

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Demolition of the Old Hotel

By Mary Buchinger

Morning blossom of debris
the firehose plays relentlessly
fiddles the billow of dust and
sun-sprayed particles marvelous
trajectories of destruction reveal
pink pillows of insulation tucked
between ribbed beams that glow
casting flash after flash as
the pulverizer detaches sinew
from its floor and crumples it
story by story into the swallowing
hauler I cannot turn away
even as the stream of commuters
bumps against my pack exterior
wall rubble a grappler dismantles
the empty inner rooms with discreet
bites squash of ceiling and years
of airy separation shred hang down
like straggly bangs a tall stack
of bone-white cement-wrapped
iron wobbles tentative caught
in tentacles of unbundling wire
nerves that stretch and give
gutted I feel unwalled bricks
fall two by three loose teeth
my tongue glides across my own
unroofed the maw of this building
gapes to sunlight something there
must recall how it was nearly
the same as it rose— a morning's
light finding new walls new
infant self somewhere beneath
years and the many hands

that brought forth each part
the laying on of mortar slap of
trowel drywall wet spread
of laden brushes primer pigment
eggshell finish— what will they find
when finally they sweep this plot clear?
will they unearth a beginning will
it be recognized child of earth what
inhabitation felt like and wrought
in these rooms that brief story
of conversations and embraces
the moments of lives is it possible
to remember how it was what built this
edifice entire pulled falling now *gone*