

**Innumerable Cages of Nightingales**

Fragments of lyric sky  
fallen like confetti showers,  
like fallen snow blue  
in the gathering of an evening's shadow,  
in this city of dream sequence,  
this city silent with song,  
with song's occupation intently  
stilled, traffic's footsteps stilled,  
rumble of passing and repassing  
dreamed quite away,  
dimly in this remembered city,  
all movement refined to  
the hosts of shadowy figures  
carrying their little lamps and  
soft-footed through the dusk carrying  
innumerable cages of nightingales.

—*John V. Hicks*