

To the Citizens of Paradise by Judy Durrant

One dimensional: I am ink.

I am cellulose, glued  
onto mashed wood, supported  
by stakes that mock bush.

I am synthetic joy

A parody: a promise  
that my preeminence breaks.

I won't be far away

when I'm built out

My house, framed by concrete  
reflects a handkerchief of grass

To the sky.