

## **La Scène**

Who cast my soul  
upon this awesome stage?  
Where fiery volcanic veils  
consume a quest for eternal breath.

Bedazzled, mine eyes flee about a glowing silvery plain  
Searching, vainly . . .

Wait!  
Chaos amuses the alleged-wise,  
as seated beyond  
Fools nod insatiably 'neath pulsating shadows  
within the play.

A spinous finger curls a message whilst ravaged souls  
cast an ageless, granite pose:  
'All that was . . . was! All that shall be . . . shall be!'  
Written immutable . . . . Inscribed immutable,  
Before All.

Frailty devours our youth-spent dreams  
Leaving wasted beyond our lonely journey,  
As 'TRUTH' ignobly stumbles, unleashed from paradise.

But paled crimson clouds grasp a heaving horizontal,  
And descends the curtain embraced in thunderous Blackness.

Now,  
So naked to mine eye.

***Earle B. Weiss***