

A WORD

Words by Doug Berger, 9/82

(Written at the Manhattanville Library)

A word of endless dreams,  
A word of limbic ecstasy  
In a meshwork of nature's program.

A word of caution,  
A word for children  
Who play in the street  
And hide in bushes at night.

A word for the old man  
Who limbers down the road,  
Hand with cane, tapping the asphalt.  
He sings his songs of dawn's twilight.  
Memories of a man in his prime.

A word of Ultimate Truth,  
Yet it slithers behind a mask  
of selfish concern.

A word that passes as quick as a single movie frame  
.....intangible.

A word for joy.  
A word for a Funeral Romance,  
And a word of hope.