

Quiet Echoes

Mount Eerie

Can I summon the imagined white stag from the mud?
In the roar of machinery, quiet echoes

And sustainably harvested thin veneer
Outside the windows, a suffering horde

And hundreds of years of short-sighted memory loss
Held in one building with void in its core

But the feeling of humming ventilation
Reminds me of the wind that tears the stone
Eventually reducing this to silt again
The architecture students' final form