## The Art of the Ruin

## by Gary Hardaway

Ruins are always provocative. The imagining eyes rebuild the colonnade, the wall, the roof, and pediment.

The toppled stones speak of time and fortune and the calamity a moment or millennium can bring

to human art and industry. The ghosts run before attacking horsemen. A heart is ruptured by a spear.

A small dog chokes on ash and noxious gas. A body decomposes having fallen to disease

interpreted as a god's curse. Even the print-shirted engineer from Springfield, Illinois, with his Instamatic hanging

by a nylon strap around his neck, will shudder as he sees himself stretching arms around his children as the shockwave flattens Nagasaki.