

Footsteps

I am not a writer.
 I am not a poet.
 I am a technician,
 Fascinated by the gears
 The cogs and whirligigs
 The gyroscopic balance
 Of clauses and commas
 As they dance Dervish-like

Across the page. Ellipsis...

Captive to the regimented
 Cadres of type, marching
 Carefully, placed by a general
 Named before or after the text.
 (It depends, you know)
 Attentive to the solitary soldiers
 Whom few one marks as AWOL.
 Mashalled remarshalled
 Their bright faces
 Some worn, some fresh
 All leaden, ashen

I am as impressed as these troops,
 Leaving their treads on the white fields,
 Their boots sinking in,
 Leaving sooty treads for all to read,
 Tracks that do lead straight,
 yet they move ever onward
 until they meet the edge of the field
 leaving a sole sentry
 pointing the way
 scouting the way
 to new fields
 of discovery.

The neverending scroll--
 Full to the brim with words:
 lovely lies
 half-truths, but which half
 truths told poorly
 truth-tellers told to tell truth "better"
 meme(meme(meme(meme(meme))))s
 incognito agents of falsity clothed in enough truth to seem like friends--
 Reminds me that
 Newton used the plague times
 To create theorize innovate synergize

And not just Newton!
Other. White. Men. Too. (sideeye)

I am no genius.
I am no poet
No writer
No artist
A technician a crafts(he/they)
I cannot describe Natural Law
Cannot document this plague
In a century of tales
Creation is beautiful
Consumption of beauty is a virtue in itself
Because in consumption
Lies nourishment
Self-creation
Inspiration

I will leave isolation
But will I?
I do not know
Who will leave
Who will return
Go back to work
What will I bring back with me
What will I leave behind
Question mark

What I know
I love to make
More than create
I am inspired by what has come before
And to be inspired
Means to love, appreciate,
 explore
 inquire

What was&is there already?
Treading the ground
Dappled by the footsteps of others
Noting the manicules
Of fellow travelers
Pointing the way
Turning the page
Catching the word

This is the core
The corps that reconnoiters
Informs my petty trifles

Imitations of greater works that
Help me understand
What brings me joy
What makes me
Who I am
Will be