

Blackfriars

A STREET

Suggested by a Picture

Here's a narrow little street,
Shuttered fast its houses tall,
Shadows creep along the wall,
Silent are the thousand feet.
Night goes riding through the town,
All the homely blinds are down.

One lamp with its hazy light
Stands the sentinel of day,
Turns the blackness into grey
With a challenge to the night.
Dim and old three men in talk
Lounge upon the cobbled walk.

Crooked is the street and old,
Straggling, impotent and mean;
All the ancient houses lean
Weary heads for night to fold,
Lean across the lonely street
Till the distance makes them meet.

Little street without a name,
Why should any stranger peep
Thus upon its slumber deep,
Guess its gone historic fame?
Up and down the street I know
Hosts of deathless spirits go.

EDWIN ESSEX, O.P.