

## **The Best Things Can't be Told**

by Peter B. Smith

Put together words  
like a billion Shakespeares  
writing for a million years  
and you will never tell love true

Movies are less made for watching  
Plays are less made for watching  
Circuses the same  
All more for the spirit of their creators  
A pulling back of the curtain  
they are hidden behind

To show our love we give gold  
We commit to one another  
Together we grow old  
We gesture like this till death knowing  
The best things can't be told

## **The Quiet Shed**

by Peter B. Smith

Archimedes workshop exists  
not in the building  
but in the bubble of an idea

Made not of machinery and tools  
but of virtue and discretion

This place, The Quiet Shed,  
is built of care and responsibility

Here, the laptop keys type by themselves  
and circuit boards solder their connections  
spontaneously

All the finished products are free of bugs  
and paid for with knowledge

But it cannot be found on Earth.  
Where then?

Archimedes goes  
to The Quiet Shed each evening  
and writes the software of the universe  
upon the hardware of the stars

Bright as the light he shines on others  
Archimedes has built the stars