

Sketch

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On the City Dump

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Poem

by Alan R. Quartermain

No man is tied
Yet always seeks
The limitation of himself
For fear of freedom.
He looks, and cries — “the birds are free” —
But they, more limited than he
Do not understand.
If they could but see,
Mankind would be —
For the birds —
 A laughing matter.

On the City Dump

by John T. Mellors

Hail this city's eldest child,
symbol of a culture's toil,
like a buried corpse defiled,
reeking like a festering boil.

Stench of Hell could never match —
metaphor of poet's tongue
recreate — your rotting stench
or convey your worm-laced dung.

Bless the larvae-riddled scum,
that make a world which man elects.
Man is not just what man selects:
also this: what he neglects.