

## A Time to Rhyme

*only herds  
of lonely words –  
a faceless multitude,  
a baseless solitude –  
traverse in verse  
the pages of the ages.*

names in frames like you and I, as real and ideal as earth and sky, wander around and wonder about the signs they signify, or the nature of their stature, from their birth until they die, for still the years transform begotten forms until appearances disappear along with long forgotten formal norms of characterization, characterized by *characters* in action ... of course, perhaps this so-called individual discourse, per se, after all never original, is always and ever a source of hype, a perverse type of blend adverse to trends and style, while meanwhile seen as a genius of a genus, such a course is such, as such, in a sense, in essence, a nonsense, since this revolution of resolution is the expression of impressions of the same rules from whence it came ... hence fools become tools of a tragic logic as subjects object to a language of bondage: “objects subject to the bondage of language!” the former insists, the latter resists – letters in fetters digress, impede progress – the stampede tramples over borders of thought, these orders that ought to contain and restrain remain what sustain a predestined ambition: to end and transcend a questioned condition, a unique and oblique obsession reflective of a perspective of oppression ... well, finally, a finale: herds of words are heard! a leader elects to select a reader to free the story from history and represent the present movement, to see all class as allegory, and to pass the time(s) with rhyme(s) . . .