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# Pro Rege

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Volume 31  
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue 2002*

Article 18

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December 2002

## Jocund Day

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### Recommended Citation

Vanden Bosch, Mike (2002) "Jocund Day," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 31: No. 2, 31.

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# Jocund Day

Mike Vanden Bosch

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Romeo

The idle hours of his day dust his dreams  
and the glass he sees through darkly. Why  
he had once run madly through tall cornfields  
he could barely remember, nor remember

the prickly green fear of being lost below  
a ceiling of corn four feet above his head.  
But now the fear comes crawling as his eyes  
graze on the dead leaves falling like

harvest dust in October. Pieces of the past  
slant into his thoughts like rays of light  
through vertical cracks in old hay-mow  
wood, now somehow comforting. And then

his fear is sucked through a funnel onto  
a green lea, green as young corn in May  
or June. Night's candles are burning,  
but jocund day stands tiptoe in the mist.

“Jocund Day” first appeared in the Spring 2002  
issue of *The Briar Cliff Review*.