

Jagged Streaks

Michael E. Stone

Yesterday morning early,
a jagged yellow streak of sunlight
angled 'cross the hills.

Not the usual haze
of cloud in the valley,
or early morning green grey.

I sat inside writing of the three,
of Satan, the serpent and the dragon,
of envy and rebel, and the fall.

Stories to keep my mind absent,
away from the three landscapes —
outside, inside and around;

away from the three times —
future and now and the past.
Around their axis I turn.

Those three who are one and the same,
pour poison through all the landscapes,
dump derision through all the times.

The sun still casts streaks of light
Onto the hills outside,
Viewed from my window.

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