

Fortune

By David Kidman

Can I not reach you?
Do not whisper too quietly-
They will hear you
And your thoughts
You have promised much
For their own good

The wind is cold, the earth is bold
The tresses are trees of gold
Impressions gained are easily lost
The anvil of time is covered in frost

Did I not warn you?
Do not stand too close to the sky -
It will engulf you
And the sun
It has promised much
For your own end