

Passage

The landmarks and the signs with
Rhythm pass me, reg'lar fare,
The stripes of white and yellow, and
The same old bulbs of lampposts
Brighten, dull, and brighten pass
Me on my right and left
That have since nightfall.

And with laziness increasing
with the distance, towns of lights
on either side drift comfortably
to rest beneath the tired lids
of my perspective.

Ah, the lights!
The lights, they speak to me.
Come along, along, come along
They say,
The towns
Twinkle merrily their invitation:
Rest! Come take up rest.

Ah, my tired eyes
And aching legs a-tingle in response.
Longing, longing off to see
The lights, to turn away monotony,
To witness what else lies along the highway
And to rest but no.

No.

I cannot stop, I cannot rest.
For Father is dying. He lays
Upon his bed, too fast preparing
For his passage to Beyond,

Going home.

Home. It calls me from hypnosis,
From my sleep and from the urgent
Whine of vanity.
Only in diligence will I find it.

I must be there by sun.