

The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at www.gcwilkens.com

Reading an Anthology of Elegies, Thinking About Construction

It's all done
with bricks. Pulled in
on a cart, dropped
with thud, rattling
and clanking. Hands
dusty, scratched,
flecked with mud.

A mixture of sand,
cement and water
lines the gaps,
places nothing
else could fill,
and even then
wind whistles
clean through.

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