

Messages arriving so much faster now...

Messages arriving so much faster now, so fast
Many are garbled;
 Others whizz past so quickly
No one even has a chance to read them.

Quiet space the poem makes—closing the door
Behind me.

 The words now moving calmly
Down the page no matter how urgent.

I myself calming also—
 That stream which
Glinted and flashed as it raced through rapids
Pooling now in the aftermath:
 The flow of me slowed,
So I can see past the surface and into the depths.

Gregory Orr