

Ascent of Apollo

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A poem for Mr. Dibbles' challenge.

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Lambs, rams, ewes:

Emerge from your cocoons of woven slumber.

The shepherd's breath awaits you beyond the gate,

So arise anew and set sheepish eyes to rest

Upon bejeweled skies fastened with multi-faceted hues.

Your patron's loyalty cannot be tested or attested to,

For its existence is but an ever-evolving ballet.

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With high bleating coats and dusty woolen voices,

You usher rhyme and reason toward the horizon.

There, let play your lips, softly gazing at clouds,

While your ravenous eyes, red-rimmed and hazy,

Graze on dainties left unspoiled by human feet

And that destructive beast the farmer calls Plow.

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Know there is no need to fear the wolf â | for now;

He slinks silently beneath dawn's divine shadow,

Leaving you in peace for this space of time,

A time when you need not lead or follow,

But stand even-toed, basking in fleeces of gold,

As young and old carry out the ancient ritual

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That begins with the blessed ascent of Apollo.

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