

From Reverie

What's drawing me from reverie today?
The sound is quite familiar, yet unknown --
A thousand tiny crashing cymbals play
Crisp accents to the downtown rhythmic drone.
Is this an elfin band of fairy folk
Rehearsing for an otherworld parade?
Or no -- a sudden craving for a Coke
Tunes in the source -- here's how the sound is made:
A metal cart, glass bottles -- when they meet
Chi-chinging in a counter-pulse all through
The thrum, thr-rumm of traffic in the street.
A man across the fence pushing his due;
 I, on the other side. And yet so fine
 And delicate the balance of that line.

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