

Sage

Kenneth Lundquist, Jr.

Dedicated to Oscar Wilde

A hill green in herbage-
Leaves kissed with homage,
The butterfly skims,
Tossing sun-drenched wings.
Despite the daring cliff-
Delivered on currency of pelf,
Jagged rock and hard earth,
As it were velvet scented in mirth.
Shadowed by passing clouds-
The choir in blue serve their lauds,
Not recognizing the amicable pit,
The butterfly tumbles in a wind fit.
A plot of absent turf-
Portal reversal to natural birth,
Descending toward a mantled floor,
Shade blooms mark a kingdom's door.
Gliding among a flippant breeze,
The soul of term in destined ease.