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A Sunday Morning

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A Sunday Morning

Cover Page Footnote

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A SUNDAY MORNING

On a Sunday morning
Between the conscious and the potency
Awake, turning, yearning
Striving to place some regency
Atop the topsy-turvy half light
Questioning all that's impressed
Unable to set the world upright
Quivering in bed — in perpetual unrest
Hoping to find that sans error
Completely unable to accept
The now dawning terror
All powers are fully adept
O God, what Have I done
it's true.

John Levay

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Like
dawn deserted street
or
rapid run river
Like
summer soft sunset
or
whistled wind whisper
Dawn flowing death
whispers softly.

FOLKLORE

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
I slipped and broke my neck.

Joseph Deroller