

DWINDLING TIMES

The gates of cities have fallen
and battle is technic and unshining.
We are a somber, democratic age
that has placed glory in storage,
(But slaughter fifty years removed
still awakens bold remembrance.)
an ancient rite revived
only for the chosen son
of the suffering republic
in need of heroes.

Gary Beck

BURDEN

When midnight visions pass us on the street,
opera, party, other brief retreat
that should bring awe, like old biblical men
in a visit that heralds promise, then,
a puzzled shaking of a skeptics head,
lose sight and slink home to poverty bed.

Gary Beck