A Code

All around me time whistles by
In a wind of small black needles.
My coffee stares back at me.
The echoes of old voices
Do not naturally diminish.
Music that I cannot quite make out
Follows me on the street as if for money.
Yet still

Sometimes I will stand like an old sycamore tree
At dawn, when the white mist
Settles on the world like gauze,
And the rivers have turned inward
To pay homage to the bones of their ancestors.
I listen for an ancient code,
Tapping itself out
On the inner edge of my body,
Tapping out
An unknown fortune,
In an alphabet that must be

A long way from its home.
I think it is the wild
Tahitian rhythm of silence itself
And if I could ever learn
The words to this song
Dancers will rise up around me like a forest.