

## Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

*Sem Megson*  
**URBAN LAMENT**

Too few cities pulse stronger than temporal  
with avenues like Paris at La Belle Époque  
in a bold promenade of exotic and familiar,  
where disparate journeys freely connect  
through a confluence of adjoining blocks  
and locals host global comings and goings,  
as if the Pangaeian plates were never broken.  
In too few cities one can sway accompanied  
by giants of architecture—and moderns, too,  
“Looks like a love child of Wright and Gehry”,  
or linger in gardens with monuments flowing  
and trees providing Big Mother’s comfort.  
In too few cities all can shout, “Unafraid!”  
and Eros lives neither ill-pocked nor chaste,  
but a little uncombed like Aphrodite’s hair,  
where contented ghosts rise up every night  
as shifting mounds of mortal mud that dance  
with vaudeville phantoms eager to entertain  
in a commingling port of once, future kin,  
while half new, half old transforming selves  
push forward with equal measures of hope.