

## On Progress

Penni Sadlon

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