

Unbroken View

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What is the sound of wind that does not stop? A voice that continues beyond itself like the memory of the last word spoken by the voice in your head resonating. A note held toward infinity: symphony that plays on though the musicians have all gone home or died years ago. *Planes. Jet planes. My father flew them for years, over Midwestern farms, over patches of earth beneath stars vanished in sunlight. His panorama was the bend of horizon he flew toward, the way it spun its unbroken view of sky & earth when he rolled 360 degrees at night toward home.* My father's farm is wide, a living thing, wide and rolling. There is nothing to stop the wind and so the wind does not stop constant wind across the panorama of horizon, a passing scene when you spin in place to view the unbroken view: 360 DEGREE PLANE. *A child babbles, and the voice moves into the world to make the world: orb that has no beginning and no end. Unbroken view of itself—the world / the voice—staking its claim: I am...I shall be...continuous. My father's jet rolling beneath stars vanished. We live 360 DEGREE LIFE, a life of circles and cycles, horizon line unbroken except by the blink of an eye, the lapsed memory. My father's E A R T H S K Y*
What is the panorama of love?

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