

KEITH FLYNN

The Contented Heart

Time is what man
Invented to justify
His existence. How

The hell do we even
Know, star child, what
Direction it is moving?

On the other side
Of the dark water
There is fear and there

Is eternity. Who lit
This flame, conjoined us
In the jungle's silver limbs,

Blew a turquoise hummingbird
From the mixed aromas
Of this land, and looped

It through the yellow trees?
The further from the salad
Days, the greater the fear.

The contented heart and
Its avenging power cannot
Fail to be beaten.

Better to be eaten
By light than not
To protect these dogs

At the bottom
Of the world.
The sons busy burning

In the glorious morning
On the shore
Of a habit so strong.