

No more

Poetry

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This circle grows smaller,
losing spokes with every turn
yet turn it does, again, again,
until, one day,
stop.

And then it's done. No more.
No hand and arm, weak or strong,
will set it back along its path
no matter how hard or long
it's pulled. No more.
This wheel has ceased,
while others move
along like paths, but these
will slow and stop as well,
yet when,
well that's a question
without answer. Tuck it
in your pocket, over your heart,
and read it every now and then,
and then refold your part
and place it back again.