

Pyramidal in a foggy past, a still  
Step forward as aberrations serve  
The sharpening image; yoked cattle  
And tools hardened in a fire amidst  
A tree studded field.

A negative behind you firmly  
Fixed in the black of the soft  
Night projected into the sky.

Capture thus! Your measure,  
Hold it to the self-proclaiming truths,  
Feel your part in time and plead  
For reason. Measure man back  
In time and find his stature  
In his sparkle you fix upon.

It is not despair you grasp  
Upon, it is the measure.