To the City Streets

Gene Kindig*
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“I am very proud to count myself among the second group, among those who through long and earnest searching have at last found their way to National Socialism. I feel myself greatly privileged to account for the resultant change in our school at this time.”

My mind wanders back—back over the year that has just passed, over the year that has seen a change, a change in a man, a change in a school, a change in a nation.

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To the City Streets

By Gene Kindig

To the song of the streets,
To the hustle and bustle,
To the wild-waving cop
In the swift traffic hustle,
To the whine of the motors,
To the roar of the cars,
To bewildered pedestrians
Gazing at towers,
To the red and green stop lights
Blinking their eyes,
To the screaming newsies
Of half-pint size,
I doff my cap,
And my heart goes with it.
The reason? There is none.
I just want to be in it.