Layered
City As Material : Underside

a grand canopy arches over our heads,
woven from iron, it's gilded edges
beaming
vast gates line the path,
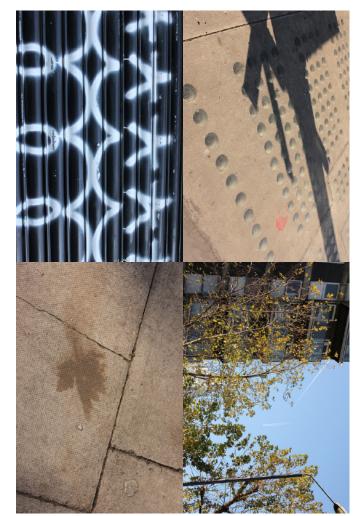sharp points skyward,
defending the carnal cycle behind

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DIFFUSION

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2,4,6,8,10,12

This is not a book

emerald shoots yearn to wrestle free of
concrete roots
they sigh gently over parapets,
leaves shivering in the breeze,
sheltering caverns leading into the stone
veins of the Barbican

W. MINN

LONDON

"Nearby lie the remains of William Blake" who beheld wild visions, rendering them with paint and brush his bones now feeding new growth, entwined with stone teeth rising from the earth, bearing inscriptions to those who have also passed

shadows cast against slabs, washing over cracks and bumps, drawing the tortured surface into the underside and in turn, the surrounding light blazes startling the eyes of passers-by, rushing ever forth