

Spatial Sky

Sky is also time,
giving us the means and wideness
to take what's next.

Rambling with other strollers
I hear the cane clicking
to another rhythm.

It sets the pace for thinking
of who I am,
where I am and
must we go to another parameter?

To snicker about the drooling river,
Fall is the correct word
for this season.

Light rain of fractals
switches on another
mathematical possibility,
but for whom?

Nature snarls "No",
then let us wonder where is Andre?
He sports at this spatial time
in our local park.