

David Green

*Friction, and the Archer's
Uncertain Aim*

An Arrow begins flight, it splits the air;
the bow resounds, a note plucked from its frame.
The arrow's steady, one afar would claim —
its path is so much wilder seen from near.
It dances to a song it cannot hear.
For its million corrections, it can blame
friction, and the Archer's uncertain aim.
Destination: unknown. Each path: unclear.

That first is followed by a dull beat —
the end's percussive accompaniment.
Arrow knows not its own accuracy:
Has it met the mark it was meant to meet?
Did it fly true, or was its path too bent?
And did the Archer stay, the end to see?