

Poetry by Papi

Passersby and the Find of Day

Papi - 07.07.07

Thrice have we come now mine eyes awakening same scene
For early have I staked claim to certain spot in this dawn
Even as the soon passersby that hope the find of day
Will alone made me rise to conquer slumber's guise
But this day be different for the rays and sounds never came
Instead the scrutiny ever so keen and anticipately sure
The passersby never came and by refusal to abandon the find of day
We sit here through wind and rain knowing this time things will change

Seconded time 'round and every first last and known move now cast in stone
Assured in view by habits unchanged the cockiness of self presents this day
The passersby again have lost tho' early have they tried
First ones' fleeting with busy chatter to search the find of day
Nectar sought of single bloom and just before left's song came
To master the unity of the darkness from the south by prejudiced gain
My commit to the analysis with refusal to change
Has set me to ponder this find of the day in memory, remorse, and anger unswayed

In determination first I came - with eyes eager to explore the game.
Which comes first in view of light - are these sounds and shadows left or right?
Some straight, still tall, others bent in sway - all passersby to the find of day ...
Teach me all - all of you - for we too must know and search the new.
I'll be quiet, satisfaction in breast: let's get to learning who needs the rest;
Our thoughts in time must be to chance - lullaby the rhyme to aid the dance
Return of morrow has set vows sure - challenged body of mind's allure.
Those passersby that search the find of day will they ever know I'm here to stay!