

# A Breviary

*by* David Ackley

Whistle for silence,  
giving no thought to the baleful  
sound of paradox.  
Be vicious but not beyond belief.

You are my child, my goat,  
my end of days

Stay inside the gate,  
the gate of pleasure or  
death your father passed through,  
who has not yet returned  
to tell you which.

