

The world spins me, tucked into its spokes,
thoughts a gymnast's ribbon flaring, altered
by degrees, wheeling through sun and
shadow. I stretch, twist, pull tight, the
maypole center of conspiring forces.
Journeying, I am the herm, wherever I stand,
center. The light about me breaks color. I
gather shards, pocket palettes. I toss fracture
this way and that, sowing the jagged.