

THE RING IS A NIMBUS

by Oscar Treadwell

When you catch the ring
and try to get off,
the speed is such,
with timing the thing,

delaying departure to
empty the trough of the lie
and its constant entreaty
to slough,

sapping the energy
needed to part,
lulled to inaction
to make that first start.

But, life as it is,
is not to be scorned
to know, but ignore,
seems a much better

ploy, than constant
objection and
self-satisfaction
instead of the

joy, of approved
unanimity, one among all.
But, you caught the ring,
and the knowledge

installed, will not
let you sleep,
will not let you fall.

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