A Sunday Morning

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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