

Keeping Time

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In the newsreels time marches on, parading
four beats per measure.

The universe rotates to three-quarter time
in *2001*.

Man and nature hesitate,
accelerate into kaleidoscope swirls,
balance order and chaos
on the tension of tuned strings.

We celebrate this grace in time
in glass-globed anniversaries
and stately grandfathers:
spinning weights and whirring gears,
swaying pendulums,
measure out the dance of hours.

The watch I wear
stamps out time in jackboot blinks,
second by second.
No pulsebeat here,
no delicate changes in tempo,
no monument to eons of fossil andante
and the excited allegro of thought;
nor even the pauses and swings of our lives —
the dizzying spin toward experience
and the long, slow circles of restraint.