

# Interview at the Ruins

## Circle Takes the Square

Hide the petals underneath that bedroom floorboard  
and they will wither without fail or success.  
Put the people in the hollow box they crafted,  
bolt the doors and watch them perish.  
Its a cautious descent, so polite and pensive at first.  
But the only truth is change, have patience  
(every hundredth year, a single breath and then its over...)  
Even if only for a minute for a minute its over.  
Even if only for a minute.  
So brave in the face of all those roots that ruin,  
to stand so tall when in fact in ruins.  
To face that corner of the box and dive in,  
just the sound alone of its humble breath.

A murmur from the ruins echoes softly as the roots undo, and the branch becomes...

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