

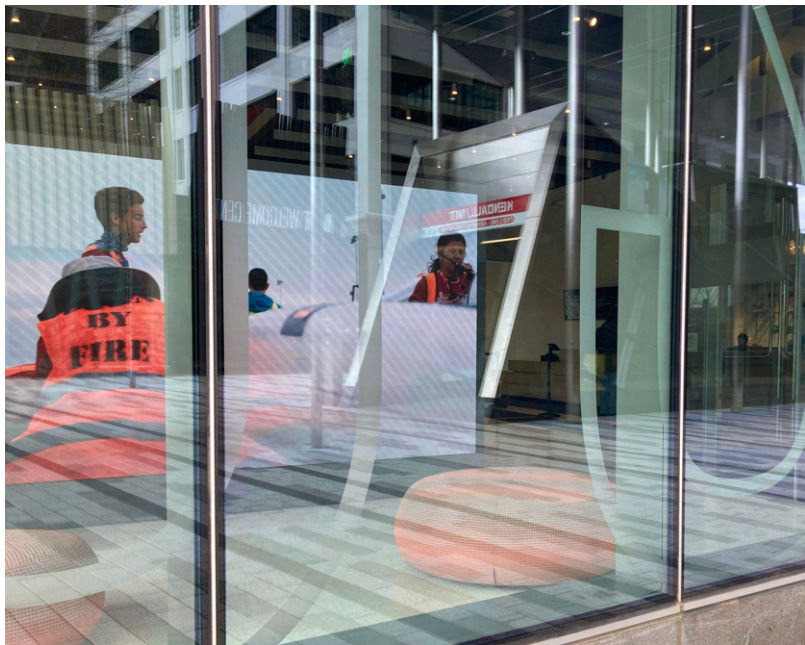
OVERLAPS: ARCHEOLOGY OF KENDALL



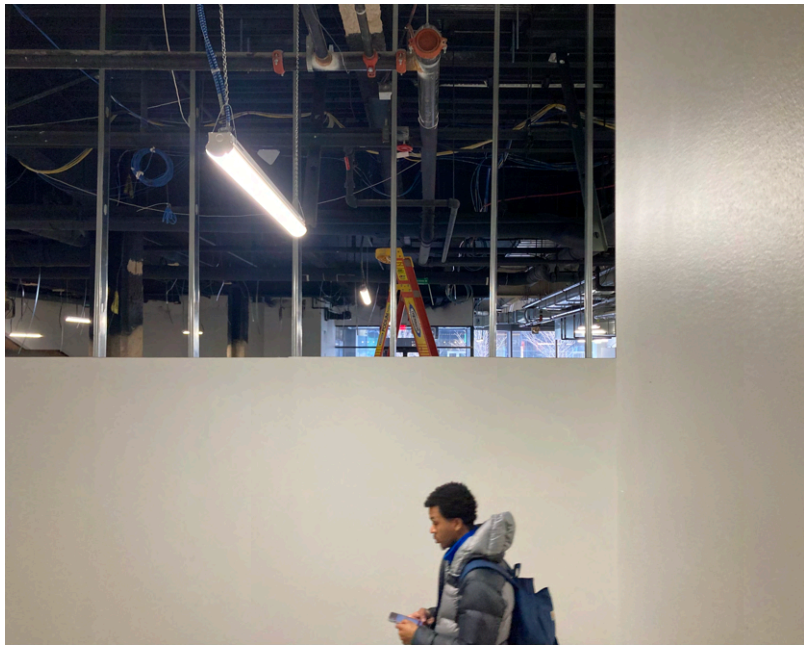




Where do I witness change?
Is it in the shadows that creep
over the gutters,
or in the layering of graffiti, tar, and steam?

