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Filling Out the Forms

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Filling Out the Forms

4

The grey flowing flood of concrete
Fills the forms, as pulleyed cables
Draw the motored screed.
Six inches deep, the new concrete,
In sixteen-foot slabs by two hundred,
Glistens with water film and, later, sealer.

But first the old cracked blacktop

Must be broken up and bucketed away,

The hard-packed dirt and clay scraped down,

And a brown frosting of fresh moist sand—

Gauged carefully to depth—

Leveled by concrete hoe and shovel

In the bottom of each alternating bed.

Beauty is each calling of the Lord:
The practiced swinging of the truck spout,
Ten feet or more, to chute the wet "cement"
Precisely, gapless, before the relentless screed,
Not too turgid, not too shallow;
And the dexterous skimming of the long-handled float,
With fluent, sweeping, hidden-muscled motion,
Across a new span of the church parking lot.