

staring into black

sooner or later
every man must stop fighting
the stars.

sooner or later
his life will run him down
and he will lose
what he holds most dear.

the one thing
that has kept him going
 given him reason during the day
 and comfort
 during the hour of the wolf
will slip from his grasp.

no beacon
no safe harbor
dead-eyed stranger in the mirror
old fool ground down by the days
slack skin staring into black
 night after sleepless night
alone and drowning
 in the far end of the pool.