

# May the Glad Inherit

by Mathew Paust

They have at birth wings of the glad,  
before they understand they're born to die  
before they've found a god or learned denial to ease them on the  
way  
they're bubbly babes who trust their moms if not, as well, their  
fathers--  
their cries are healthy cries, relishing comfort and love and such--  
they'd rather warble, praising wonders, than simply screech

All creatures know death at their very core, a tacit default--  
and instinct, of innocents of the fruit of Knowledge, leads them  
undespairing  
all the way  
but comprehension brings a whole new game of espy and deny--  
the accelerating recognition of signs ever encroaching on  
deceptive routes of escape

The deep-sleep ogre that flees a dream-shouted **BOO!** returns by  
day  
in smug authority dress, casting looks and toxic odor  
the dashed expectation, sting of a quiet *no*, grownup's tears,  
grief's piteous wail...  
things that tug the ragged curtain back enough for the glimpse  
that chills all hearts, that those with wings of the glad  
can leave behind

Those with wings of the glad carry merriment in their eyes  
and their laughter is jolly and kind  
though they cry and die like the rest

