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|  | **Dawn in New York****by:** [**Claude McKay**](http://www.blackcatpoems.com/m/claude_mckay.html) **(1889-1948)** |

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| **The Dawn! The Dawn! The crimson-tinted comesOut of the low still skies, over the hills,Manhattan's roofs and spires and cheerless domes!The Dawn! My spirit to its spirit thrills.Almost the mighty city is asleep,No pushing crowd, no tramping, tramping feet.But here and there a few cars groaning creepAlong, above, and underneath the street,Bearing their strangely-ghostly burdens by,The women and the men of garish nights,Their eyes wine-weakened and their clothes awry,Grotesques beneath the strong electric lights.The shadows wane. The Dawn comes to New York.And I go darkly-rebel to my work.**  |

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