Syntactic symbolism
2/21/2022

The syntax can do more than just describe something/someone.

He watched their flight: bird after bird: a dark flash, a swerve, a flash again, a dart aside, a curve, a flutter of wings.

They gripped. . . bump, jump, a swerve, two wheels lifted in the air, brakes on, bump with tree at edge of embankment, standstill.

The system, for all its *elephantine cumbersomeness*, is also, in the long run, wonderfully adaptable and flexible.

Somewhere a *p*on*d*erous tower *c*lock slowly dro*pp*ed a *d*ozen *st*rokes in*t*o the *g*loom.

The minute –winning days, like flies, buzz home to death.

So Ella said, "Yes, ma'am," and hobbled down the gravel walk, *crunch crunch crunch* beneath the trees, and was gone.

His echo, fugitive along the faces of the gorge, called pitifully back and back and back to us until it died in the distance.

But I knew. I knew. I knew because he had been far away from me long before he went. He's gone away and he won't come back. He's gone away and he won't come back, he's gone away and he'll never come back. Listen to the wheels saying it, on and on and on.

As long as he holds his breath, it will not rain, there will be no raindrops, no schizoid water wobbling, sideways, straight back, it will be an *even, even, even, even, even, even, even* world.