

Leaving the muzzle. There was a  
Preordained motive force, gravity  
And windage, inevitably gravity. Two  
Priests served to swell thier flocks;  
One prepared his fold for death, the  
Other light. The projectile furnishes  
Simple proof, but unguided neither  
Could mark the spot it would land.

The eye is plainly functioning  
And scans without movement  
The park and darkening trunks  
In the gray light, mechanically the  
Lack of looking calling a halt to  
The human disappointment. The blood  
Pounds veins unimportantly andunnoticed  
Far away, the mind completes a  
Picture for another long contained  
Beneath who placed this elm  
There and bent this curve to this path.

Time moves in the form of a comet  
Not strictly adhering to the ellipse, but  
Defining a linearity in our ken.  
We are placed somewhere , the  
Best of us, well back from the head,  
Particles accelerating and falling