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Step In Time

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College of DuPage

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Step In Time

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.