

The world is stern in deeming
man a hero, its nobility;
to counteract his endless scheming
to escape this splendid destiny.

In the eye of thwarted aspiration
fathers measure children growing,
passing on the grim reflection
of lesser beings knowing.

But there are fleeting moments
when the lake wind through me blows,
and the stars inspire the night's intent,
or midst silent trees it snows.

And from their thousand tangled visions I'm undone
where in a tiny glory of my making I become.

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