

ILLUSIONS BY THE MOONLIGHT

by Shane Brant

It's Night again. How'd it come? While reading.
A desk amassed in books. The floor scabbed, too, with pages;
Bookcases with books on top; dishes where Tradition would have books.
Candles, notes, trash- all company to the change of light.
At the desk a lamp beside the chair; another, an island where the books sea.
These things and I enjoyed the sun, clouds, trees pleading Spring.
Reading. Then the dimness formulated, Darkness came, intruded,
A landlord demanding rent. The acknowledgement that Time has passed-
There is no gain in Living. All is measured in Negations;
Every moment brings subtraction.
Each time we assess our loss to be less than what we know is worst
Is an achievement; every loss less than Loss, a happiness.

