

The City

With the blue eyes
grandmother gave me,
I saw a world gone
mad. Time out of

Joint.

Chaos thrown
into the subtle order of
things.

With the intricate care
Of her fragile hands,
She pierced the fabric
of time,

wove upon
the curving loom
of space.

With rugged simplicity
she endured through days,
raged against
The dying of
the light.

Her fragile bones were
carved of steel
and the work of ageless night.

Rest comes for her now
as the gift
of a thousand races run,
witness to the rising
of the golden

Kansas sun.