

HARBOR

TONI SCORSESE

The Lady stands vigil in every weather
Assigned to hold the family tether
She wonders if unity has found its nether
Why can't the children play together?

The Lady frowns dismayed in current climate
Chagrined to hear voice is indurate
She wonders if anomie has found its basement
The ass, trunk, and shell – embarrassments!

The Lady weeps forlorn in stormy season
Wishing to school the flock their reason
She wonders if discourse has found its treason
If but she strives a day that's even.

The Lady hopes gravely in final era
Bracing to learn a deal of dicker
She wonders if bargain has found its terra
To live in this land – all together.