

They say coding
Is like its own language,
But if code were to pass through our lips,
It would be sung not spoken-
There's a beat in the tapping of fingers
And a rhythm in time, pulsing back and forth
In company with our mistakes.
Codic is a push of an oar out at sea,
A brushstroke halfway through a painting,
A left step then a right, memorized by your bones,
What i'm saying is
Flow-
Flow of a song,
Flow of a muscle,
Flow of a clock, running its course,
Flow of a code, spiky and rough,
But in the blink of an eye,
Left smooth and polished on the shore.