

Contemplating the continuation of quiet revolution

by [Lawrence N. DiCostanzo](#) in the [August 26, 2020](#) issue

I find that I like the world more shaggy—  
fewer cars, more dust on the streets,  
more weeds in the sidewalk cracks.  
It's as if we'd been rushing downhill  
in a car without brakes, and it finally  
rolled to a stop on a plain.  
And we all got out and let out our breath,  
gathered our things and went home.  
To find that we are our house's four walls.  
And the roof leaks. The windows are loose  
in their frames and rattle in the wind.  
And we do not resent the outside coming in.  
The wind—refreshing. The water—bright.