.



The Sun rises again, the rain is sleeping.
High skyscrapers are piercing the clouds,
A box full of needles has fallen into the ground,
The City is touching the sky.



A scalpel, a can of ham,
A gherkin, a cheese grater,
A shard, a helter-skelter,
And a Walkie Talkie.



The people have closed their eyes.
The doors have been closed now.
And in the solitude of the night,
The skyscrapers' lights are watching over the city.