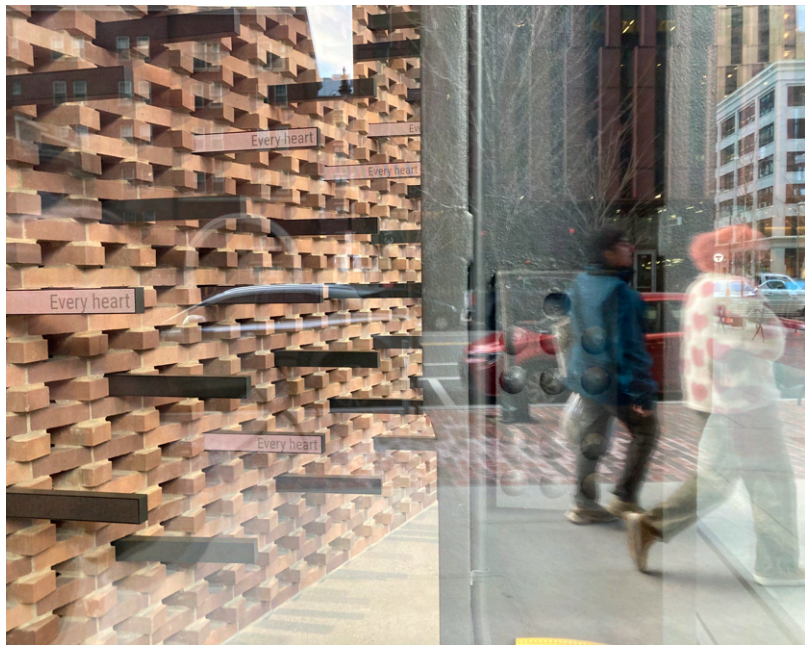




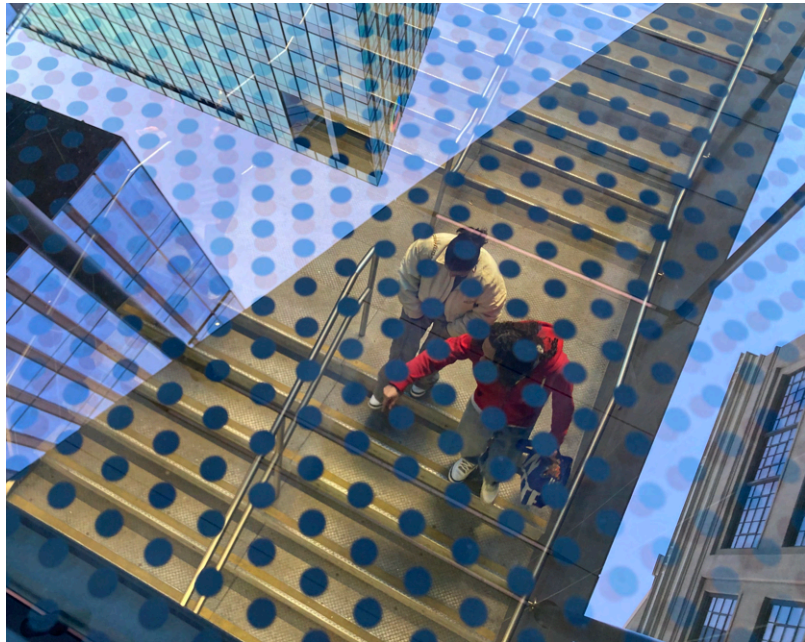
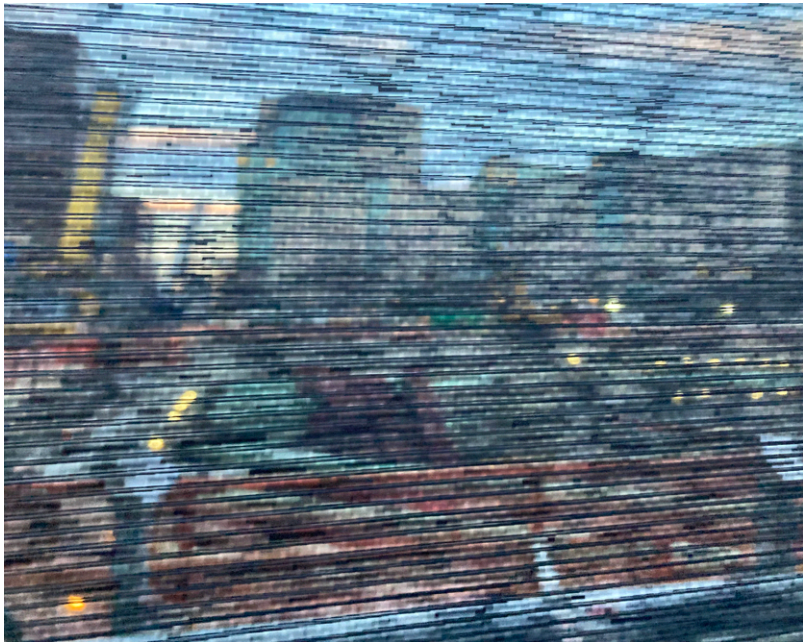


Passersby won't answer my question —
they're mere reflections.
But maybe hydrants will,
experts in testimony and anticipation.









I notice a clock
with static hands and spinning numbers,
as if saying,
"this is how we measure time in times to come."



