

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.