

ΛΟΤΗΩΡΩΛΦΣ



# LITHOPOLIS

Don Hải Phú Daedalus

2019














**The city is a  
Stone Age  
technology,**

**made over  
with metal  
and  
information.**









**The rocks  
we climbed  
became  
stones  
we crossed,  
bridging  
rivers, stairs  
to ridges,**







**tombs that  
enclosed us,**



**peaks we  
created.**


















**Mined from  
cliffs,  
we carried  
parts  
of the world  
across the  
world  
only to bury it  
a decade later.**



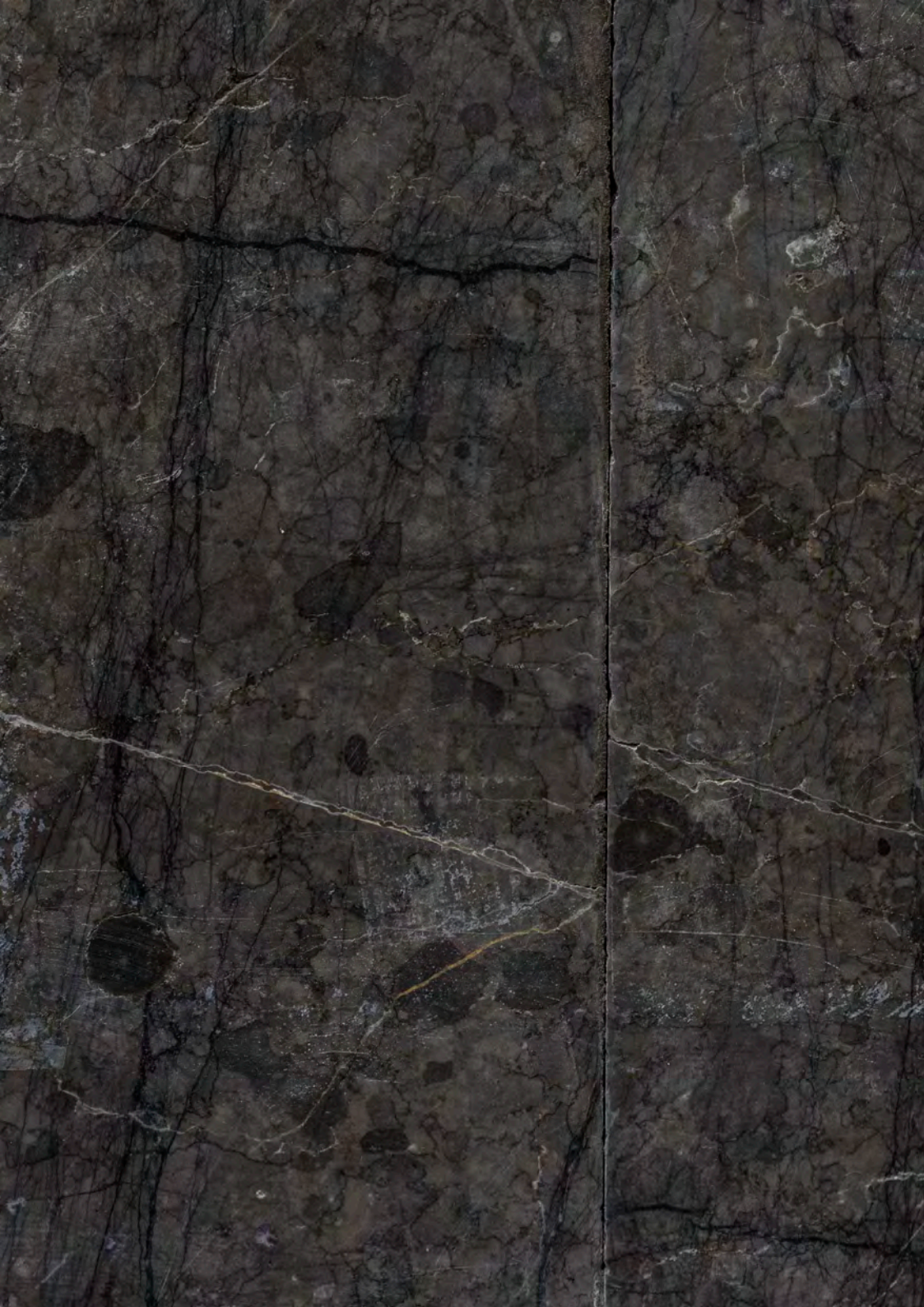






**Killing creeks  
with covers;**

**we robbed  
the river's run.**



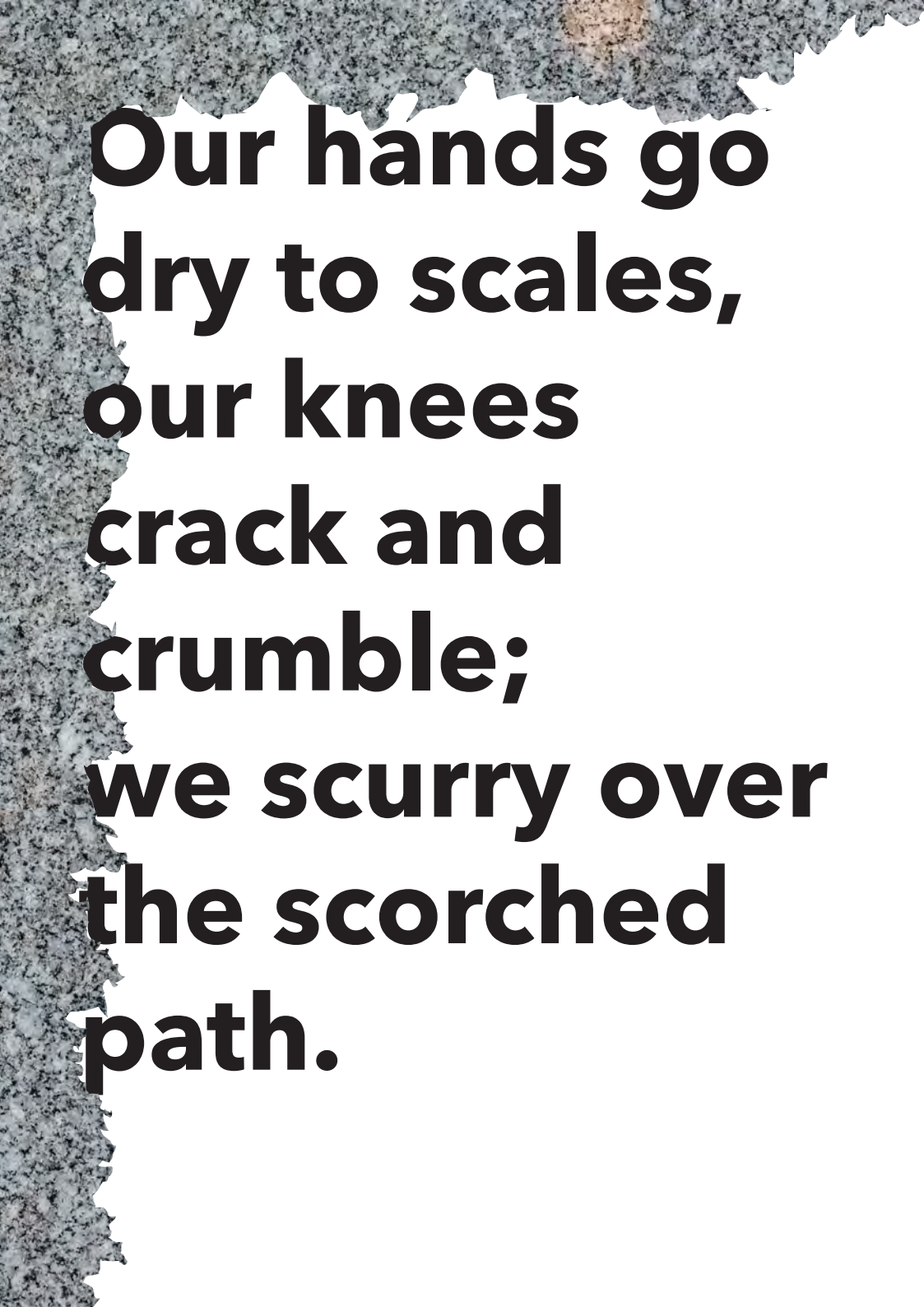













**Our hands go  
dry to scales,  
our knees  
crack and  
crumble;  
we scurry over  
the scorched  
path.**









**The city is a  
Stone Age  
tool, an arrow  
head aimed  
at the earth,  
collectively  
thrown,  
collectively  
claimed.**
































**The slabs we  
squared to flat  
the ground  
floored our  
aspirations  
to be taller,  
to have the  
view of a tree  
or a bird.**















**We fashioned  
stone from  
sand, glued  
together by  
the dead,  
dipped in the  
tar pools; from  
small stones,  
mountains.**





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