

G. L. FORD

# Industry

Then one day the workshop  
was shuttered and  
a bright, desiccant, metallic  
soot took place from the pleasant  
and hectic comings  
and goings, and we  
none of us recalled  
what had been done  
in there, maybe cutting glass or  
pouring lead type or  
crafting buttons from the nut  
of the Tagua palm, but  
anyway it was late, we'd  
look it up later, but the later  
it got and the darker, the less  
we found we were able  
to devote our minds  
to anything beyond  
the small and shrinking  
circle we'd calculated  
we could hope to defend

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*From Sans by G. L. Ford (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2017).*

Illustration by Shonagh Rae

