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An Old Dedication Revisited

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An Old Dedication Revisited

by Anthony Balch

In varied degrees of hypocrisy we all wade the brief stream's
 Currents
 With our unreflective tongues
 Singing shallow thoughtless lyrics
 Without heart or thought for song.
 It is thus that words demean themselves,
 Unfelt and overused....

Scrawled emotions roam the subway,
 Words of love echo aloud
 Mongs't the word bombarded tonsils
 Of the gross consumption crowd.

Therefore my heart felt words are hoarded
 And my tongue is weight with
 The fear I be dubbed a Sophist
 With pick-pocket tongue.
 So I sing my song in solitude,
 Yet daring to speak my mind to you,
 My friend on your graduation,
 Let a very austere "will done" suffice
 (While the mute piece of love I bear in my heart blushes.)

Thought Fragments In Rhyme

by Anthony Balch

Loneliness is cold and bare
 It's made of love...with no one to share.

Are we searchers in the night
 Grappling for a torch to light?
 Or are we blind men in the light
 Just unaware we have no sight?

Echoes ring through empty heads
 Exalted words of the long since dead.
 Scheduled rings exhume great thoughts
 From a land of yawnes and mental drought.

To some the summit is not so high
 Threatening neither space nor sky.
 A fence post to some is a nifty climb
 With many a coffee break 'tween time.
 To a few the jagged peak is a curse
 Because its pointed top won't nurse
 The hunger of the spiring soul
 Whose death lies in a lack of goal.
 And then, blithely blindly
 There's me.