

"The City Rises"
Umberto Boccioni



eternal,
constructed of dreams,
is the City which rises in man.

But labored man's lie lays the crystal,
where knowledge conceded is cast
Down
as the steel eyed in shame,
and the past is but pillared in sand
To sink in the future elapsed
For the profit that's twisted in sight;
Such is the lure to delight.

Oh, master that's ended in dust,
As an heir of the treasures of earth
Hold thee not
To the world but thyself
In the search inner find
The Dream
That's eternal of man.