

## **Momentum**

History repeats itself  
But it can be deranging  
To reduce that to reiteration  
Which can be insanity  
For, what is reoccurrence?

History repeats itself  
Not as a sequence,  
But as a pendulum  
"each time swinging  
left, center, right  
right, center, left"

History repeats itself  
And would have you believe  
We are losing momentum  
As if every new life  
Every new creation  
New work of art  
Does not push us  
Further to either side  
That with each swing  
of meaning and influence  
We push ourselves to new spaces.

## **Cursive**

I am desperate,  
I write in poor cursive  
A personalized, yet traditional script.

I am desperate,  
But no one knows cursive anymore.  
I make the rules by keeping them.

I am cursive,  
Maintained, kept, treasured  
By some special few.

I am cursive,  
My art nouveau intricacies  
But vieux, forgotten and forgone.

I am desperate,  
Quaff wine of ink delicacies,  
Constant flow to quench delicately.

I am desperate,  
Not just to quell admittedly,  
But to completely quiet.

I am cursive,  
I take your tired thoughts,  
And show you elegance.

I am cursive,  
Taught in uniformity,  
But practiced in embellishments.

I am desperate,  
When I feel the scribe's tired hand  
Longing to lift pen from paper.

I am desperate,  
For the patient observer  
To decipher my slashes and swirls.

I am cursive,  
Do not let me perish  
In *any* of my regards