

**The Drum**

Watch as the drum spins daylight on its way.  
It sees the light and hates its cheer, as it  
Greets edging darkness crowding out the day.

A footstep speaks what whispers seldom say  
In silence formed from fear-sounds, bit by bit  
Watch as the drum spins daylight on its way.

As darkened alleys open up for play  
The discomfort that unchecked thoughts admit  
Greets edging darkness crowding out the day.

Still Khayyam's potter, smoothing out his clay  
Will, without fear, and surely with more wit  
Watch as the drum spins daylight on its way.

He smiles and hears as fragile mortals pray  
And, shielding them as much as he sees fit,  
Greets edging darkness crowding out the day

Elsewhere, someone finds hope in some small way  
And will, with courage rising out of it,  
Watch as the drum spins daylight on its way  
And greet the darkness crowding out the day.