

DAWN

Miss me when I've come and you're not there.
Let the stale air in some tulle-fog not kill you.
Eyes on the fare, register no complaint,
yet send commonality back down action-chute
with its hazard easy way.

Make a superior try of spinning Imagination
for Art's insipid imitation, which is a good start.
Then, from whatever nosebleed lights your bulb
the long road is the highest,
on the marge, take that one.

Day will mark itself as can.
Hands that had you to interrupt
now have by opposed energies stopped.
And wonder, the whole,
every bit of it added, or naught.

You had served well. I cancelled your card.
But that was one day out of many.
And the living green laughs frolic,
and tomorrow, as lazy vapours rise
and broil sun chides making for his top
will I again have my bronze-armed, mighty son,
sing you a piercing, morning song.

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