His Eyes Silently Shut

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Barrington: His Eyes Silently Shut

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His eyes silently shut

“What to write,
What to write?”
The poet asked God
On one cool autumn night.
“Shall I write of the world —
What could I say that hasn’t been said?”
And giving up,
He lay down on his bed.
His eyes silently shut.

He dreamt he saw a great field of battle,
On the one side virtue, on the other side vice.
Brave and strong dressed in white was the captain of good;
And the captain of evil in black, face concealed by his hood.
The evil attacked with their hate,
Good rising above.
But just when it seemed
Virtue had the day won,
They started to fight with themselves,
And all was as hell.

“Dreadful sight,
Dreadful sight!”
The poet cried out
As he woke with a fright.
“Is this true of the world —
And oh if this be true of the world,
What is the point of living my life?”
And giving up,
He took hold of his knife.
His eyes silently shut.

RICHARD G. BARRINGTON