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Drum's Crash

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[Drum Drum's Drum's Cre Drum's Crash

A beat began it - pulsing 4/4
the light was darkness euphoric
a scream, it was myself and panting
the heart and breath were life
beat 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13... spidered webs.

Many oil drums fell off a distant cliff -
the storm of cutting snowflakes in a garden
and the band which marched away
to eternity. A lone player programmed at
random - and they called it one.

Silence every instant, yet never silent
and the alpha rhythms of earth
with patterns knocking on my door in
cacophony - i like it. The
dreams are so familiar; yes, strangely familiar.

On many institutions' doors I beat,
love is an institution and also hate.
"Ate from the plate of the state," we
cannot get away--but one can forget;
the lonely drummer is forgot.

Worlds were made and counted and recanted,
the high singing voice speaks newer tongues
but it is the same beat which is no
beat and dead at every instant.
Perfection's crash needs only understanding.

John Pilaar