

Gloaming

By Blake Griffin Edwards

Of will or fate
stirring of curious appetites for
tinctures of pleasure and power

smatterings of
nothing
worthy of grand intention

vanity
fractured pieces revealing pattern

collapsed into purpose
blown into love,
or only meaning

tired brother ass
doubts and dawdles and decays
and sun is scarce, or plundered

this disturbing tranquility
of dancing stars and melancholy

nudging hereafter

or can we trust that
fate must bend, in time?