

Ruthless

Time is not our Master, It's our measure.

I watch the hands that sweep the face,
one second at a time.
While contemplating minutes passed,
they're silent as a mime.

The creep of time is ruthless, yet,
considers others not.
Ignores life's circumstances and
Inhibits peaceful thought.

The mysteries of time abound.
Its secrets so well kept.
I cannot understand its scope,
my rationale inept.

Time won't move fast, it won't move slow,
so steady is its pace.
Perception's how it seems to flow,
its dust I can't erase.

I know not when the clock will fail,
and move no more for me.
But when it does, I'll understand,
full-faced eternity.

There is no time in God's domain.
He measures it in love.
The only time I'll be secure
is in His hands above.

All Hail the Daily Heroes

[A tribute to the anguished Covid-19 warriors]

I send my heart out to my friends,
the ones, I do not know.
They stand inside a danger zone.
I pray I'll never go.

They bide to fight and win the war,
as soldiers, they defend.
The masks they wear betray their fear.
Their courage has no end.

To honor sentries at the gate,
there's one thing we should know.
Just pray that they'll defeat the beast,
implore God, make it so.

Their lives have changed, as most lives have,
their struggles we perceive.
We pray these soldiers will prevail,
and in this hope believe.

They've given much to stop this brute,
in lives and family.
Their valiant acts shall 'ere be known,
and ever shall it be.

Normal?

Will normal ever be the same?
It's never been before.
Can this new life style be the one?
Will less become the more?

Can changes move you from your place,
when altered is your path?
Will this new trail disrupt your life?
What is the aftermath?

Cannot predict the world's new course,
surveying pressing fears.
I hope my vision's clarified,
while trudging new frontiers.

Just can't go back, 'cause back's not there.
It's like a shattered glass.
The breach I see ahead of me,
could be a deep crevasse.

Pray fervently He guides my way,
and soothes my harried soul.
It's clear that I can trust in Him,
to keep my being whole.

The Soldier's Burden

Each day begins with reveille,
as night cascades to taps.
My thoughts turn to the day to come.
I'll be alright, perhaps.

I stand within the ordered line,
brave comrades by my side.
With faces searching man to man,
rememb'ring those who've died.

Loud battle sounds have filled my ears,
grim sights have packed my eyes.
Each soldier clenches fears within,
the stern face, a disguise.

When days like this are memory
I wonder what I'll think.
Will I endure the pain within?
Just grit my teeth and blink?

These thoughts must flee now I go forth.
Distraction causes falls.
I clear my mind, I march ahead.
Today my duty calls.

Valley of the Horns

A Sonnet

The horns that fill the valley with their sounds,
Dense fog cannot obscure pervasive sight.
Suppressing silence in the quiet towns,
Persisting every day and every night.

Home dwellers try to muffle constant din.
Cacophony of shrieks pierce doors and walls.
Shrill sounds will not abate, to their chagrin.
They turn away to brush off bec'ning calls.

Tranquility that once prevailed within,
Is gone in light speed never to return.
They wonder has it ever really been.
All passion for serenity shall burn.

The memory of peace from older times,
Has sold its soul to modern paradigms.