

Coming Toward a Toll

I have lived these thousand years
a hands breadth, compressed.
Days rolled in nights
melding cleanly.
Moments measured,
remembered,
savored.

Erecting a world before me
infinite possibility,
majesty.
Failure to carve my name
clearly, largely,
obviously.
Allows false gods
arising ascendant,
to replace me.

Nothing greets with open arms,
raised hands,
soft lips.
When that bell:
Blares,
Bongs,
Booms
for me.

Steven J. Sackinger
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MMIV