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Egocentric

Margaret Page Hood

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Egocentric

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

I lay beneath a cedar tree
And felt the world go spinning free.
Across the dark-laced arc of sky
Prodigious mountains rolling by
Entoned a vibrant melody.
The cedar branches hummed with sound
Of wind, and underneath the ground
The red roots struggled in silent flight.
But what were they to me that night
When I saw the moon was bound?
Caught on the wing like a silver bird
And hanging fast in the cedar tree. I heard
Her shining feathers rustle by
And her voiceless cry
Touched me and stirred
My pity. I left her there for what could I do
When the world spun true
In a mighty curve, the stars flowed
Into a molten river, and I rodé
On as the darkness grew.

Tight pressed to earth, my ear
Suddenly heard the pounding of the gear
That turned this universal top
And then I knew . . . The world would never stop
While my pulse beat so strong and clear.