**The City Builder’s Hands**

The New Apartments gush polite applause :

so why is Mrs. Hoon, the architect,

a woman I admire and respect,

so sad and troubled ? While the waitress pours

our Scotch, she dabs her eyes and takes my hand.

‘I’m sorry – just a touch of mal de tout.’

Her little fingertips explain the New

Design. She smiles. A touch of concrete sand

clings to her nails. I know the cause : the way,

quite suddenly, she looked upon her bare

and mortal hands, as if, blueprinted there,

she saw some whisper of the world’s decay.

Discreetly sweet, the waiter pours more drink ;

and I am moved , unwillingly, to Think.