

One Morning

One morning
a strange drummerboy may appear, over the enemy parapet.
The old world may surrender.

You shall miss the quiet pad, like rain
of dogs on earth in morning.
Their life drab, the brightness withdrawn till let out again.

Decline surrender.
Smoky guns
like birds in caskets shall be laid. Your time has come.

The world indeed's
been turned upside down.
No more fortifications of iron, wind, stone.

No treasons hushed
(like stroked birdwings nursed back to health.) No, none.
Light everlasting, light alone, now guards the tomb.