

Barry Donlon

CARPE SAECULUM

Light from a galaxy
Reddened by time
Shudders across a universe
So deep the spasm
That started it
Has leaked away
To feeble background noise.

The cosmos lacks a fire
To warm its hands.
Seizing the day
And coupling close we try
To fight the overtaking entropy.

O PLAY THAT THING

Strong beginnings
Make for muted ends.
The mute that
Brakes the trumpet
None the less
Has its own kind of emphasis.