

SARAH GRIDLEY

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*Edifice*

In the river's comprehensive reflection stand the tall, thin men who taught me Latin. Rumpled and shining, they smile at one another and exchange congenial handshakes. When I am always older in their repetition, the days seem more and more analogous. A silver edgeless river. Noon and its pounding sun. The long hand of the clock sticks, spasms, resumes. I am called on. Light coats the high tuition. I am sight-reading a description of Dido's Carthage. Light climbs the Latin. This could be stalling or stopping for time; this could be feeling among the honeycombs in which space holds time compressed.