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Brown, Adam 2007, O mask of day, in Tributaries : 2007 Geelong Writers anthology, Geelong Writers Incorporated, Geelong, Vic, pp.90-91.

Available from Deakin Research Online

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O MASK OF DAY

O Mask of Day,
Forlorn and grey,
No warming sun can shine.
Yet when the clouds
Release their shrouds
Will lovers cease to pine?

O Bird of Night
So free in flight,
Your visage undiscerned.
Does it disgust
When see you must
That to machines we've turned.

O Aged Oak,
Was you that spoke
As pondered I the morn.
If you, my guide,
Advise my stride,
How can I know the dawn?

O Rolling Fields
That Nature wields
As far as eyes can see,
Can you bring peace,
Our minds acquiesce,
Like Wordsworth said to me.

O Marinere,
Is't you I hear,
Persuading me to sit?
You talk a while
Yet in your style
Does any wisdom fit?

O Sacred Urn,
From you we learn
Of Beauty and of Truth.
Could Keats be wrong
In verse so strong
Despite his endless youth?

O Precious Verse,
Withhold your curse,
Help find our sense of self;
Or just like Clare,
We'll start to stare,
And think we're someone else.

O Fire of Heart
From Byron's dart,
Will love see our lives through?
Or can it be
That love for me
Is just a figment too?

O Breathless Death,
On us you've crept
Since time was but a babe.
Are you a friend
Or in the end
Did Shelley rot in shade?

Romantic Creed,
Is there a need
To dwell on things so much?
The life we lead
Does pass with speed,
Perhaps that is enough.