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36 Lines

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36 Lines

The Autumn boughs bend under the drift-meal tides.
Burnt flakes and ashes thrash with the blight-blown sighs.
The groins entangle 'neath this bleak-brown season.
A wind without life, a life without reason.

Negativity encircled, held the screaming
Of the trees, the rocks, everything without feeling.
I felt the hour I was born for.
The wind, the rain, the incessant pour.

So I took my leave and sought the border,
Forgot the Tempest, Chaos, Disorder.
Almighty One and One and One denied,
Fell full on my knees and smiled, and cried.

The angels sang no sweet reprise,
No solace sprang from wintry skies.
I laughed, I mused, I wept to sleep,
The Journey still my only keep.

All men enjoin, encircle each other,
My Father, Mother, my only Brother.
Each song is lost from our shame and fright;
The Others decision, what's wrong, what's right.

Each action look for another's approval,
A judgment passed with a punished removal.
Alone we stand, together we imprison
Our Spirit, our Life, our sacred Decision.

Pass no more through pious religions,
Landed life and promised provisions.
To take root and seed and rot and die
Is a back-turned glance to every lie.

The Journey keeps my eyes awake,
I live the life my dreams forsake.
No one so fair could break my stand,
To take her heart, her path, her hand.

The Autumn is over, the wind is chill,
Whiteness covers every mountain and hill.
The screams still shatter each child still-born,
The roads of man remain battered and worn.

Kevin James Luber
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