



# A Die Falls

A die falls.  
The sharp sound of plastic and wood  
meeting the  
table's hard  
surface.

Unpredictable,  
each event isolated by  
a lack

of relationship,  
not tied to a past. The die has  
no purpose, no direction,  
just steps in a disconnected chain,  
each moment unaware of

next.

Though thought cannot for-  
see which number will face up as  
the die comes to rest,  
it does see pattern,  
a shape to the movement.

The dance as  
a whole has order,  
perhaps not

the design of a governing mind,  
but predictable all the

same.

Isn't it strange?

Randomness repeated does  
not look like  
accident.

Rather,  
it gives one a sense  
of an intelligence near by.  
Is that

what they had in mind  
in laying the two sides of a  
split marble slab, one next to the  
other, the intricate weave of  
the dragon veins, left the reverse of

right?

These patterns in two's  
bring us somehow closer to home.  
The die comes to rest  
on a '3'  
but we need a '2' since one of

any thing  
makes no difference,  
makes no place

for our butterfly, waiting so  
patiently till now, to spread its

wings.