

Pruitt-Igoe Housing Complex, St. Louis, Missouri (1952–76)
Douglas Luman

miles away light
happens but like rain
you'll never know until
you're in it grass dies
there without bones
turning around land
appears a revision

same but different cranes
hold up homogeneous
pig iron horizon after
Easter like a strap the
gray light wanted for an
image, but a rush to

but built houses divide
construct means *what's*
available & nothing is
given in schools to solve
a problem without math
use flower beds

from this dream to fuel
shortages pawn night for
day & it's cold out—
wear your voice like a

jacket; empty slogans,

empty sleeves tighten
your belt & all shapes of
opinions buckle slowly
shock is out of character
for who constructs their
own havens: apartments

of peace, as prosperous
as long as there's a
structural function for
the living—synecdoche
for *a space without
history*

what did you expect?
rust, a nail-bent planet *to
build* suggests *to
abandon* the Director of
Dark Backstreets *we are*

victims of architecture
night sought other
options more than
thoughts passing thought

think architecture means
disperse means *people*

means *to drive on* while
I was searching

while I was searching I
found a hot house while
I was searching
I found accoutrements,
found furniture, found a
handle

for what's around us
becomes heritage & how

do we humanize a ruin