

## *Wheel* (1966)

I roll along a line of milestone marks  
A life circumference always past the turn  
Next to be twisted where I yearn  
Then out the spokes where steel stone sparks.

Along the line my spinning eyes absorb  
A rainbow round and colored by the hues,  
Reds of life deep mingled greens bright blues.  
Imagined real illumination fills the orb.

Words reach, arms stretch vainly past the day.  
Wheel will lean, and lean will know the way.