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Cardinality

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Cardinality

By Nicco Pandolfi

The wrought-iron horizon seems
As fixed as an old man's prejudices,
Yet it eludes our dogged pursuit daily,
Gradually shrinking into each tomorrow.
Still the American muse urges dreamers Westward,
Oh the purpose-driven beauty of the compass rose!
But when its petals fall,
She could have been pointing anywhere
For all we know, or care to remember,
And we find ourselves once more
Rudderless and uninspired.
If our wishes for others are horses
Easily broken and bridled,
Those we hold for ourselves are steeds
Of a more willful sort,
Mischievously waiting to be tamed,
Or not tamed, as a schooner's sails
Wait to be filled or left empty
By their fickle mistress, wind.
Or perhaps they lie dormant like jigs
In the memory of an old accordion,
Waiting to be squeezed out by sure, lively hands.