The Messenger

Volume 1994 Issue 2 The Messenger, Fall 1994

Article 22

The Pendulum Which Swings

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Recommended Citation

Dwelle, Timothy (1994) "The Pendulum Which Swings," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1994: Iss. 2, Article 22. Available at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1994/iss2/22

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The Pendulum Which Swings Within My Breast (A KERM ODE)

This pendulum which swings within my breast, A metronome to count the final beats Until the Maestro's wand does come to rest To end this sacred Symphony, Progresses on from tick to tock In perfect rhythm through a hundred staves, As Heavenly melodies unlock The wonders that await beyond the grave.

Or have I somewhere misplaced my sense of pitch? No, there must be a beginning and end From which to frame the Divine melody... And so I close my ears and I pretend To hear the tocks where there's only ticks, And the genius within the cacophony.

Timothy Dwelle, RC '96

