On Progress

Penni Sadlon
University of Massachusetts Medical School

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On Progress
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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