

## **The Monument**

Our elm began to die that spring, slowly.

Wanting stability in threat of change  
we ourselves searched all summer  
for a superlative glue,  
found it in our store of hardest ware,  
bought it dearly.

That fall our elm did die, slowly.

But we on variangled ladders  
refastened the fallen leaves with  
peerlessly permanent glue,  
then stood back and looked.

Still it stands:  
crisp, dead;  
cutting the winter wind.

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