

## 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  
Dream city