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The Influx

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The Influx:

If U

could forecast
the future,
(spilling &
 splashing)
from darkened,
lifeless skies
drizzling Drops
willingly
(dive &
 drown)
become parts
of puddles;

the

rings remain,
rippled scars
(crashing &
 clashing)
sentenced to
spawning waves
within waves,
expanding
(outward &
 onward)
circles a-
mong circles,

one

after a-
nother; silent
(certain &
 forsaken)
cycles flow
ebbly on,
eternal
change without
(fearing &
 fretting)
an ending.
Up on fields,

see

the morning
Haze embrace
(boldly &
 coldly)
dampened earth
with outstretched
arms, almost
angelic,
(grimly &
 grayly)
save subtle
shadows; a

few

groundclouds wait
in limbo
(hovering &
 covering)
for sunlight
to dismiss
their dreary
existence,
(dazed &
 damned)
knowing they
will return;

and

foggy forms
have only
(worthless &
 priceless)
bodies for
mere moments;
transcendent,
timeless souls
(drizzling &
 morning)
are nature's
unborn. But

how

those golden
Randoms are
(tattered &
 torrid)
clinging so
dearly to
purposeful
perches, stuck
(flapping &
 flailing)
upon some
simple sticks;

are

autumn winds
the reason
(teased &
 taunted)
spirits reach
heights never
imagined?
Victims, who
(falling &
 flying)
though dying,
carry on?

All

are destined
to exist
(lying &
 piling)
with fellow
fallen sons,
hallowed ones
accepting
(bravely &
 naively)
fate because
they were once.

-Craig Bowers '9