

**SPACE INVADERS**  
**(My place exhales the human past.)**

Like dykes of marble shot through molten rock,  
bits of human habitat break through.  
Take the island tower that rules my view.  
    Now no one comes to set the weight  
    that could cause the bell to speak.  
None has come since underwater line  
    powered us out of that lost time.

Or take the old abandoned granite quarries  
with their towering piles, limestone quarries  
with their kilns, squat mossy ovens greening  
    after centuries of quiet.  
    They appear and startle by it,  
between the chain stores and the condo blocks:  
    old truths in search of newer meaning.

The lush banks of the mighty Kennebec  
curve away into the past to where  
by indirections just around the bend  
    Arnold still leads the damned astray.  
    At vanishing point, the past is there  
and ghosts like extinct species paddle away,  
    rowing like Sisyphus, just out of sight.