

Flying Buttress

Isolated
Gray
Empty
Harsh

Flying buttresses should frame a cathedral

The concrete towers over
The trees cower in comparison
The shadows consume everything they touch

I just want to see the sky

It's lonely and sad
Colorless and abandoned

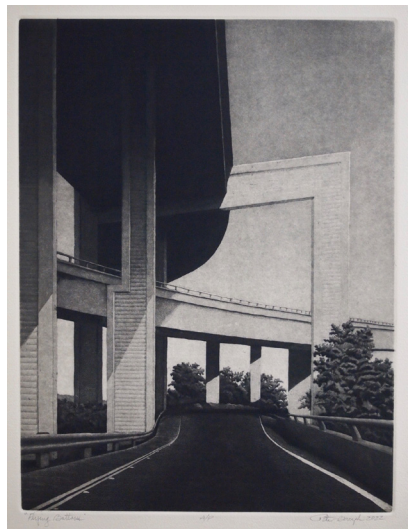
Yet still standing
Without a single crack

There's no destination in sight
There aren't even clouds in the sky

Everything seems perfect
Straight
Calculated
Structured
Real
But it's hiding something in its liminal facade

And where the shadows encroach
Where the etching is black
I see my reflection

-Celeste Griffin



Peter Baczek
Flying Buttress, 2022