

STILL DISCOVERING THE WHEEL

Something about being borne on tandem circles,
about two of them turning together;
something about surfaces reeling past
under a dome of migrating birds:
not as ancient as invention, not as overwrought
as spring or magic-- just treasure for hoarding.

The feeling is powered by pumping legs,
so practiced you wonder if they continue
in sleep as lungs do. So automatic
they could be part of the frame you ride.
Sometimes you study them, newly bare
after winter, blushing before re-learning tan.

Often you share the trail with others,
see bobbing reds, yellows, ahead or behind,
part of the collage. Some pursue speed,
the wing-heeled god in silver spandex, always
in front, daring you to catch up if you can.

You can. You have. A hard high rush,
worth trying. Unlasting as a meal.
What it's about, what you want-- you can keep,
no assertions needed, no batteries required.
Chords get resolved in a higher key, your own.

Sometimes you'd swear you've left the ground
and the wheels are rolling on some other plane,
some new dynamic of chance balanced
on the curve of time, leaf-sifted air,
subtle differences in the taste of blue and green.
New theories of relativity, new concepts
approaching the outer rim of the possible.
Continuum of motion and space as home.