

Andrew Cyril Macdonald

Compline

i.
Given-out now,
our closed ambitions
retort what as if was not
but neat wounds all
mute syllables collapsed us,
compelling to follow
cold shoulders distanced quick from
these voices therein
soft rumors, half-truths
of bliss transcendent
crossing floor beams, bench-marks
to broadsides of chapel
a god's word (we his people)
in tandem pronounces.

ii.

What falls upon few own
(maybe 3 in a million)
their stakes ready to hedge them
if make furtive
some pontifex non-
maximus but weathered
(too old to fight for)
as only now apparent
it kills us this
need to accomplish
death and its easy bother.
Yet to look-out on
soft cloud-burst through skylight
(void of color if
foreign to each back-step
eternal life collides with)
is to sit and reflect in
known truths of such things
these glad hearts will chant them.

iii.

Precious us lined together,
hallowed stocks of
tongued truths that spat-out
dead tones if murmured
verses instead of
fists clenched, ready to aim with
ever forgotten
value inviolate.
And that's why we're here then,
testing progress
(its growth and abundance)
us men our word-chimes
vellumous song attempts in.