

We Invented Stillness Just to Keep Ourselves from Following the Fall of Everything

by Gary Hardaway

Even solid seeming concrete creeps
in time to form the faint smile of deflection.
A marble rolls along the catenary grin.
See, the light rain accentuates
the cupping of the roadway's panels.
Permanence is faith we make to keep
a little sanity here where nothing ever
fails to change. We engineer a little
tolerance in joints and then proceed
as if that guarantees a solid future.
The world reclaims our architecture.

