

REBECCA BORLAND REYNOLDS

POETRY



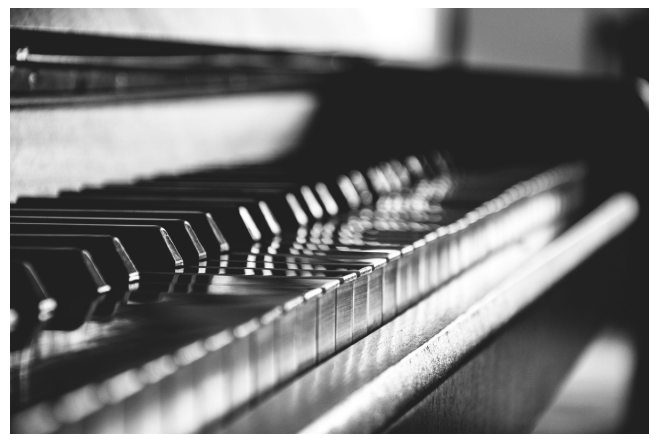
We are Being Played

BY REBECCA BORLAND REYNOLDS

We are being played
as gods tickle some piano keys
mold a wet lump on the wheel
rock a field before its planting

We are being played
with Free Will only a momentary stop
to the puppeteer's jangling of limbs
A stop just long enough - a second -
to convince we have our way

While we go on being played
The forces at the helm are weather
for all we can know of them
Made of elements plain enough
the wet sea, the crumbled earth, the vixen wind, the slaying fire
But true, not possible to comprehend,
to know in the sense of volition



We are being played
like Agamemnon
the striving, the learning, the cultivation of will
the catalogue, the billion books, the words pouring from our mouths,
mere droplets from the jar

We are being played
and jacks fall on the table
as stars scatter across the widowed sky,
casting a glow on the wine dark sea...
These are the clues - the signs we struggle to unravel

We victorious rise, beating the brazen chest,
 pushing the babe's head out,
 building a pyre, a pyramid, a palace
 or tending the herd and flock
Until again, we lie flat, in the final position
And the life we have sewn over years of ponder
is pulled as a small loose thread from a garment

We have been played, our music floating
in the ears of creation as birdsong out the window
Mere background, with its drone and chirp, click and cry
No more meaning than the harpsichord's tune, a moment's entertainment

And what role, this puppet, this clavier, this dandy, to play?
None. Simply surrender. To being played.
Or not. It makes no difference
to the Player.

