

“August and Everything After”

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There are unhappy things afoot
In this world
A prudential mind must admit

What things?
That would be telling

What mean you, what fear?
A gun at the throat.
A leap
Down the abyss.

Fear not, however
The Smilers, Smooth Talkers
Wall and K Street walkers
Capitol slaves nor corporate masters

Shadows these, beneath contempt
Though not
A public stoning

Turn the gaze
Look –

A starburst.

