

## "New York"

by Marianne Moore

the savage's romance,  
accreted where we need the space for commerce—  
the centre of the wholesale fur trade,  
starred with tepees of ermine and peopled with foxes,  
the long guard-hairs waving two inches beyond the body of the pelt;  
the ground dotted with deer-skins—white with white spots  
"as satin needle-work in a single colour may carry a varied pattern,"  
and blankets of eagles' down—  
submarine forest upon submarine forest of tropical seaweed.  
It is a far cry from the "queen full of jewels"  
and the beau with the muff,  
from the gilt coach shaped like a perfume bottle,  
to the conjunction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny  
and the scholastic philosophy of the wilderness,  
to combat which one must stand outside and laugh  
since to go in is to be lost.  
It is not the dime-novel exterior,  
Niagara Falls, the calico horses, and the war canoe;  
it is not that "if the fur is not finer than such as one sees others wear,  
one would rather be without it—"  
that estimated in raw meat and berries, we could feed the universe:  
it is not the atmosphere of ingenuity,  
the otter, the beaver, the puma skins  
without shooting-irons or dogs;  
it is not the plunder,  
it is the "accessibility to experience."