

Caught music

by [Steve Wilson](#) in the [December 16, 2008](#) issue

Aloft because chaos dances, elastic,
flowering. Generous, how impulse jumps—

kept lively. Melody nudges open—prospector,
questioning. Remember summer?

Tallying us, vireos, wings x-rayed yellow,
zeroed along bare cliffs. Drawn even from

graceless hollows—imagine—juncos, katydids,
luscious mango noons. Our passions

quickened. Rondos, serpentine: the unsung,
voiced with xylophones. Yodels. Zithers.