

A Paeon of Pattern

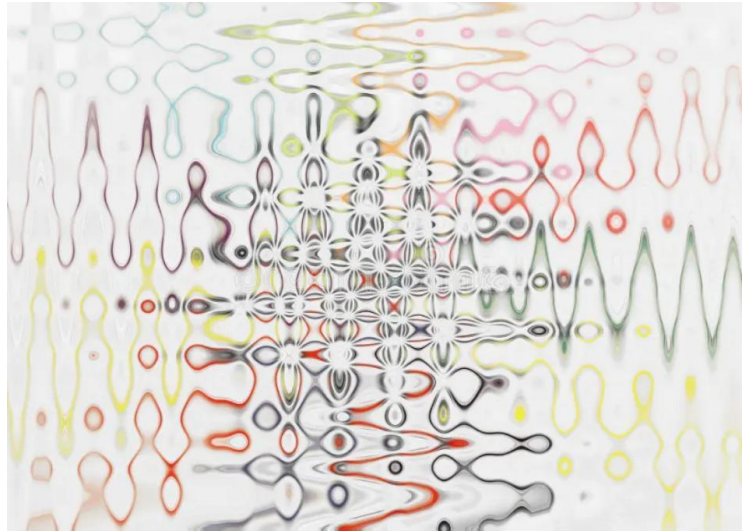
Paul

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It's in this liminal moment
That wires begin to rustle.
To throw a rhythm upon a snare,
And make a bass begin to hustle.

What follows is a pregnant pause.
And upon intone of higher tone,
In to and fro in shimmy shuffle,
An electric lead begins alone.

I shut my eyes in reverie
That I may see just what I hear:
A sonic stream that washes sound,
For paeon of pattern everywhere.



This poem was inspired by Jeff McErlain's cover of Jeff Beck's "Brush With The Blues." See <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=10WSL-A7Adg>