

Pattern Seekers



We are pattern-seekers:
the generation of wide eyes and prudent mouths
we are ministers marrying hindsight to foresight,
our limbs sewn to the edges of holes we've mended.

We are time-travelers.
A group of unfettered minds,
We are renaissance ontologists on a mission from the star-spangled alpha.
I am me, but I see you seeing me
being sentient within ourselves.

While we watch souls flutter beneath flesh,
The child within us hauls debris from our fathers' wreckages
A million little red wagons
towing fossils of human error across time.
Our eyes are on the world while our hearts are at home.

We are pattern-seekers, and we know of the glitches to come.

Cecilia Polkinhorn

