

Cadence

Round and round
The electrical
Whirs and clicks
Leave room for
An empty beat

Trees fall
In a forest
With no company but
Humans and
An empty beat

There and so that
A spiraling beat?
Of veins
Sprawled upon
Flowing
Free-falling leaves
Round and round
to settle
Upon a covered dust floor

Up and up
Brick by brick
Marching ants
Fashion
The gray-rimmed lines
Warring with the crowded stars

The lapping
Sand-shifted
Sand dunes
Shaded by the crowded stars
The crowded sky
Leaving their rolling blue beat
At the beginning

Round and round
Tracing into the
Cadence

The beat
The rhythm
Pounding
So
On and on
Batting cobwebs

Then comes
The minute discretions:
The human beat of expression
The only way to

Blend to the flow
Flicking and dashing
Filling in
Molding
Completing the cadence
Finally
Only

Round and round
Movement betrays the
Beats
Of everything
Changes
Now and then
Forever now and past