

Standing aloof

by Robert John Millar

I think it cumbersome to walk within a darkened room.
Too awkwardly uncouth, for one with such a corpulent frame, to
hug the hungry.

It weighs one down, to wave airily, to wildlings
By cages, and pain, made tame. Best to look away, than see
Prison's nightly game.

A hairless skull on weathered stalks.
Has no need to see, my robust glow.
Far better yet, to pity from afar, than enter into Pestilence's dark
star.

Prison; Pestilence and Poverty, Triumviri resplendent, as justice
mete full.

Best to stand aloof, aglow, within my lightened world.
In silent scorn their fate adjure.

Yet light would claim to present itself best,
In the corrupted forms of
Hopeless; helpless, hapless places.
I, in my resplendent best, must urge a reconsideration.

My bulky girth, yet airy step, has
No good way to enter into such dark themes.
Better yet light play with us in our easy days,
than ask of us to enter into Life's macabre ways.