

The City's Love

Claude McKay

For one brief golden moment rare like wine,
The gracious city swept across the line¹;
Oblivious of the color of my skin,
Forgetting that I was an alien guest,
5 She bent to me, my hostile heart to win,
Caught me in passion to her pillowy breast;
The great, proud city, seized with a strange love,
Bowed down for one flame hour my pride to prove.

Editorial Notes

1. **The line:** Here, the color line.