

## STELAE

*for the exploited dead of New York and the world*

giant stelae side by side  
grave markers to dead work  
vertical crystals grown  
from solution of millions  
of used hours ocean of  
hands eyes repeating same  
motions facing machine  
motions as life streams out  
traded for never enough  
rice masa water space  
for never enough world  
and inside in layered air  
more hands eyes voices  
repeat inside the cubes  
pass the lost hours on add  
their own flowed in wires  
logic gates behind screens  
floor on floor of numbers  
down to nucleic strings  
of Is and Os of eyes and  
mouths open flowed flown  
on the way to build power  
of enormous wings of fire  
bombs brain bombs of towers  
taller over the work city  
more as each life lessens

giant towers side by side  
glass columns of live breath  
fifty-two thousand hearts  
counting in layered air  
flaring of all those brains  
alight with numbers jokes  
repeated between cubes  
eye motions face machine  
logic as life streams out  
hands eyes open wider  
enormous wings break in  
then fire bursts like veins  
through walls paper skin  
some living descend hand  
in hand blind in the beams  
some seen flown in last air  
smoke tower grave marker  
built before its dead can die  
their burnt hands eyes work  
make its grey swirl stone  
stele that swallows itself  
as the death city inhales  
the dead work towers built  
in reverse time grey lapse  
millions of hours now  
ash fall never to be lived

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