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## I, Spark

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## I, Spark

I, Spark,  
Glide upon the ether.  
I waft upon the winds,  
    buoyed by their playful giddiness.

I streak across the heavens,  
Burning a slash through an indigo velvet firmament.

I run a tightrope,  
Leaping and rounding corners  
In this thinking labyrinth you built for me.

I rise and set in your azure sky.

I flash from the flat of an upraised blade,  
And wash over polished armor before an expectant battlefield.

I play and frolic with my brethren  
Over a lazily rolling stream;  
Teasing and leading a kitten.

I am wracked with sudden inexplicable pain.  
Ecstasy sunders me.  
I am unwillingly encased in form,  
And trapped for a time -- seconds? decades?  
Growing and changing;  
Replicating and specializing;  
Until I am wracked again-  
Amid thunderous ripples I am free again,  
And wail-  
In a doctor's arms.

*Rich Miller*  
RC '92

Candidate for the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry