

JOHN BARTON

## A Twentieth-Century Roadmap to Settler Architecture

The land was flat then, inarticulate

No trees stood against the sky, my shadow  
The tallest structure I knew, two matched rows

Of houses the timespan of our street built

To affirm no opposites, drapes at dusk  
Pulled across sightlines, childhood a crawlspace  
The future rose out of, echoes sustained

By slide rules of dry air blueprints trusted  
Open spaces drawing crossbeams of thought  
Each roof the windblown wings of a city

New hypotheses, new towers ascending

Their assured axes the conduits I've sought  
Through words, the freeways' clear tonalities

Blinding the stars with light past amending.

*Celebrating 40 years of*  
**ARC**

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