

## The Driven

Wipers, the windscreen, voice-  
less but  
the syncopation, tribal----  
Something is drumming,  
depositing its bond, name-  
less, a weatherscape-----  
Hands, paws, hooves, fins...  
each not a mimicry just  
functions air and terra firma  
swish with the sluice work of.  
No wonder  
I love  
the geography of bodies,  
our squabbles never eternal  
severance.  
Could life die due to a mood?  
The wheeling, galactic axis  
pivots on waiting  
for global recognition-----  
*We You Me*  
are one as grass, stars & fish,  
all incapable of really being  
each other but  
glimpsed still perhaps  
where arcs pass

& expand