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The City
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THE CITY

The city, you say, has still to be constructed, the city that will be your home.

But it's not for lack of trying. The Planners have been marking out the boulevards, drawing in the alleys behind restaurants, where cats will scratch for fish heads. People have been bussed-in to create suburbs. Young couples have already decided to make their lives there.

If, you say to yourself, I can only be patient. Then one day they'll put up the bunting, and the Mayor will cut the ribbon. I'll walk around the fountains on Sundays, in the city that will be my home.