Rising from nature and returning to nature,

reticulated walls echo an evocation of impermanence.

between two burns,

in the near distance,

Memories condensed in high vaults

where the concrete becomes fluid...

run in rivulets down spandrels and truncated ribs,

drip remorselessly into smirr-born pools below,

fluid brightly reflecting painted desolation and,

a hollow metaphor for our cantilevered lives.

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lan Bald, 2021