

# Fantasy at Night

By LOUIS ROSEN, '42

It was night in the city.

Far below me a multitude of lights  
Flashed from the prideful buildings.  
The commerce of the day,  
The smoke of factories,  
Noisy crowds,  
Had melted into calm serenity.

Trains rolled now and then  
With muffled pace  
Into the station,  
And then moved on.

There were stars over the city,  
Smiling from a cloudless sky.  
They seemed as natural there  
As in the broad fields  
Where they gleam unchallenged,  
Drawing up men's thoughts.

There were people in the city  
Whose strength had built it  
From the shadow of emptiness;  
Whose search for Truth  
Was never-ending.

Then before my gaze

The city seemed to wane and fade,  
And there below

Were the towers of another age:  
Memphis or Babylon.

And yet—

The stars were sparkling  
And unchanged.

And then I thought:

Even if the splendor of this night  
Should pass;

This capsule of Time we call our own  
Crumble into dust—

Man shall build upon the ashes  
Of the past

Another city, proud and beautiful,  
Nearer to eternity.