

BROKEN PLACES BY DAYLIGHT

poem by Sandra Kasturi



What to do when buildings have not quite caved in to the demands of their roofs, the quarrels of their blown windows, the fallen bricks saved against a leaning wall, lost amid sorrel springing wild and ever wilder, escaping the boundaries of an imaginary garden? When the shells of buildings still stand, reshaping themselves, refusing to fall, their ardent decayed displays are their own flowering, that collapsing tiled concavity, rude with a different flavour of souring promise—the last dull shine, a gloss imbued with failing years and childhood’s spectral palms, the ragged song of timbers’ splintered psalms.

Image: “Truck Stop Shell” by Greg Clary. “Broken Places by Daylight” was written by Sandra Kasturi for *Rattle*’s Ekphrastic Challenge, April 2022, and selected as the Editor’s Choice.