Earache at Dawn

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One half-hearted dawn I awoke in the middle of the most dreary reality of my dreams. I heard the restless stirrings of the tongue of one I once thought could have been one with me. Her tongue poised itself, the purging agent of an aching soul, and suddenly shot forth, spurred by the ache of a memory, and all the sorrow and glorious venom of a wretched and wronged wench accompanied the verbiage as I aged an ear.

TOM SWETS

The Rhetorician's marks are bloodlike left upon the (difficult to say creative) Composition (removed but a degree or two from the finite forms)

Bloody types, they, that forever bleed so readily, severed from the simple simultaneous burst of Seraph, to descend a sudden death (in final failing concrete form)

But, "It will have blood they say, Blood will have blood."

The rabble will one day rise up (silent stones may even begin to speak) Until revolt of ages unreturnable shall span the gap And those then lost within the room that literally is termed Reality (of the third wall removed type) Shall, have, or had To become claustrophobic And, in the future, consequently, shall Remove, No Obliterate all the stone of age formed walls.

Dedicated to one of the fineness, most red-blooded teachers I know.