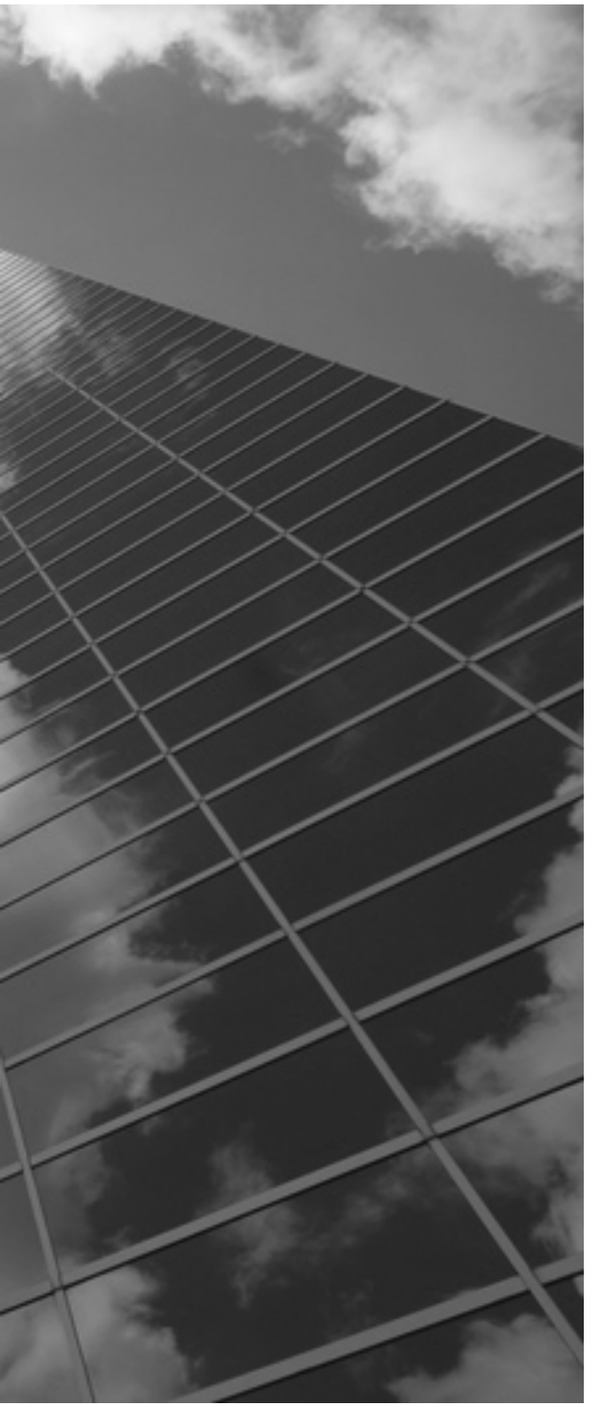

Building Poems

We are the builders.
We are the makers.
Human beings make things.

Beautiful things.

We build with wood, glass, concrete, steel—
and we build with words.

The things we make—whether they are buildings or poems—have parts, and the parts fit, and they are arranged in a pattern for a purpose.

Like a glass tower that reflects the sky—that almost becomes part of the sky—a poem is built—with poem pieces.
A poem is a kind of building.