

EDEN COMING?

By

[redacted]

Silken robes, kissed by the penitent poor,
adorn the shoulders of our rulers.
Sumptuous, flowing gowns,
unfurled by every cold wind that frowns
upon our days.

What a glorious era to endure,
remain obscure beneath
the gaze of tyrants.
Always watchful, always silent,
emerge at night,
bathed in darkness, free to vent.

Plant hibiscus and jasmine
we've been told,
tend your gardens through heat and cold,
bide, bide until a new age unfolds.

Then Autumn comes,
clarion of ritual loss.
Hibiscus leaves lapse to the soil,
Jasmine leaves drift onto moss,
is biding time doomed to despoil?
Is present time fated not to pass?

I am shocked dumb
at the prospect of a winter of no change.
How broad the Divide where western winds blow,
how bitter are the Plains.