

BREAKING POINT

Breaking point
the world and I
twirl that globe
point the finger
pick your spot and watch it crack.

Fissures form along fault lines
talk about the breaks
toss the dice cut
in a long black cast
circling the arm like a prayer.

Thrumming cradled pain
the rise and fall
all over again
tilting like a gyroscope
near the end of its spin.

Every engaged artist
takes pause
ready to jump
chic and one-armed
good morning thanks for stopping.

- Diane Sophrin
Montpelier, Vermont (2.11.24)