

May Swenson

THE BEAM

How things really are
we would like to know.
Does Time flow,

or is it atomized
in instants hammered
around the clock's face?

And Space,
is it what we find
around us in our place,

or "a symbol, suitably haunted,
of the mind?"

The mind: a beam,

fitfully focused, then
dragged on . . .
so all material in its ken

is lit,
consistent, tranquil as far
as that Visitation lasts . . .

When it
is withdrawn
when all we think
and know
“goes out,” where does it go?
Into a blind
sink? No.
Moving by Mind's light, which
is slow,
mind must move,
to warm the groove
of being,
and drag into
its circle particles
for another Seeing.