

Building Dwelling

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Less is more.
—Mies van der Rohe

After the harmonies strain
And drop, and the splintered axis
Crashes—

After verity shatters,
And proof's props pop,
Tumbling bright imago's black

Beams through ether's tracery—
After the new kingdom caves
In on the old, and the old

Collapses, tier upon tier,
Blasting through the foundation
To where the sublime fails

And the fundamental goes,
Demolishing labyrinth and grave,
Harrowing accidents, substance,

And cell, after the monads'
Decimal points implode—
In the hush that follows,

In that breathless, echoless,
Pure place, astonishing space
Where only silence sings—

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(The poet thinks, *I like it here*,
Starts to build a wing—)