

## TODAY, FLOOD      TODAY, RUN...

This is not the final wish,  
The last request  
Of the boy who saw God  
Sitting on a rock  
Down by the river.  
I reckon  
I solemnly project  
To feel some measure of fear  
As that hour is growing near.  
That I might have tried a little harder  
To be less patient with reason  
And all which is only familiar  
To have more equally reserved my enjoyment  
And preference to all, but one, solitary season

I reckon  
I serenely do project  
To feel some measure of fear  
As that hour is growing near  
As urgently, ungently dying down  
Symphony of the earth-bound heart  
Had it's beating indeed been proof enough;  
That it may also be an anchor  
A curse of sorts  
An always-moving part  
Pentameter of human dignity  
Of the mind-measured mind-  
Ticking  
Drowning out  
For thunder of the division bell;  
That storm, which by hindsight  
Would have, without any or mighty welcome, known my days too well  
Seeking, as the stream may find only the sea  
Seeking, sitting on a rock, down by the river  
Seeking more than simply me  
Seeking something to prevail  
And, compensate for the illusion of lost time  
Quite, I dare add, impatiently.

I do by this elusive, mortal moment reckon  
I do project  
To feel some measure of fear  
As that hour is growing near.  
I do not wish to know, just then,  
What on earth I could have been  
As time, in which I so gracefully  
And innocently believed  
Carefully created and later, so earnestly, grieved-  
Would then be less than I may once have needed

To make it all the breath of a dream  
To make it disappear, as the clouds  
For all those things I couldn't leave behind  
I would pray, just then, to be no less proud.

Written By: Michael Nixon