

## The Crest

WHY?

Every little renaissance is echoed in the colosseum  
Empty off the walls of Tin Pan Alley (alley)  
Til the space between the skin and shirt grows thin  
Til the cells of flesh and material  
Are indistinguishable under a microscope  
Til all the water goes gas and the potholes pop  
After the day's gone dark  
And the next chord's struck out of necessity (necessi-  
necessities, necessi-necessities)  
And they peel the paper from the walls  
Or pick another color paint  
And the next chord echoes like shrinking nickels  
In a metal elevator falling single file size order  
Through the hole in your pocket landing round  
A silhouette of the threat of silence  
The lifespan of the flight path of a slowly sinking skipping st  
one  
The dying light of the law's dying bells  
The timespan between wave crests is what makes the crest the cr  
est  
(What)  
I know the temptation to straighten the spines  
Of men hunched from years of keeping nickels in their shirt poc  
kets  
To lift these wood men from the pines  
And, in one jerk, snap every bone, disk, and plate in place  
Like adjusting some rusty segmented piece of an erector set fro  
m the 1950s  
But the human spine is an iron rod  
And, when bent, needs time and heat to make straight  
And it's easier to fill front pockets with nickels  
Than it is to make a cold metal supple  
The lifespan of the flight path of a slowly sinking skipping st  
one  
The dying light of the law's dying bells  
The timespan between wave crests is what makes the crest the cr  
est