

My carnelian litany

Secure from my anointed mountaintop
sampling the torrents roaring down the earth
racked by those capricious waves slapping our ages
with piercing layers of amalgamated pain

And now is the hounding hurt in my time
the scalding truth of my waking days
and while removed from my impotent brethren
proportionately futile to their plight
from my silence do I defiantly raise
a monument of light:

That the word I project
each vowel I eject
equal an offering of pearls
cast into the balance
on the side of good

And the note that I strum
any tune I hum
tip invisible scales
fatefully
towards the benefit of all

That my every keystroke waver wonders
upon unsuspecting destinies
and vibrations of healing harmonies
invoke a dulcet realm of dreams

If a phrase would generate sustenance
and a song stood for deliverance
Imagine melodies intoning opportunity
and sonnets sounding transcendence

Then, envision all the world
rising to an awesome chorus
wondrously willing woes away

That chanting does tempt providence
Ought we not begin today