

A Function For You

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Maybe a foolish assumption,  
That I developed this function,  
I call it: surprise, no surprise.  
I devise, I analyze, trying to surmise,  
What do the numbers signify?  
Can I plug in my thoughts,  
Find shortcuts, connecting dots,  
Wanting answers before I arrive,  
At the spot where our paths collide?  
My formula in actions and verse,  
You know too well, this I'm assured;  
My thoughts read, feelings heard  
Inside your head, you connecting threads ...  
Without me uttering a word.  
Doing the dance: fathoming, signaling,  
Hinting, teasing, faltering, flirting.  
Then silence descends, nothing said,  
Except alone, to myself instead.  
Saying, again: surprise, no surprise.