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,

\[
\text{Do they live at all -} \\
\text{Suspending time in states of} \\
\text{Perpetual wonderment?}
\]

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
\text{circumstance.}
Kept in check by commissioners of
\text{the dance.}
Kept in order by worriers and
\text{wayward watchers.}
Kept from delusion by certain
\text{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.