

Mirage

(of a Contented Fool)

I struggle, helpless,
on love's relief, a rocky plain.
I am left for passing,
worn and parched,
over dunes of Death.
Distorting sands reveal to me
in shifting waves:
a way out.
I clutch the sand, in hand,
and I am gone-
not knowing
love's release is a mere distraction,
a bewildering mirage.

This land has reclaimed me;
I will no longer long.

—Michael Pracht