

A Wish, I Guess ---

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So often quickly thought notions
are under grass, huh?

sunk deep under dirt, between roots and
passing fancy,

the most beautiful of creations
transform
to dust.

The kindest plot device in tragedy is death
flawed protagonists all die regretful -
still yet cathartic choruses sing,
as knowledge is found in Elysium!

With you in mind the dying lines remain unwritten.

With you, a pawn in the dramatically scripted night

your exit previously crafted in indelible marking
under the pen held by God, Himself

the angels, elated, sigh a sweet tone!

And as for my dying brethren kept under slavery,
the winds spill fresh with dreams never practiced -
the most beautiful of creations, waiting to be born!

We are guests of ghosts -
our finest nights,
our most dire hour

mere whims of fate....