

Dream City

Rudimentary Peni

The weedy old spires like veins in marble
The old gold domes were just ancestral homes
The citadels of yore with broken bronze bells and tottering towers
Shadowy staircases
Spiraling like ammonites
The sartorial shabbiness of
Dunsany denies him a place at the occult coronation Tho' gold always rises
Strata of wonders quickly pall
The gleam of dreams is brighter than the glister of fossilised pageants
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