Adam al Sirgany

“Dream of the New Maquette”

everyone who aspires to
immortality has lived less
than the life of a man.

earth made of mineral,
granite-corundum thrust.
bless us with monoliths of

sandstone and camphor.
the world, i imagine, is
a thing made with rough

hands and annelids. shaggy
willow dreads hanging over
blue phlox, egg-eyed aster.

scales of rodent tails mask
a rat is not a snake, deco
a building sound: roman

aqueduct of modern
architecture. simple. world made
rough by soft hands, intentional,

KEEP ROCKFORD A LITTLE

SCREW CITY. hope in parts some-

one's sidewalk is lawn. street corner

statue the wander woman

leans against returning to her

hostas with knit sweater and a belt

tied loosely at her hips,

bifocals bobbing on a collar.

line breaks over a park bench

fifty yards above the band

stand three hours before

viols and a theremin stir

middle-aged daddies to dance,

pot bellies brazing with black

shirts scream of heyday

punk bands, screenprint

washed to dandruff. the world

i imagine gives blessings to

the potter, the printer,

the paint-stained arc

welder who army crawls

after work the undersides of
bridges proving by composition
even the woman who once slept

here arranged her bottles,
her tarps, her shirt scraps,
to be as she wished come

day's end, resting. from medians
rise ideas made of cardboard, cross-
breeds and casting. say ROCK-

FORD: ALL PEOPLE ARE WEL-
COME. tired, poor, huddled, yearning.
if you must leave us, exit refreshed.

KEEP ROCKFORD—a little off-
putting to anyone who measures
love with mass capital and calipers,

a little less than elegant and
certain that the top of our heads
here have physically come off—

an epiphany of tallow wicks,
a poem, a song that sings,
g-d grant us the serenity to

make of every last broken

brick a wall with open gates we share

with those that pass, pass thru them.