

Linus, the Faithful One

Brian Forde

The sun's transit ends faithfully below.
I again prepare faithfully aglow.
Dilettante and hell-bent evermore I
attest your reign to faithfully follow.

I will see.
I will see.

Crisp air and low mists froth softly down lane.
With apparent blue blanket I abstain
all witch-ghoul ghost's and goblin's fray. Thumb-suck
in moonshine, beseech me your great refrain.

You will see.
You will see.

Sacred pumpkin patch, among pickets low.
I will show you true the spirit I know
to only be true to good girls and boys.
I await they who come to mock me so.

They will see.
They will see.

Rise great one and spread gifts of goodness to all
I, the Faithful One, await your call.
If you come-Oh no, no! What have I done?
Casting of any doubt will be my fall.

Where are you?
Where are you?

But, when morn dew, new stash of spirit rings
the sincerity of faith to all things.
For only he in league, true and faithful
awaits the great gifts that a pumpkin brings.

He will see.