

Interlock Inwards

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A parquet floor
laid in interlock,
a long-linked chain border
of inlaid light wood.

Follow the interlock
and the chain intercepts
the mind's eye
it can see no end,
just within and inside.

One row advances,
follows arrows ahead,
the next arrows back
segues forward again.

Chained in by the frame,
the body, the links,
hold in and limit,
can they break?
can they free?

Or is
being's movement
back, forth and
back inwards,
to the heart,
the essence?

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