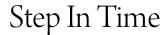
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Heinz: Step In Time

Step In Time

Paul Heinz

A litany of locutions, budding shoots from institutions held in high regard, measured beats accelerating from adagio to allegro to presto until we give no thought to their origins. Just sound waves on the air.

Dittos to you, Rush. Step in time.

I curl my toes along the rope and push open palms against the fear of what lies below: A critic's condemnation? A neighbor's denigration? Whispers from behind cupped hands? All of the above. In short, the discourse of those with differing shoe sizes, for so few follow Atticus's advice.

Don't even get me started on that. Step in time.

An unsuitable function, an unfavorable form with too few deviations (and even those only inches off center). Consider a joke my friend once made in response to the disappearing rain forests: "Hey, the trees in *my* yard are fine."

Mixed feelings? Indeed. Step in time.

Paradiddle, paradiddle. Regard the drummer whose rhythm drives the goal of reaching the coda in unison.

Step In Time (cont'd)

Paul Heinz

All together now (black, white, green, red), a million Chinas taking it on the chin, slaves to song's form, Milgram's loyal subjects.

But now consider the soloist whose improvisations inject a surge of humanity into the anemic veins of A-A-B-A, revitalizing the standard into something less standard.

We step in time.

We step in time until one day we break stride across the bridge, not to rescue the masses, but to liberate the soul.

Adagio? Allegro? No matter. Just one. Echad. Uno. Ein.

Out of time.