

Running With the Lions

Clar Doyle

On a clear day when the midday noon
Tangles with the frames of your
Best-bet day-planner
You will find him striding ahead
Dodging the low hanging branches
While eyeing the tips of the tops
Of the best birch trees
Searching for gems, that Dave
Gems that he can pare and share
Fashion and polish
Then pass on to the out hands
Of those who struggle for the precious stones
Of word and light
If you hear him breathing behind you
It is because he sees something beyond
The hazed horizon
Do not be bothered if he passes you
In your leisured track
For he runs with the lions, that one