

Girl Playing Scales

Will there be need for mothers
in the new world order, brave concourse
stepping from star to star,
remembering foul waste drifts
and only space to conquer?
Rhythm bestrides all things, grips
the governing rein, insists
on shaping the most sinuous phrase.
The measuring of note upon note
speaks sternly in the lover's song,
mathematics of the converging path,
in cries of the unborn. Great
are the airs the masters sing,
free, wild, conforming to strictures
underlaid by earth's foundations
and the pulsing of star courses.
Those lines, tedious, well-fingered,
hung neck to finger-tip like swaying
spans, measure disciplines of earth,
hearth, home, the fashioning of races.

— *John V. Hicks*