



Saturday Poem for Suzanne While Riding a Cycle
By **Miles Beller**

A Saturday swings into midday
Dryer churning tumbling hope
Sun slants onto the garage through upper windows

Prospecting possibilities while peddling
Standing still, still moving
Ahead the penumbra of risk and chance
Time takes us willing or not
Brings us along despite circumstance

The present a hash of morphing memory instantly living dying
No fixed star anoints the way
The gyroscope is us, an imperfect instrument
For this we are blessed