

# A WEDGE IN TIME

Before accepting invitations to  
Write postcards from a high rise ledge  
Our reason must let divination through  
The damn few rhymes we have for wedge.

The problem and puzzle for a poet  
On a subject like the wedge  
Is that our intellect thinks it can know it  
At the so-called leading edge.

But then the subject/object solves the mystery  
Of why a poet makes a pledge  
To understand machines through history  
As simple lever or sharp wedge.

Complex machines, like dynamos of starlight,  
Compose themselves through simple forms  
Of five Platonic solid shapes of far light  
Constructing our apparent norms.

But maybe we should keep the subject light  
As women's shoes they call chic wedges  
For stepping out in fashion day or night  
On sidewalks by the well pruned hedges.

There's three cars on a winter highway scheduled  
To greet a new moon new year's eve  
Who hit a blindspot like a heavy metal sledge  
With two cars totalled, not one scratch received.

And now we feel there's extra meter to the rhyme  
And deeper reason breathing at life's edge  
A phase shift in the magic matrix of space/time  
A something/nothingness as wedge.

A something like an ancient human hand  
Which learns to break wood with its edge  
To keep the home fire burning so the band  
Can huddle round their priviledge.

A something like an axe's cutting head  
Evolving from that warriors' hand  
And then a knife, a sword, a ploughshare's wedge,  
And other tools to tame the land.

A nothingness like unseen slight of hand  
That gives to warriors tai chi grace  
As breath meets death that comes unplanned  
To rearrange both time and space.