

## City of Lights

On each patch of green, from one shade to the next,  
the noon is erasing itself by wiping out all color,  
becoming pale, desolation everywhere,  
the poison of exile painted on the walls.

In the distance,  
there are terrible sorrows, like tides:  
they draw back, swell, become full, subside.  
They've turned the horizon to mist.  
And behind that mist is the city of lights,  
my city of many lights.

How will I return to you, my city,  
where is the road to your lights? My hopes  
are in retreat, exhausted by these unlit, broken walls,  
and my heart, their leader, is in terrible doubt.

But let all be well, my city, if under  
cover of darkness, in a final attack,  
my heart leads its reserves of longings  
and storms you tonight. Just tell all your lovers  
to turn the wicks of their lamps high  
so that I may find you, Oh, city,  
my city of many lights.