



WAYNE MILLER

## THE CITY (XII)

And soon airplanes were the new  
elevators. The frontier beyond

the walls became a park, and folks  
went out to picnic and hand-feed

the animals. Who needed the old  
myths to explain what was out there?

Still, the assassinations continued  
as the motorcades slipped through

the barrios and court districts,  
the garages and wrought iron gates

to the countryside. Bombs kept  
exploding in the subways, leaving bits

of the flags they were wrapped in.  
And people missed the old myths:

they had little to tell the kids  
before bed, when the futureless dark

came to scare them. So pictures  
were pulled from the charnel houses,

held up to the flashbulbs for a kiss.  
And this became *contemporary*: photos

propped beside people in motion,  
people who ate popcorn and peanuts

at their tables, watched time shift  
the stained glass in their televisions.

