POEM NO. 27

The tie is knotted,
The shoes are shined.
Gold shining in extremity,
Stiff, hard, and cold.
Power, control, insensitive.
The train is leaving.
The trees have leaves,
They fall, only to be destroyed.
The grass is cut,
The house is painted.
Bells are ringing,
Soldiers march to prayer.
Many voices ring out,
God could not help but hear.
Read the gossip, enjoy the spoils.
Don't worry, tomorrow will come.
The tie is knotted.

Howard Kyle

CAVLIL AGAINST TIME

Time trembles before eternity,
   For in that state it has no place;
Instantaneously, the Maker deals
   Withall of time and all of space;
Concomitantly, never and ever is time,
   At eternity's mystical pace.
Then, why should mortals quake before
The clock's mechanical face?

John Bowen Parker