Tall tower — a cube of white bread —
the sign a beacon
I found my way
Today the fog obscured it
But I knew the way

Solid, closed and closing
Permanence, strength
Soft bodies, white teeth, have flashed and whispered through these halls

High walls, the chandeliers beautiful with sweeping branches
Colleagues, coffee,
Getting excited, reflecting
Something you meet here could alter your direction
Does the space matter
when people are added?

Building that no-one lives in
Rat maze mausoleum
Grandeur like champagne being sold at a dollar store
Air whispering
A too-hot or too-cold feeling
We’re closed out by partitions
Crammed like metal folding chairs in a closet where they won’t all fit
I wish
there were windows

Where is the bay? I don’t see it
I’m sitting of the fringe of memories
of the Charles river, 2014
Radiator you sound like a jet
Crumbs on the floor
I go out and dread returning
Portland begrudgingly working here
I wish
there were windows

Under our feet woods and a blue river
I would like to see the building float away
Under our feet are bones