

# *All Things Starting, One*

ROBERT PARHAM

When the radiance of the ripple  
turns its back to catch the sun  
it is not accidental, nor a whim.

The footstep at the lake's edge  
which sent them out, the pebble  
landing out to bring them in,

these moments make the circles  
that embrace each other twice,  
then fade into the silver silence

waiting, always waiting, for again,  
again, the way all things starting  
over choose by preference

the passionate attention  
at least the equal of what began  
a universe's simple heart.