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## Imagine: Reaching Back

Nate Andrews  
*Cedarville University*

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**Nate Andrews**  
**Imagine: Reaching Back**

The constant evolution that we sing  
As art will always seem to grow  
Outside the bounds we'd like to keep it in;  
But we can never  
Try to sever  
The song. Its morbid suffering  
Will push us to unveil our faces. No  
Primordial theories can explain  
The song, but link by link by link the chain  
Has moved from notes, to paint, to tin,  
And probably will go back again  
To things we'll wish it'd never been.  
The iron forge will paint a portrait,  
A peasant mining tin will stamp a quilt  
With dances. You will sing a trumpet  
With a coin.  
And after tomorrow's tomorrow  
We'll all look with relish and join  
Our brushes in chorus and sew  
Our joy for the gifts from the chain,  
But only the links that are well down the line,  
The notes that are wet from primordial slime.