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Man on Gold Hill

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Force Majeure

Sam Lusk

Life came,
 Its own purpose a mystery,
 But I saw green leaves
 And I felt the magic of soft days;
 I shouted my song of happiness,
 And in a sentimental movie,
 I discovered my meaning.
 I charged the earthquake,
 Flattened the riot, plugged the volcano.
 Life hung back, just out of sight,
 Not caring whether my effort
 Was indolent or right.

Then life confessed itself,
 Dragging me through the muddy streets,
 And just as I found it too much to bear,
 Just as I came to know life, the predator,
 And began to grieve my sentence,
 Life showed me more sentimental theater
 And I cried for myself,
 And imagined truth and independence.
 But life, incognizant, came again to the gate;
 It mired me in the doorway of my opportunity,
 It starved my children
 And ignored my dire straits.
 I was a prisoner in it.

Then I discovered life thriving
 In burrowing beetles and worms,
 As happy there as in me.
 But I had lived out my screenplay;
 I praised the author, and died earnestly.

Man on Gold Hill Craig Erickson

