

## An Eccentricity of Orbits

The sand (frets) underfoot. Feet over (reach) the beach.  
The planks (split) in the pier. Some grains (grind) in the teeth.

The gritty (clenched) smile of the giddy (firstborn) child.  
A slim beginner (swimmer's) summer to while.

The softwood (known for) needles. The hardwood (for) leaves.  
The lips learn (to shape) a dozen ways to (say) please.

I fit any body part (& depart) with personal style.  
Fall really got me gone (all along) meanwhile.

The bike (spoke) on glazed flakes, a rod in the (split) wrist.  
A Jesus who Saves. (Fatboy Slim at a rave.) I don't make the list.

Art hangs (like tombstones) in each pupil on the Miracle Mile.  
Picture perfect (movie trailer) winter weather all the while.

Where (one asks) lives the whisper, in the throat or the ear?  
Where (one answers) lives forever, in a moment, over years.

The doctor, the healer, the (art) dealer, this (s)inner child.  
Look around (spring has sprung), lie back down, stay awhile.