

7/1/95

(the day will come when I look on this as long
before)

I am walking through the pressing parallel curtain
the horizontal path of sound through the sky
A constant presence of angles, distances, and shape
ricochet
about

(a second to think, the instantaneous acceleration)
a conglomerate of joy through action

Symmetrical feelings spread like daisies
glowing outward in the spring ideology of my mind
cancel the hieroglyphic thoughts of yesteryear for
a span of now's integrity

I am walking through a raindrop, the sun bending
though

me
alive with a life of myself calling full attention to
grace

in gravity

My fluidity through angles

Reconditioning constantly (as the weight shifts)
to align with the species I've been said to belong to
In the retrospect of their implications I am not.

Physical qualifications do not harness a mind and
in the light of their achievements I won't shine
as a light bulb calls itself the sun and

The insolence of their discrepancies cannot say of me
"mine"

I walk in the splendor of my reactions to
live in full concept of therein the difference between
my integration of experience or others

I don't think to bend them to my shape.
Still the constant resistance as an orbit longs to
leave

so readjusts

I pull gently away

a tick no longer wishing for substance from the
blood
of thieves

Stealing from themselves existence

(to give gluttonously to what they don't ascribe to
but for tradition)

they choose instead

to be rerun as a bad movie
clichés misunderstood and all.

-E. J. S.



Photos by Lynn Scherer

