

## *Dynamo*

by Jé Maverick

It is like this:  
the ray is stable.  
It holds space,  
shines with perfect stasis, but that  
is *action*. We are  
the inactive ones,  
we who circumnavigate;  
so often forgetting our motion.  
It is a whisper to a void  
*sans* expectation,  
a finger on a naked throat  
trailing slowly.  
The sun is always present.

It is a blade to carve a different name  
where your own was fixed,  
a wind to thresh your body  
into oblivion;  
a mirror  
to marvel breathlessly  
at the dessicated self.  
We are the sinking.  
We are the rising.  
And love is action.  
And love is standing still.

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