

POET'S WALTZ

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My poet is a poem hidden,
heard, only within an
intricate bird song
delivered patiently and with design.

Requesting of you only counted time
to find what rules lie implied
behind the footsteps, the grind
required in his waltz.

Of blossoming words that
bloom despite the fiery heat,
remnants scourging from the
wordy war waged in each exchange.

Challenging ears to lay in rest
in the silent pauses most now
detest - between each dance sestet.

That is where my poet breaks -
lodged between
this moment and its next -
Here he lay hidden
drowning in suggestive subtext.

While standing on the periphery
of what the world expects- mostly.

A new Wallflower of sorts
elegantly in cohorts
with the chirping beat of
birdlike dance feet.

Not caring to concretely define
or make his limbs fully align,
with the flow of themes numerical.

My poet desires the finality
that comes to him only
in dreams he's unable to finish

As I said dreamers never die,
You,

*Do they live at all -
Suspending time in states of
Perpetual wonderment?*

Isn't that for what such thoughts were meant?
Is there not life without time and absolute reason?

Most humanity considers it treason, to rest just a while,
in between dances.

But here my poet aims to better comprehend human transaction
Unlocking beauty with
his own slow dance-

Kept in time by pauses of
circumstance.

Kept in check by commissioners of
the dance.

Kept in order by worriers and
wayward watchers.

Kept from delusion by certain
exclusion.

All in order to create a life
Like a seldom-heard lovely poem
That was all along, innate.
Meant for my poet's footsteps alone
to create.