

Excerpt
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Stepping from old to new, you can see the transition from the original rough-cut stone to newer, straight-edged, manufactured blocks. High above the ground, a clock face churns the hours away slowly upon its tower, reaching impassively for the sky. Narrow, arched windows pierce the walls of the building below a steep mossy roof. The downspouts hail from an earlier time, their ridged, tubular forms carrying rainwater from elegant gutters, away from the gold-leaf ornamentation adorning each corner of the building.

Taller than other buildings around it, the tower is a spire piercing the sky, and cutting the wind. The whistle is barely perceptible through the noise of pedestrians and loiterers nearby, and of the traffic hurling down the road beyond the grounds. From this vantage, the smell of flowers touches your nostrils while in a constant battle with the stench of cigarettes, both odors attempting to command and pervade the air all around them.

Walking through the narrow alley beside the building, you can feel the breeze, channeled and bolstered by the small space, brushing your face, and looking up you can see that air conditioning and other modern elements have been added to the exterior, cut into the old fabric of the building.

All at once, a flock of pigeons takes wing from the green tiles of the roof and is lost in the sky high above the faithful clock.