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And Young Men Shall See Visions

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And Young Men Shall See Visions

Cover Page Footnote

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It's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
J.M. Barrie's old and died
And from the bottom of a crystal lake
Does a chanson innocent rise.
So it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
And all the scores are in,
I see now under the arc of the sun
A time for everything indeed.
Yes, it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
But good friend your happy half lie
Is blacker by far than the meanest truth
A vicious god could ever teach with a slap
Into the blinding light as we cry out our first breath.
I'll never close my eyes to what I see
Or close my ears in fear of what I'll hear
I'll never color crystal what's blue green
Or stop my heart from searching out its God.
Oh it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
And we've all stuck around saying
Lord, Lord
Shrugging our shoulders and asking
What can it be?
Or are we all just too polite
to say what we know it is.

—JOHN F. VORRASI

“And Young Men Shall See Visions”

At the edge of nowness, darkness begins.
Therein bittersweet sounds of silence glow,
mellow-scented colors are intoned,
and only the wonderful wind caresses both light and night
If you entered, would you dare return?
Grasp the solitary strand of gossamer,
and wander with the wind.

from MARKS