2012 MERIT

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LYCEUM
A traveling fellowship in Architecture
a quarry story

words by Ray Bradbury

presented in these pages
to a landscape,
where what remains
is preserved, shielded.

upon his face was a mask
hammered from metal and expressionless
the mask that he always wore
when he wished to hide
and here they are all now, at the boat.

wanting the dream for their own.
all down the way the pursued and the pursuing,
the dream and the dreamers,
the quarry and the mounds.

all down the way the sudden revelation,
the flash of familiar eyes,
the cry of an old, old name,

the remembrance of other times.
they hiked in summer, autumn, or winter;
winter was most fun.

like on Earth,
they were scuttling through winter snow

because then they imagined