Tethered

For the comfort is whisper-thin
and satisfaction only comes
with the speed
of my rotations

like a moth tethered to a bare bulb
repeating loops after the filament’s burnt out
progression by way of memory, the route etched electrically,
the neural pathways

echoes, almost,
but ringing in a lower tone,
a more solemn lilt
as not to sit still

while caught in the rhythm
clawing for someone to get in my way
but a mute in the darkness only imparts
that which has since become stale.