

THE HITCH HIKER (Shadows Passing...)

How is it I seem to always return to that place (in ex parte consent)?
where alone walked she – but by none so thoroughly as by me whom has himself risen
from the dreams of thine eyelids pale, no doubt, through the same defect of undue
brevity, thou art, thy souls silent scream – life? The winds are breathing low, deciding
long past this just urging, self-evident, by thy poet's pen condemned will not be
essentially damaged by those who seek the "Truth." When did technology surpass
"humanity" when no man is impressed by the material grandeur of thy doctor's
"Synopsis?" Adorned yon world, afar, and afar – its echo dwelleth of beauty's eye – I
live; I die – to its destined eminence. "Good Morning Vietnam," do this, do that; take
this pill, have this test, medicinal of nothing earthly save the un-decisive-ness away,
away. Alas, the jukebox plays, a discordant melody, of the passion-hearted. Ah, but left
alone in solitude to weep above a nameless grave (I am) from morn to eve all seen in the
myriad eyes of thy human fate/this song sung: ("I walk through this earthy garden alone
singing: 'I want to know have you ever seen the rain/coming down sunny day:' while the
dew is still on the roses..."). Hope! Now say it, say it as though it fall'st into the soul
like rain upon the withered plain which bindest life around a needle sunk deep into the
bone marrow (Farewell) of life's veriest stepping-stone: say it, unquiet heaven, yes, say
it: if priests the selling do by mere heresy, unavowedly O' wounded soul, they allude in
blindfold hesitation – man is cursed (the epic) inferred, length of life, death, a syllable
exhausted, God's veriest stepping stone, stands nobly and alone, doest death cometh – a
diadem'd outlaw'd –

Shall do upon mankind its spiritual destiny.

When did technology surpass "humanity" when no man is impressed by the material
grandeur of thy doctor's "Prescription?" Much have I marveled, but none more than the
bible on my nightstand, the rosary beads I have saved from my mother's passing, or my
leftover dog tags, battlefield scarred thy burden bore, the stillness broken by no reply.
Say it unquiet heaven, yes, say it: if priests the selling do, that one word, as if his soul in
that one word he did outpour – hope! Into the bone marrow (Farewell) of life's veriest
stepping stone: say it unquiet heaven, yes, say it again, say it in the voice of blindfold
hesitation found in a dark parallel room suffering from amnesia – the soul is not
constructed to belong entirely to this life/and death grown weary – to those things we
cannot imagine: "the red berries of the mountain ash," and "the birds night migrations" in
eternal solace find!

Thine is the stillness broken by no reply so aptly spoken, his song sung loudly
above his nameless grave, no, not yet dug, not yet, thy burden bore – said I, "hope!"

Written by Allen Francis Foley, SGT/USMC/Medically Retired after his daylong
Oncology/Neurology appointments/tests at the VA Hospital in Togus, Maine on April 23,
2007: his burden of war reborn...