

Division 4 Humanities

Ally

Concrete

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Under my feet lay years of formation--concrete
With trash and cars and cigarette marks, I sat on that concrete.

The smell of gasoline and the sound of skidding wheels,
Cars came near, drivers hunting for spots, oblivious to me on the concrete.

Sometimes, I want to be that--strong but emotionless
To be able to bear all that weight, I wanted to become concrete.

Night rolled in and the parking lot emptied, leaving only a few cars.
The buzz of the fluorescent lights lit up the crushed and broken concrete.

The attempts to patch the fractures with tar left lesions.
Cavities sunk deep underneath parking spots, barely strong enough to be concrete.

I realize that sometimes I am just like that.
I bear the weight of every car, every person, every life. I have to be concrete.

I could see the scars on this mistreated concrete.
And it could see mine. But we couldn't complain. We had to be concrete.

comments