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

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