Afterimage // The Depot

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Afterimage

\textit{for Michael Snow}


close: fade-in, in sharp frequency: ever-increasing beeping & jagged-hum
Wave (length)s
The Depot

I.
Scaffolds mark the cusp of a new city, I’m still
burning downtown – train shuffle, rattle my slate-tile
floors: there is no tunnel to my doors. I barricade
us in.

II.
I am Corktown, blooming marble
& bronze, a Corinthian-bone tower
of commerce: manufactured grass
littered mahogany: no sticks, no stones.

I can take you anywhere, but where
would you want to go? Passengers can’t
take the wrong train. Come see my floors,
wainscoting & terrazzo, say your goodbyes:

take your first step, frontier
storefronts: take the boards
off, open up shop
inside: cracked door frames

& crown molding: a deep-throated whistle –
call this place home.