

# The Camera Eye

Rush

Grim-faced and forbidding  
Their faces closed tight  
An angular mass of New Yorkers  
Pacing in rhythm  
Race the oncoming night  
They chase through the streets of Manhattan  
Head-first humanity  
Pause at a light  
Then flow through the streets of the city

They seem oblivious  
To a soft spring rain  
Like an English rain  
So light, yet endless  
From a leaden sky

The buildings are lost  
In their limitless rise  
My feet catch the pulse  
And the purposeful stride

I feel the sense of possibilities  
I feel the wrench of hard realities  
The focus is sharp in the city

Wide-angle watcher  
On life's ancient tales  
Steeped in the history of London  
Green and Grey washes  
In a wispy white veil  
Mist in the streets of Westminster  
Wistful and weathered  
The pride still prevails  
Alive in the streets of the city

Are they oblivious  
To this quality?  
A quality of light  
Unique to every city's streets

Pavements may teem  
With intense energy  
But the city is calm  
In this violent sea