



GLORY BE THE BARDS . . .

There is a man I know
Attempting a fine haiku
Moments in a flow.

Lives and breathes tributes
Harder knocks when he flails
Next daylight, lonely trails.

Farmer in a dream,
Instead a desk jockey clean
Rumbling with steam.

Wherefore opening doors
Upon befuddles politics,
Reveals the scary frolics.

Who's to scrape these dregs
Of humanity, who begs
From a pulpit almighty?

Vermont flavor
Can possibly deliver
Us from this shiver.

Upon our conscience
We have wrought true colors
Glad to have solace, in "brothers."

Knowing citizenry's bell
Decency will turn the cards.
Glory be the bards . . .

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