

# THE MAVERICK F VARIATIONS

## Catch And Sing The Wind

They will come, the sorrows with their brutalities and humiliations, their executioner's masks; their shrill and baying mobs. They will nestle in the continuum of time, immovable, become part of the world that spins and all of the scars on all of the skins will flare with the knots of their history, with an honest and gnashing recursion.

Yet the words and the time to come, the future that is roaring and the seeds and the bloomings and the orchestras of surprise and wonder and love, shall these be folded and left aside for the sheernesses and loomings that will be given to the sorrows? Can you be sure how much love is left in the calendar of days remaining? How many dawns will hold their names like blessings on your lips; how many nights will the moon bear witness to your tributes and your treasures and your ecstasies?

Shall your words thread traumas through each square inch of time, a tapestry of hoaxes woven to the detriment of life, a rug of wounds for the barefoot and motionless? Or shall your words be hoisted flags that catch and sing the wind and the sun and the eternal season that the spark of life sets ablaze? Write your dreams into the ether; your bliss into the love; your hopes into the earth: give your voice, give your voice - time has every future for your echoes. 🎩