

## Wilderness House Literary Review 21/2

*Robert Martin*

### **Rhythm Trance**

. . . . ooh the primal flowing of a rhythmic trance  
where the sound takes us to rise up and dance

drums manned by brawny arms that take hold  
and fire up the veins and lead us out of the cold

that bind our arms and legs with invigorating straps  
in sync with the drummers and his rhythmic slaps

cutting the stolid solid air into rhythmic pieces  
that ride on the rivers of sound and tornadic breezes

a softening of the harsh and hardening of the docile  
in a sea of passion and its dominion all the while

where delirium is the new name for sanity  
and the pride of power is driven by vanity

and music is the tyrant of all thought and action  
with the will to always be the main attraction

to exercise the power to drive the mind into madness  
but a melodic madness by a sweetness caressed

like romancing the turmoil with love and kisses  
and the thundering becomes a faith, a pure abyss

a rapture that takes the spirit to an exotic island  
an aromatic garden, a paradise, a new wonderland

a rhythm that casts a spell over all dancers  
as to how and why without any answers

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as the music puts us in a trance and won't let go  
as it infiltrates our spirit and tosses us to and fro

. . . ooh the music so powerful and rhythmic and sublime  
moving us into another world of another kind  
a sweet trance in a place where I long to be . . .