

Of a Callow Soul

by Daniel Kelly

An August eve,
That's warm and bewitching,
Feels a cool breeze,
And a bright glaze enriching.

And the abrazo of Kama-Deva,
So cozens callow souls,
Appearing godlike to the enslaved heart,
But such new roads may take shallow tolls.

And the sweet red indulgence,
Of a fine vintner's ageing,
So takes it's vengeance,
Serving sound acumen a soft disengagement.

And the guidance of a soft pretty hand,
So steals day and night,
From whence it was planned,
Now making lazy light.