

- IN THE PRESENCE -

Case of disbeliefs. How cured, a Compton man finding himself  
in the wood of holly; not magnificently outstretched low-land  
west wind would brush of an evening; holy uprise, prime's perfect angle  
and the wood due worship? I asked in spirit of relief if it was too soon  
to prize happy poems. Always is there room for happiness! came back.  
In success of vital habit, eye or arms' embrace,  
chance smile set crown a face, in gladden nature's crafted place!

Truly, in heat of Former fan flame. Wood, now history shriek shiver to aim!  
Swift her color does Day bring misery with her mystery.  
Unlearned knowledge trains retreat, takes slack;  
no care, zealot, with basic warnings grin, haggard back!  
Wisdom, confident laments – boards ale, illusion, fear of other,  
erasure, denial, trove as fray of fun and laughter!  
Duty, vision, future, stand dock for question,  
only feudal bother find, `cause there rail the simpleton!

In high menace, Olympe de Gouges and women-many,  
their names herstory rather, threw tentative aground going,  
and Penance let the rest, eat their superior and them ravage,  
by autre men of opinion old, who treated selves guests,  
on a no-guest planet; so that Time, ready in fragiles to mount  
with history to sue vail for freedoms, scurry for detail strove;  
and led the baleful to runnel with words, being  
armours' enhance, no harrow! I was confused; wood continued.

Now new hour, honkin` big raindrops from ghostly cloud rip, severe.

Flood, no water, nitrogen, and torrents of plastic run out rears.  
Among discards, again! with empyrean Desire; to all her wonders married;  
paint reality with tell light that falls in shadow; and know for the first,  
there is no place safer than mind, that least safe place of all;  
as a phlegmyton, take another hit for the winter team;  
and wave of treetop to wind stay a sea at that level!

In vie torment, in gazes' amaze, responsibility tried, teamed,  
let day go willing on; having "treated all, like for self want;" in worship  
'touched earth, and scattered it on your chest,' as we, for awe, for guard;  
never recon old, washed or newbie control-ly drubbed,  
in a weird fling falling furthest; never gall in a passe or rave  
break-in rude who do diablo dearest, and we will fend for you!

`Cause not many before got much of a lead! That few did,  
hide ruthless bind of pet peeves has; point whole missed, and –  
they have our sympathies, but attentions too; that may have need a while  
Sampson trust, Herculean sheen, Serapis full-at-all-points as sharpens,  
that will not be too much, nor please!

For victory-reared nonstop was always keep watch, tote bale,  
lift valiant life after in-moment happening with the Without.  
And a-tide aggression's pockets, each succession's success Great `G&R'  
and nothing less seems. Where hardship and persevere own reach and reward;  
where there are corrects-up, proper guards, participates; wood did fend for you!  
and droit deer shy cud in the yard!

Copyright © 2022 (06/23—12/12) Joseph Duvernay. All Rights. Notes: 'touched earth...' and G&R - (Golden Rule), among others = inscription on stella of King Neferhotep, 1730 BC: "*The reward of the man (one) who does is what is done to him (her): in the heart of God, this is Maat.*"-Intro, Note 13, and/from *The Tale Of Sinuhe*; R.B. Parkinson trans.; Oxford U. Press © 1997. Droit \drwä; a legal right.