

Where he lives

form: Sonnet -

love poem - loves NYC.

My City by James Weldon Johnson

Poet is the speaker

euphemism death lasts forever

When I come down to sleep death's endless night,

end rhyme

The threshold of the unknown dark to cross,

question to all people inverted syntax

What to me then will be the keenest loss,

no one knows what it's really like extreme, drastic / most intense

When this bright world blurs on my fading sight?

probing question

Will it be that no more I shall see the trees

contrasts for emphasis

Or smell the flowers or hear the singing birds

enjambment

Or watch the flashing streams or patient herds?

country / farm

No, I am sure it will be none of these.

poetic shift - change tone / attitude

But, ah! Manhattan's sights and sounds, her smells,

NYC

"s" = alliteration

Her crowds, her throbbing force, the thrill that comes

heart-life

also sound devices -

From being of her a part, her subtle spells,

Steam Snake trains / hydraulics subways Serenity? revolving doors / elevators

Her shining towers, her avenues, her slums--

contrast

O God! the stark, unutterable pity,

couplet

To be dead, and never again behold my city!

barren

admire / see

Tribute to NYC

movies / Broadway sights - shopping food - higher income / business sports