

PERITELLOMENOS 'ÆMAR (Revolving Day)

No painter like evening sun

lest morning Dawn.

But there, what day hasn't. And still

Out, the lean rotates to rest;

it must live in man's town Hurry,

Accomplishment.

Evenings' on/off wild closed round,

when last next old masters sat, that let,

Bristlecone to peak mountain part;

rattled coil young barely to start,

as over tree-down once trod;

morning, all things yellow to white;

engild that later, yellow to

how-gray-can-you-now black?'d;

off, as you cog, to rest.

Tonight, tomorrow on their Round, a satellite

some say gave good service comes down.

Possible death sentence. Mordor! for some.

Best hand practice at the forebodes -

pile no detriment success;

father fingers draw a few back

to mount-shadow-for-its-back,  
that they'd not be nice from, 'cept  
it's seen them cold and in their graves,  
and they, their final weight and consciences know that.  
Arrogance, to their strides, mule'd the sally back in.  
But men can fix that!

© Copyright 2013 (Nov. 09-10, etc.) – 2015 Joseph M. Duvernay

Note: Peritellomenos Æmar: around bringing-to-completion/revolving, etc. day.