

Syncopation*

by Alexis Tziortzis

Before, I was never afraid of
Bits and pieces of my past, but
To make an original melody will
Rock me, shock me, but make me last.

Foreign things, interlaced with
Still-beating hearts, joined in an unheard beat
Welcome me but also tear me apart.
Smothering me in heat, until

I know I will have to give everything I have to keep the invisible drums alive.

Shake me to my core, pull apart my bones until

I can feel every particle flowing through my veins.

Words fail me, but that doesn't matter because the incessant thrumming speaks for me.

You could use sticks and stones, and even
Rattle me like a tree,

So the heads of Easter Island will hear my pain.
Compare me to percussion,

Because I am made of the galaxy, and the galaxy is made of me.

Priests and poets all have eyes.

Sailors and sinners all have ears.

Because nature is living and breathing just like we are.

Everything is just floating through space,

Drifting together just as much as drifting apart,

And our collective hearts will always be pounding in one syncopated beat.

*Note: this poem is written as a syncopated sonnet. Not only do some lines rhyme and there is 14 lines, but it can be read as just the left side, just the right, or both combined.