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Jocund Day

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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
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