



## *from The Bridge: To Brooklyn Bridge*

BY HART CRANE

*How many dawns, chill from his rippling rest  
The seagull's wings shall dip and pivot him,  
Shedding white rings of tumult, building high  
Over the chained bay waters Liberty—*

*Then, with inviolate curve, forsake our eyes  
As apparitional as sails that cross  
Some page of figures to be filed away;  
—Till elevators drop us from our day ...*

*I think of cinemas, panoramic sleights  
With multitudes bent toward some flashing scene  
Never disclosed, but hastened to again,  
Foretold to other eyes on the same screen;*

*And Thee, across the harbor, silver paced  
As though the sun took step of thee yet left  
Some motion ever unspent in thy stride,—  
Implicitly thy freedom staying thee!*

*Out of some subway scuttle, cell or loft  
A bedlamite speeds to thy parapets,  
Tilting there momentarily, shrill shirt ballooning,  
A jest falls from the speechless caravan.*

*Down Wall, from girder into street noon leaks,  
A rip-tooth of the sky's acetylene;  
All afternoon the cloud flown derricks turn ...  
Thy cables breathe the North Atlantic still.*

*And obscure as that heaven of the Jews,  
Thy guerdon ... Accolade thou dost bestow  
Of anonymity time cannot raise:  
Vibrant reprieve and pardon thou dost show.*

*O harp and altar, of the fury fused,  
(How could mere toil align thy choiring strings!  
Terrific threshold of the prophet's pledge,  
Prayer of pariah, and the lover's cry,*

*Again the traffic lights that skim thy swift  
Unfractioned idiom, immaculate sigh of stars,  
Beading thy path—condense eternity:*

*And we have seen night lifted in thine arms.*

*Under thy shadow by the piers I waited  
Only in darkness is thy shadow clear.  
The City's fiery parcels all undone,  
Already snow submerges an iron year ...*

*O Sleepless as the river under thee,  
Vaulting the sea, the prairies' dreaming sod,  
Unto us lowliest sometime sweep, descend  
And of the curvship lend a myth to God.*

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