

A glimpse of blue and white angel
Greeted the corner of the left
Eye in the courtyard of the
Anteroom of Our Lady of Czestachowa
Standing stately in the sun
On the blood of the voiceless peasants.
It was a day when his words turned
To dull malformed catachisms,
The truth seems only entertaining
As you pick it from the drying pods.

It was the day of release
From serving the carnate beast
Who held the corporate castle shining
Resplendent through the sweat smell
And tears. A pre-cognition of class
Shaped in sinew natures to reality.
It was a living, in a way.
A lesson to be learned outside
The tutorage can be learned
Only there, in ox denied a yoke.
Did this hurt as much as
The forgotten footnote,
The verbal indiscretion that was not humorous?