

TWILIGHT

With the ornament of evening passing long.

Table and wash what was said.

Because a more forthright 5th estate would have helped there,

lay all card, each and every,

as by former lives and those to come bid able.

So, the binds that confuse inner-knows of good, harm,

and that cup-of-gain, disingenuous, ignore, let lie.

And you, stable - If I fulfill only myself

how will the whole advance?

It being enough to have made the distinction in a dread time.

Later that day, passing, as by the human road she sits,

ask close-cropped Charity if she'd always done her best.

But as she neither notices nor answers,

take those folded pleads and easy lacrimae home,

where gerry-found Hope still sets a table.

Pray then there to cleared skies, that their blue sear keep

and stay steps ahead of the too steep heat of ambition.

Be guard. For in tight, protective hunch, its corner filled with dust,

Necessity will repeal - forget petitioning Heaven, the long-flair universe

will match your wants. And thus! She lies.

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