

Et In Arcadia Ego.

Dear Sarah, The train is passing the old cement works.
Which a short while ago vigorously produced it's grey glue.
Out with the old and in with the new,
floating cities in sunny space.
Cement is an unrelenting metaphore, it's grey is deathly,
it's plasticity is inspiring, it's viscosity is constructive, it's
permenance is elusive, it's promise of perpetual novelty is shelved.
Modernism and cement stick together.
Stephen