

In the Round

strings jump in
 to the baton's flick and swish
 crows chorusing in a linden tree
 an infant cries
 a baker pounds dough
 roosters in Shenyang waking
 as ghost notes murmur on the timpani
 eat those beans a mother scolds
 ba-boom fall the drum sticks
 howitzers discharging
 thunder crackling over the Empire State
 lento now
 a priest intoning pacem in terris
 soft waves lapping Mykonos
 olive leaves whispering to the breeze
 they don't want our help
 have you seen my glasses
 he doesn't live here anymore
 dix euros s'il vous plait
 tires screech
 hyenas harassing a feasting lioness
 children shrieking on a playground
 trumpets blaring
 let it be let it be
 she looked just fine on Thursday
 fresh from the womb and crying
 \$5.98
 ostinato's flow
 the wind the waves
 wolves on crusted snow
 performance in the round
 suspirations through pampas grass
 the humpback's soaring song
 partyers singing "American Pie"
 the wry bassoon commenting

***Old Man Rocking***

What is he saying?
 His words dangle from trees.
 Shake in the wind.
 Filter to the ground.
 Where has he gone?
 Through plain and forest,
 across every ocean,
 distance shining in his eyes.
 Ask his name. He answers
 tiger, antelope, dog.
 Say you are his children.
 His eyes lift to the sky,
 watching you sing and glide.
 Your ant legs marching
 ring in his ears.
 Does this mean he can't know
 you love him? But of that tall ship
 he is the mast.
 Can he differentiate the real
 from what is not?
 He sails the one Sea,
 walks the one Earth.
 Long since has he stopped
 answering foolish questions.

