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The Eye of the Sky / One Is Still Left

L. C. Atencio

David Sparenberg

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The Eye of the Sky / One Is Still Left

The Eye of the Sky

by

L. C. Atencio

Once upon a rather odd night, a kid told me that the sky was asleep.
I frowned in bewilderment. Shrugging my shoulders, I inquired for details.
He said that the moon was simply the eyelid of the sun, and that the eye of the sky
was closed.

It took me some effort of imagination to comprehend where he was coming from.
I soon elaborated on his crazy idea by telling him that sometimes the sky fell asleep
In the middle of the day, just like he often did during math classes; I taught him this is
'a solar eclipse.'

ONE IS STILL LEFT

by

David Sparenberg

Even when the mythic journey is ending and Ithaca is in sight
—one is still left with the world.

Even when the highest personal potential is in hand like a chalice of lovely wine
—one is still left with the world.

If there is war and madness, hate crimes and ecocide
—one must still wrestle with the demons of darkness.

For the privileged luxury is a necessity. Even as the thirsty are dying for water
and the hungry are dying for bread.

To the wretched of the earth, the root of desire
—is a peaceful belly, and a place to sleep.