

## The Beat

I am that untimely tree, out of sync  
with seasons, seeking the beat –  
called the One – for healing. I'm always too soon

or right after. Just off. I'm still part  
(however peripheral) of the band, me  
with my triangle, waiting and counting

through the cacophony, we're all playing badly  
two, one and I'm in! and we end altogether,  
look round in surprise and burst out laughing.

*Gwyneth Lewis*