

In the End

In the end
what will be written on the plinth
beneath my marble head?
What will free me
from gyres of contemplation,
free my vexed yet fallow mind?

Oh, pernicious fate,
I admonish: You won't conquer!
Your predicament is greater than mine.
For I will bask in beauty of dirt and ash
and dote the Cosmos with ardent love,
mute your dirge through bray of will
'til you take your final stand.

The squall of life shall be your undoing,
so rue! ever to have plagued mankind,
as you cease defeated and waned,
beneath my gaze springing from glades,
of vibrant colors and chrysalises embraced,
by my flower-enwrought and transient hands,
under triumphant spires of aspen trees.

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