



SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 2026

With Thanks

My body is at war with passing time.

The heart out of rhythm,
Let alone how to rhyme.

Yet, something watches
Quietly, untroubled
By the passing show.

And In that stillness
Discovers neither thinker,
Nor its thoughts...

...None of the patterns
They contrive to make
Are mine.

~Guy Finley