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## The Long Street

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

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## The Long Street

*Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

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The long street  
 which is the street of the world  
 passes around the world  
 filled with all the people of the world  
 not to mention all the voices  
 of all the people  
 that ever existed  
 Lovers and weepers  
 virgins and sleepers  
 spaghetti salesmen and sandwichmen  
 milkmen and orators  
 boneless bankers  
 brittle housewives  
 sheathed in nylon snobberies  
 deserts of advertising men  
 herds of high school fillies  
 crowds of collegians  
 all talking and talking  
 and walking around  
 or hanging out windows  
 to see what's doing  
 out in the world  
 where everything happens  
 sooner or later  
 if it happens at all  
 And the long street  
 which is the longest street  
 in all the world  
 but which isn't as long  
 as it seems  
 passes on  
 thru all the cities and all the scenes  
 down every alley  
 up every boulevard  
 thru every crossroads  
 thru red lights and green lights  
 cities in sunlight  
 continents in rain  
 hungry Hong Kongs  
 untillable Tuscaloosas  
 Oakland of the soul  
 Dublins of the imagination  
 And the long street  
 rolls on around  
 like an enormous choochoo train  
 chugging around the world  
 with its bawling passengers  
 and babies and picnic baskets  
 and cats and dogs  
 and all of them wondering  
 just who is up  
 in the cab ahead  
 driving the train

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Lawrence Ferlinghetti

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if anybody  
 the train which runs around the world  
 like a world going round  
 all of them wondering  
 just what is up  
 if anything  
 and some of them leaning out  
 and peering ahead  
 and trying to catch  
 a look at the driver  
 in his one-eye cab  
 trying to see him  
 to glimpse his face  
 to catch his eye  
 as they whirl around a bend  
 but they never do  
 although once in a while  
 it looks as if  
 they're going to  
 And the street goes rocking on  
 the train goes bowling on  
 with its windows reaching up  
 its windows the windows  
 of all the buildings  
 in all the streets of the world  
 bowling along  
 thru the light of the world  
 thru the night of the world  
 with lanterns at crossings  
 lost lights flashing  
 crowds at carnivals  
 nightwood circuses  
 warehouses and parliaments  
 forgotten fountains  
 cellar doors and unfound doors  
 figures in lamplight  
 pale idols dancing  
 as the world rocks on  
 But now we come  
 to the lonely part of the street  
 the part of the street  
 that goes around  
 the lonely part of the world  
 And this is not the place  
 that you change trains  
 for the Brighton Beach Express  
 This is not the place  
 that you do anything  
 This is the part of the world  
 where nothing's doing  
 where no one's doing  
 anything  
 where nobody's anywhere  
 nobody nowhere  
 except yourself

not even a mirror  
 to make you two  
 not a soul  
 except your own  
 maybe  
 and even that  
 not there  
 maybe  
 or not yours  
 maybe  
 because you're what's called  
 dead  
 you've reached your station

Descend