

*The Dawn-Bringer*

August Jirovec

Before the hill I stand,  
the sun across my back;  
a shadow in the sand  
commands my forward tack,  
and age-worn motifs lead  
the hand, the steed, and creed.

Embossed with saintly traits,  
the lure of roguish trades  
threatens to thwart coarse fates  
that trend toward staid charades,  
and right beliefs drift wrong  
by pricks from Doubt's bleak prong.

Lawless goes heart and mind,  
the sun against my face;  
a shadow draws behind  
who ceaseless gives me chase  
and silhouettes that etch  
their wretched ruleset stretch

into an inclined night.  
The glance askance begins  
to show my inmost blight  
(where locusts sowed their sins),  
and hobbled reap alone  
my birthright to atone.

Afired by bright flint strikes,  
the sun within me grows;  
a shadow legion's pikes  
will fall denied, their throes  
and plots dethroned break fast—  
the dawn I wake at last.

Let rise the morning star,  
the twin to my lightscapes;  
these torches once ranged far,  
returned eclipse two shapes:  
and douse my hell below

that once stoked heaven's glow.