

there are cold angels that do not minister in the night  
ponderously watching  
the congregation become weary and confessing  
isolation in the adultery of failing canon.

the answer is still not manifested and now they wait  
holding their anger in others.  
there has been no return  
just a chronic extension of prayers  
and they have forgotten the exact words  
and their meanings.

the smell penetrates with an infirmity sickbed wind  
and i do not understand why some people and some things  
only unite in the inflicting of pain

and i also do not understand how there ever was an expectation  
that the uprising of life could attach itself to a significance.

i move along the fringe... and leave meat for those other things  
those things that are older  
with their appetites and consumptions laying in wait along our paths

unlike the congregation  
i am a sporting man that knows the sport is not eternal  
in the bright lights of this gaming house.

the sporting life.  
wf.h.  
2018