

SULTANAHMET SQUARE

*In Sultanahmet Square
The brass domes of the pots
In the boot-boy's box
Echo the domes of the mosque
On which one seems to step
As if to threaten Blefuscu
While on the leather are mixed
The browns and blues and blacks
That would let a Whistler daub
A dissimilar sky to the sky
From which now Allah Leans
To admire his shining toe caps.*

