

CLOSURE

Sun--tossing golden untrimmed curls--newly awakened ...

O, morning throwing back the dawning comforter of dark nights' dreams,
flings rose petals of blooming sky dawn!

Our new-sprung growing-time is but a brief spring season,
our seeding-time a brief summer season in the sun; –
seedling, green vibrant shoot, knowing not from which spring's wind it came blown,
shares tentative root clasp't with the earth.

In desolate humankind's frail attempt to emulate
the unbounded creation that is wrought by the gods,
to focus on that extraordinary evanescent beauty
that is found in the readily familiar and day-by-day
when evening's golden light oozes like amber honey
across fruitful summer's to autumn's rolling meadows,
the wind, for a moment, stills, transfixed;

The first yellow, or crimson, leaf sways.

too soon, oh, too soon, cruel the chilling blast of frosty winter death !

Autumn—that contemplative wet gray season where one considers
the starless vastness of crushed decline, death, dust, and eternity;
where in some absence of future we all will float, yet though unaware--
only most-warm bright spot, grimacing
jack-o-lanterns of pumpkins, aglow.

One must, even if it is only wan in imagination,
organize the chaos that is life's whirl in this world...

some day when we shall no longer wake from winter's nap,
silent and blind, 'mongst the spiders and dust of the mouldery grave...
no longer arise to the jubilant warmth of spring,
lying under the blustery wind and snows in eternity.
No longer even half remember once we chanted...

“This is the day that the Lord hath made;
let us go forth with gladness, and be joyful in it...”

--J. F. Lowe

