

## LOST NOCTURNE

Star spangled canopy stretching o'er the town;  
Quietude, the gentle murmur of the river  
Lapping the embankment as the moon gazes down  
The Tower, Lambeth Palace; just moonlight silhouettes;  
Casual strollers here and there  
Darkened corners, glowing cigarettes  
As loves story the night enfolds  
From Blackfriars to Big Ben  
Busy thoroughfare  
History of Olde London pregnant in the air.  
Passed hurriedly unseeing  
By ignorant speeding feet  
From toil to home - just another street.  
Back homeward and wend from this starlit charade  
Whilst the Thames for accompaniment plays a moonlight serenade.

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