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Sleep on mighty world...

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The feeling of pain is very soft
As the white light walks slowly off.
The day's end is almost here.
A setting sun sheds a tear
That slides slowly down
To meet the ground.
The feeling drifts on and on
Until even the tear is gone.
Now the soil is soft
And the stars are high.
While night rules the earth and I.

BERNARD J. KILONSKY

Sleep on mighty world
a guarding fog has floated over
hiding from angels the sinners
behind sweaty windows—
giving religious a closer union
with the Almighty—
The great guard also brings out new
2 and 4 eyed monsters
blinking brazenly while they feed
on a diet of asphalt—
Sleep on mighty world
mighty moon
mighty sun
mighty long—

DAVE FISHER