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Narration on an Age that is Anytime

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POETRY

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NARRATION ON AN AGE THAT IS ANYTIME

It was a time that was meant for a great undoing;
 Wisdom graced through the air like a eulogy,
 Goodness *was*, as vast as infinity,
 And love—love had come pure in one effortless doing.

It was the time quite meant for a brilliant undoing;
 Faith was both vision and vise with no irony,
 Beauty was near, as alive as an ecstasy,
 Truth had no yield that form could not have in pursuing.

So it was: as though growthed beyond fear, or a sudden undoing,
 Life slept too long. Doubt fused to memory,
 Became loss, was a hate, swarmed fear like a jeopardy.
 From fate. Life woke, then rushed from the seething ruin,

O how the time rushed toward its great great undoing.

MEADE HARWELL

THE WHITE DUCK

The son of the king is going hunting
 With his gun of silver.

I'll build a little mill by the river,
 A little boat to cross the water.

The son of the king is going hunting,
 Sights the black one, kills the white.
 O son of the king, you are cruel!
 You've killed my pretty white duck.
 At the wing it's losing its blood,
 Gold and silver through the bill,
 Through the eyes beautiful diamonds,
 From its tail foam of white.

I'll build a little mill by the river,
 A little boat to cross the water.