

CHAOS COMES AS A COMFORTER

The clock beats out the life of its mate, the heart.
But on the way, a word disturbs a pebble
from the spacious wash of recollection;
from the ordered life breaks out an art.
It opens ways impossible to chart:
dimensions of design, belief, connection,
transformation, memory, perception.
The mind may rise like the sea when it departs,
trailing sinuous veils, and takes to the air
and presses inland from its element.
It comes to dance upon the shore, aware
of silent music past our discontent.
We sleep as slaves of time; the clock takes over.
When we wake, we wake another day older.