

ARCHIVES

Grain Elevator No. 1 — Eulogy

I am made, an empty shell
still born of simple wooden forms
mass and surface; more concrete
than this town has ever seen
rising upon these shores
behind the market where
they beached their boats.
I am a machine made whole.

you feed me with the harvest of
a hundred summers — I smell
the sweet Prairie sun, the earth, the rain
I am full and my thighs ache
huges legs of concrete, pressing into
the soft clay soil — in late fall
you have finished with me and
I stand empty — conveyors stilled.
I am procedure made manifest
my skin thick and tough creaks
in the harsh winter wind
the whole river, my veins locked in ice.

Years later

I am full of huge and well fed rats
dizzying clouds of pigeons swirling
glints and scampering inside of me
overwhelming my weight and the
terrifying echo of a few fallen bits of concrete
falling down deep through me.
Proud my giant scale chills at
the sound of a wrecker's ball — born of reason
the horror of your misplaced rationale.

"But we must have the view, the view
If the river's too far
We'll bring it right up to you."

"He who seeks truth shall find beauty.
"He who seeks beauty shall find vanity.

"He who seeks order shall find gratification.
"He who seeks gratification shall be disappointed.

"He who considers himself the servant of his fellow beings
shall find the joy of self expression.

"He who seeks self expression shall fall into the pit
of arrogance.

Arrogance is incompatible with nature
(Arrogance is incompatible with nature
Arrogance is incompatible with nature)

Through nature, the nature of the universe and
the nature of man, we shall seek truth.

If we seek truth we shall find beauty.
(If we seek truth we shall find beauty.
If we seek truth we shall find beauty.)

I am truth
I am order
I am arrogance
and I am nature.
I am beauty
I am gratification
and mostly, I am disappointed.
Sometimes you are so far away
you are so far away — sometimes
sometimes you are

Mark Poddig

Grain Elevator No. 1, Montreal, 1904-1989