

One Less a Verse

In the grand scheme of things,
if there is one,
when the morning falls into our hearts like gravity,
when we awake and find our hearts already stolen,
should it really matter?

Under the grand scheme of God,
if there is one,
If dawn should fail to break like egg cracked wrong on side of pan,
when the dreamer does not wake,
if the night could last forever and us lose track of all our time,
could it really matter?

Thrice while the world
if there is one
still drew breath, we were near to heaven but did not know it.
But our philosophers are dead, and our lovers are sleeping,
and our day is overcome by the shadows twilit weeping.
and all the same
in the grand scheme
it doesn't really matter.

Yet below the earth
below where paths reverse and witches curse,
below the world's inhabitants who endlessly rehearse,
whose time is laid out
in poetry they could not do without:
all the meaning in their world would disperse
if there were one less a verse.