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.

Embosed 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.