

Streams of Consciousness

Volume 1 | Issue 1

Article 13

2017-12-01

On Progress

Penni Sadlon

University of Massachusetts Medical School

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://escholarship.umassmed.edu/soc>

 Part of the [Digital Humanities Commons](#), [Medical Humanities Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Repository Citation

Sadlon P. On Progress. *Streams of Consciousness* 2017; 1(1):1016. <https://doi.org/10.7191/soc.2017.1016>. Retrieved from <https://escholarship.umassmed.edu/soc/vol1/iss1/13>

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#). This material is brought to you by eScholarship@UMassChan. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Streams of Consciousness* by an authorized administrator of eScholarship@UMassChan. For more information, please contact Lisa.Palmer@umassmed.edu.

On Progress

Penni Sadlon

Mere entryways from there to here
Everything, everybody-so many gadgets-some sharper than others
The most frank discussion of the century
Raining codes and dialects, messy, then rain came fast and hard
No umbrellas we thrust ourselves soaking wet across campus
It's the tiniest things, really
One corner window with a small table and chair doing or musing with piano concertos strangely
filling the void coming from nowhere
The time keeper's clock ticks...ticks...ticks...
Faces distant with eyes glazed
The same questions
The same dinner
The same mail in the same mailbox
The good book and the good...inspires found solitude and space for reason
How can we ever make progress?
One tiny fragment, a thread pulled, unraveling the whole thing
Biological secrets
The birth of an idea
Walking to the laboratory a thousand fold
Cumulative, selective, on point
The most elevating discussion of the century
Galactic brilliance gives way to heatstroke
Counterbalance and tipping points
Lectern turns
Others appear to take their places
You leave through the back door never really noticing the rain at all
It's the tiniest things, really