

The Irony of Acceptance

And then the morning comes,
like a thief,
to steal your dreams and leave
behind the drudgery
that passes for life.
“How can you let this go?”
You leave tomorrow
in a ditch with twenty
trenchèd gashes in its head.
Your mettle shines through.
I wonder, in the sleep to come,
will you continue your quest,
or will it leave you
to plant in more fertile ground
elsewhere?

– Jeffery Greb