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An Idea Whose Time Has Come/From The Branch To The Wall

Robert X
College of DuPage

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AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME
FROM THE BRANCH TO THE WALL

Robert X

Prior to my previous landing
I stayed extended across two shades of blue
where the lake rises and the sky falls.
My scattered form is unseen and stretched,
like a spider's web built
from the branch to the wall.

("Now if my timing is perfect")

When the moon can be bounced, the earth is braced,
but the oceans bob.
And when the clouds are coerced and pushed by the star,
the wind won't blow short
till the dark makes it stop.

Truly arduous to always exist or
have an idea of nothing at all.
And prior to this previous landing an expression screamed
from the branch to the wall.

Since time makes no bird fly backward
nor reality of mind completely still.
Too, I meet my event
when yearning for motion is wished upon will.

Sure change will forward a lesson on
by the journey, the path, the flight in us all.
For the limb will reach its own new state
meddling free from the branch to the wall.

But upon my landing
across realms of reason,
to be one with Him who justifies the soul.
We judge the consciousness of all living things.

*("I am
an idea
beginning to unfold.")*

I'm resting in a state of uncommon awareness.
Praying in the dust, nor lost, nor small.
I'm staying extended across shades of creation,
to teach a spider from the branch to the wall.

Of imperfect squares and circular gimmicks
to unchanging knowledge of forms and all.
I quicken the spider with new simple desire
of snagging flies between the branch and the wall.