

Centrifuge

This morning, I tested Galileo.

Contrary to the lessons in musty texts,
I retreated from my coffee-scented room,
Positioned myself in the center-axis
Of red brick and concrete, locking my feet in
Place, stared determinedly into the darkness;
I resolved to not move.

And as I watched, the darkness shifted into
Shades of blue, yielding rooflines and smoke plumes,
And the stars—light cast millions of years into the void
Just to test the scribbling from distant graves.
Standing, I pointed back: the solitary
Finger in an empty, lifeless scene.

Clouds were born into the ever-lightening sky,
Birds gave song and flitted to greener branches,
And trees stepped out from their mortared enclosures;
Some stars faded, sifted from the night sky with
This lone tendril from the earth, but still others
Crashed headlong into the jagged horizon.

I checked the symmetrical cracks in the pavement—
Proved it against my boots' yellow stitches—
And I kept my promise; I did not flinch at
The yet unproven forces of my and our
Natural being—to shift, to change, to lift,
To cast a net into the vastness to discover—

And, yet, I moved.

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