

The Sweeper

The Sweeper

By : June Martin

This about me, as I stood peeping from the old oak tree, looking at the old sweeper doing his job in the dead of night. There's total murk, and in the moonscape, he spots me. This poem will have sequel.



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His broom made a creaking sound,
Which coherently followed the track,
And the maple leaves flew breaking all bounds,
Still decipherable in the black.

The calls of bats, the eyes of owls,
Leave the faintest glow:
The creatures making various sounds,
Like the footnoise of the running doe.

I suspected the man, from the dawn of age,
Who was mysterious as I can see,
His long beard flaunting with the wind,
His cloth all old and stuffy.....

He intially belonged to a curate,
As I believe a call-
In the holy name, he did his work,
In the heaviest mist or fall.

I tend to make a hollow sound,
As stupid as I could act,

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He turns around and looks all over,

But he doesn't find a fact.

The sweeper sweeps away the little buds,

So small, so tiny, so wee,

And then his lantern flickers to flame:

The sweeper spots me!

- June Martin

(to be continued)

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