

Building Images I-III

Evan Nisonson

Sunk in cement, clawing hold,
hammered I-Beams in cold earth
give grounding in ground.

Jointed girders lift floors boasting:
head held haughty.
Windows pebble an ashen patina like pores.

Iron ribbing trimming edges,
cuts sky, scrapes the scape of siblings
rivaling for breathing space.

Aluminized spire capping steel stone juts.
At top, a blue-light beacon proclaims the
new Adam.

II

At the center of the square,
stands the Arc.
A geometric gateway in and out
rarely used for either;
where chessmen in *cheque*
duel upon a crosshatched board,
and junkies
re-trace their steps,
zagging on a hopeless,
dotted line,

A solitary strut,
supporting nothing.
An engineering marvel
no more.

Mottled lime-stain and
patched paint scrawl,
streak grey marble
modeled after its grander cousin.

Host to a smoothed-out mythic drama:

Vacant-pupil profiles of patron saints pray beneath
soot-stained clouds tooled with *Putti* framed by a
faintly etched egg-and-dart.

A pagan feast revels near the base:
goat-legged men leech on loose-frocked women with
rain-worn looks; laden with wine casks, split-hooves
mounting upon a Byzantine
motif of grape clusters.

Gabled with a foreign frieze of some
calamity of state, some
urgent past, it
heralds triumph.

III

Silent siblings swaying slightly:
sentinels of the city.

Coinage and currency course
thick through their walls.

They gaze north taking cold air blasts
square in the face flinching little.

At top all is wind and the sound of wind.

At bottom, a mass of babble.

EVAN NISONSON works in Comparative Literature, where his scholarly interests include understanding a poetics that is influenced by technology. He also devotes his time to exploring the potential of instructional technology in higher education.