

SARAH BARBER

Building the Waterfall

Let this be October in Public Works'
free calendar. Let the enormous blocks
of four-ply steel with synthetic
yellows shame the leaves. Let the giant
mechanical digger cough and choke
and slowly work over its nature—which is
to dig and I dig it, I do, and this city,
too, which is so progressive, building
its waterfall in the park. The actual
stones make way for those with shapelier
stone-shapes as if the neighbors care
about landscape so long as the sewers
run clear and property values go up
like green thoughts in a concrete shade.
Let it all be enforced, the fountain
and the grot, let the sweet meadows
lie forgot. I never was one for nostalgia.
If in the parks of my childhood
a gold overspill of gaudies still grows,
they raise their tiny heads on waste.
So that river was shit. I'm over it.
Weeds will where they gorgeous will.