Rising from nature and returning to nature,

between two burns,

reticulated walls echo an evocation of impermanence.

Memories condensed in high vaults

run in rivulets down spandrels and truncated ribs,

drip remorselessly into smirr-born pools below,

where the concrete becomes fluid...

fluid brightly reflecting painted desolation and,

in the near distance,

a hollow metaphor for our cantilevered lives.

Ian Bald, 2021