WHILE THE CITY THROBS
I've often marvelled at the great things
Man has produced:
The stately skyscraper,
The powerful locomotive,
The speeding plane, the monstrous ocean liner,
The noisy elevated railway, the singing radio,
The thronging roar of crowded city streets.
But give me a place in the quiet, peaceful solitude
Of the open country, the birds singing brilliantly
On a fresh dew-laden morning; the bees humming
Merrily on drowsy summer day, the smell of growing things,
To sweeten the air.

- Vincent Kuharic - '39