

Geoffrey Quinlan

## CONSTRUCTION SITE

Behind the chain wire fence  
half-choked with waist-high weeds,  
beneath raw clay cliffs  
a predatory crane looms,  
Brachiosaurus reborn,  
genetically engineered,  
bright yellow  
like a kindergarten monster,  
it swings and lunges  
gouges and scoops  
wheels and dumps and swings again  
over a nether-world  
of slush and sludge.  
Trucks crouch in the squelch  
concrete-mixers mish-mash  
jack-hammers resonate  
and steel-men lot piles  
rivet girders  
and solder platforms.  
A token tree survives  
and somewhere, intermittently  
a radio blares.  
Conjure soon  
a grey mausoleum  
breaking surface,  
rising,  
a dreadnought  
that neither sinks nor sails,  
row after row  
of rectangles and cubes,  
fish-tanks  
of glass and cement,  
where the faceless captives  
of a serial developer's dream  
will be filed away.

It is as if the mothers died young  
and the fathers were never enough,  
and yet, counting themselves lucky,  
couples will make love here.

