

THE SIRENS OF APRIL

The sirens are calling men to their death.

This time, the women too.

Through the empty streets, the sirens call.

In the rain, the sirens call. The sirens call

on balmy days when the cherries

toss their confetti to the wind.

At night the sirens call.

The sirens call from the tugboats.

The sirens call to the shuttered shops.

On Broadway and Fifth, the sirens call.

Past the Upper West Side, Down

The Lower East Side, from Brooklyn

the sirens call. The sirens call

from Queens. From Staten Island

and the Bronx. Across the Hudson, from Jersey,

the sirens call. The sirens never tire.

From their perches on trucks and spires

the sirens call. The alluring, pitiless sirens call.

By your neighbor walking her dog, the sirens call.

To the boys in the park, the invincible boys,

the sirens call and call.

The sirens call the starlings to flock.

To the rooftops and rivers the sirens call.

The sirens call. The sirens call

the beautiful to their drowning, the sirens' call.

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