

Ghetto Twilight (1918)  
Alter Brody

An infinite weariness comes into the faces of the old tenements,  
As they stand massed together on the block,  
Tall and thoughtfully silent,  
In the enveloping twilight.  
Pensively,  
They eye each other across the street,  
Through their dim windows—  
With a sad recognizing stare,  
Watching the red glow fading in the distance,  
At the end of the street,  
Behind the black church spires;  
Watching the vague sky lowering overhead,  
Purple with clouds of colored smoke  
From the extinguished sunset;  
Watching the tired faces coming home from work,  
Like dry-breasted hags  
Welcoming their children to their withered arms.