

For the Record

I feel the increasing pull -- the curve
 sharpens. Relentless, unchanging -- but for
The timbres and tempos and brief voids between tracks.

Riding low in the groove, my needlenose
 knows only the moment's note -- but for
The bump that skips me back

In time, where I would forever repeat
 the same small flick of phrase -- but for
The pressure to gain the gravity I lack.

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