

Come! - Be I Will Not Deceive You

(To those afraid to respond: The 1st Coming of the Final Post)

Now, twenty-six yrs. beyond an hour I once rounded a corner and was infinitely postponed by the arrest of honeysuckle. And so, detained, questioned, seized for a time, held transfixed by their paradise blessing air fragrance. As a city-goer, this is a delicacy. There is something ethereal about horticulture and hawks in flight. Whose kite (in kites or sole) is breathtaking for - gallant? - And what (besides women)!, offer the world more beauty & delicate fragrance? -

WE MUST VANGUARD against the dangers opposing their Being: *'Love!, faithful love' (like a child requiring rockin' back n' forth repeated, to tune of Rhythmless Blues) sweet n' sensuous **SIGNIFICANCE!** - And so, and now,

there was a time before poetry. Never a time before love. And now, the time, trapped in the time of a false constructed sentence, wrongfully imprisoned to Dead Life more than unlawfully detains - yet to exonerate poet -

for a time held transfixed, 'the eye takes in what the mind sees of meaning' chattering the heart, soul n' mind's merger, melting. And so on, I am captivated, and even captured by some things.

I neither neglect the physical nor the mental health. To further gentle and extend yrs. good-still **WE MUST VANGUARD** against dangers that oppose our Being

like decay; disease; Dead Life; and diabolicalness.
my heart & soul upon the page in ink — both will outlast
me for generations and generations
and generations to-come. And so,
in the blessings God so-bade, thy poet speak glisten
magnificent, regardless of the mark of injustice,
so even if I die here... you know I bade
no guilt (in this conviction)
and am knighted

poet. 5/9/24

Tom. Irving