

The Empty City

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The outline of the city, the sheerness of its height
I thought that I was kidding when I said, I love this sight
I love this skyline, towers rising from the trees
White bars on a blue graph, not exactly flapping in the breeze

Cast upon a great white plaza
Filtered down through architects' maps
A stand of glassy super-structures
Rising from the sprawling city flats

Streaming to the blue sea, gleaming like beluga
Reducing to teeming atoms and a shimmering in the wind
Hope you have your camera, hope you have some paper
Because if no one gets this down, then it's gone forever

This is the elevator, I press all the buttons
Every floor is different, a different number anyway
The marble in the lobby, the silent corridors
Is this the new church, out of which no one pours

I feel I'm rising higher, I must be in the clouds by now
I knew it when I saw it, I picked the right office tower
I feel I heard it lift off, break away from all the rest
Lifting its great heaviness