

Classy verse from Global Village

Alan Sillitoe

Picture of Loot

Certain dark underground eyes
Have been set upon
The vast emporiums of London.

Lids blink red
At glittering shops
Houses and museums

Shining at night
Chandeliers of historic establishments
Showing interiors to Tartar eyes,

Certain dark underground eyes
Bearing bloodred sack
The wineskins of centuries

Look hungrily at London:
How many women in London?
A thousand thousand houses

Filled with the world's high living
And fabulous knick-knacks;
Each small glossy machine

By bedside or on table or in bathroom
Is the electrical soul of its owner
The finished heart responding

To needle or gentle current;
And still more houses, endlessly stacked
Asleep with people waiting

To be exploded
The world's maidenhead supine for breaking
By corpuscle Tartars

To whom a toothbrush
Is a miracle;
What vast looting

What jewels of fires
What great cries
And long convoys

Of robbed and robbers leaving
The sack of rich great London.