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Requiescat In Place

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A SUNDAY MORNING

On a Sunday morning
   Between the conscious and the potency
Awake, turning, yearning
   Striving to place some regency
Atop the topsy-turvy half light
   Questioning all that's impressed
Unable to set the world upright
   Quivering in bed — in perpetual unrest
Hoping to find that sans error
   Completely unable to accept
The now dawning terror
   All powers are fully adept
O God, what Have I done
   it's true.

John Levay

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Like
   dawn deserted street
or
   rapid run river
Like
   summer soft sunset
or
   whistled wind whisper
Dawn flowing death
   whispers softly.

FOLKLORE

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
1 slipped and broke my neck.

Joseph Deroller