

THE TRUTH OF POEMS

Uniquely human, our designs
are written, painted,
sculpted, sung, a diverse array
to lighten or to ponder,
or to make the world be still.
Do we create them?
More likely they infect us,
incubate in us, colonizing,
dividing cells, expanding
to claim space.

Some begin like a star,
an engine of generation
followed by a trail of sparks.
Others smoke with modernism, some
are fueled from ancient stocks
that simmered for centuries.
And if the elements survive
and fly, the sum of each orbit
will gleam, embering in places
where nothing else can lodge.

A few scuttle off like scorpions,
tails raised, stingers ready.
Spring loaded with chemistry,
patient in earthy corners,
willing to wait for the time
to strike: Potent instruments
of thrust, animate with shine
and power to disturb idle apathy,
not meant to finalize breath or beat
but maybe make them tremble--
if only for a moment.