

Monarch

by ryall *Wednesday, Jan 25 2012, 9:09am*

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before the gates
of the Great City
i prepare my gifts --
wheels
(of light)
and exotic rhythms
discovered in hidden,
forgotten places.

what should i play
before this monarch,
which meter and rhyme
would please this Lord?

should i accidentally strike a
a dissonant note
i would render all my gifts worthless
and forfeit my soul;
if i sound a harmonious note
and seamlessly weave
a rhythm into the playing symphony
my travails and journey ends --
i would have earned my rest.

the morning dew captures and refracts
the first rays of light,
the sweet scent of the garden
slowly drifts through the grounds -

this day holds great promise.