The Echo Nobody Hears

by Charles Potts

Originality goes unrecognized
Often enough that it stays pertinent
To keep on pointing it out.

If you say something beautiful
And no one believes it
Would you be better off
To keep your mouth shut?

Hardly a moment goes by
When an original voice
Isn't being mothered out by
The ordinary, the predictable, the safe.

At Pahsimeroi Eki with the sound bouncing back
From the tallest peaks of the Lost River Range
Only the sonar of a bat out of hell
Could keep you from flying into the debris.

By the process of echolocation
The high speed flyers
Recognize the proximity of solid things
And gracefully avoid them.

A horse, a horse
My kingdom for a horse
Is a bargain King Richard
Would have accepted too late and yet
Surrounded as we all have been
By the disintegrating structure of our own power plays
There comes the moment every protagonist dreads
When he or she would trade it all in
Just for a way out.