

**Stephen Robertson**

**Twelfth floor**

City sounds float up from down below  
from all the streets of London. Into night  
lights to the far horizon flicker, glow.

Hear Hoe Street's busy traffic stop and go,  
a viscous fluid, log-jammed or in spate:  
sirens, engines, horns sound from below.

Distant tower blocks in forests grow,  
and cranes, each with its own red warning light.  
Beneath, a field of lamps that flicker, glow.

Along the railway lines trains passing through  
leave a gentle rumble, low and faint  
among the sounds that rise from far below.

In nearby streets some lighted windows show  
tiny glimpses of the lives inside.  
Streetlights, windows, hoardings flicker, glow.

All weathers reach us here. Storms pass, winds blow,  
sunsets explode, dark clouds range far and wide.  
City sounds float up from down below;  
in darkness lights into the distance glow.