

POEM



Epiphany

Brian Thorne

My mood is dark like the gathering skies.
It should not be so at Epiphany.
Wise men, we're told, were not deceived by lies
And, having worshipped, Satan's trap could see.
Why is it that today sees liars smile?
They are believed when they speak power's lies.
Men in the streets applaud their shameless guile
And feel affirmed by their bombastic cries.
The just are reviled as state enemies
And lovers of the stranger deemed sad fools.
Narcissus courts his image, claims as his
Those who find comfort in seductive pools.
Must I awake and let my anger speak?
Hides this dark mood purpose that I must seek?