

THE ARCHITECTURE OF DISSOLUTION

40.7128° N
74.0060° W

The lobby unfolds like a sentence
I've forgotten mid-utterance—
marble veins that lead nowhere,
or everywhere at once,
and I am standing in the throat
of something that swallows light.

Stairs ascend in perfect syntax, yet each step
erases the one before it. I climb through lacunae.
The elevator hums a pitch
my body half-remembers.

Corridors splice themselves
into conditional clauses:
if I turn left, then but then
dissolves into particleboard
and the scent of old carpet,
that odor of years compressed into fiber.

A door opens onto a room I've already left.
The window frames a sky
fractured into pixels of dusk,
each pane showing a different hour,
a separate weather.

I press my palm against the wall
and feel it thinking,
concrete synapses firing
in slow calcium dreams.
Or perhaps I am the wall, and someone else
is pressing through me, trying to remember
which floor holds the exit, which door opens
onto the street where their name still waits,

intact, unscattered, a solid thing
they can pick up and carry home
before the building forgets them completely.

