

Change

Mark R. Birch

It's coming on fall,
time for a change, whispers the wind through the leaves.

Limbs twitch,
joints prepare,
blood increases its pulse through my mind.
It's neither news nor knowledge that cause this deferent air,
nor any remarkable ripple in the masses.

Lone though it is,
it is change.

Curious

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Curious it is
the simple means employed by God
to bring great things to pass.

A simple boy with simple tool
set free that ancient ageless epic
from time when seers roamed the earth.

What uncommon thing unbound
by that lever under stone.
Not merely golden leaves released,
much more
the minds of men.