

Back, mixing and recombining, creating  
An indefinable force moving the mass  
Along a line. Conjugal bliss in Eden  
Was the best our kind could experience,  
Since it is lost to us we creat the  
Force that pushes this comet time  
Ahead in mixing gulse of linearity.  
Icombat a winged Lamia for the  
Solitude and graylit park constructing  
The dam of self against the linear flood,  
Shoulders of giants providing the fulcrum.  
The need to look back a fault of  
Necessary concreteness in the line,  
A construct indelible in all definition fleeting  
Past and adhering to perception.

Anthems of the heart play sonorous  
In the next room, somnolent gruppettos  
Repeated once and played one tone  
Higher, working like a butterfly  
Seeling second metamorphosis;  
Seeking emendate precision in definition.  
The undressing trees cast black  
Articulate forms on the blue sky,  
The wind curls and flaps the collar  
Against the neck, the hair pulled  
Up as far back as the nape  
Into the compelling gale curving to entwinement  
And straight again.