

Sing the Song

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The rain dripped depressingly, from the eaves,
The sky folded them into its grayness.
The radio was playing Brubeck,
Nostalgia and anomie pervaded the air.

London did its best, despite the weather.
The city forgave them their naiveté.
The music promised resolution,
Harmony and consonance invaded there.

Space drapes our world, as does time, and
Cities shroud our nakedness.
Musicians suggest some integration,
But we must sing our song—here.

