

The Devil in Black Genes

By Ian Rons

All along the sodden trail the wood was stale
and dank,
The witching-wood, the darkened bower,
grizzled in the hail.
All through the wind a whisper, whipping by
the nestling boughs,
Of lonesome tryst of Self and Soul, no
pattern in the sky described.

Though not to heaven intuition 'lone itself
could guide
(For "Self" and "Soul" admits of parts —).
By Spirit fresh – undaunted challenge to the
dark of years –
This night shall chance a trace of terror, lost
into the wind.

And in that darkness was no trace of memory
of thought;
Nor sense of Heaven rushing in,
acknowledging the King.
Long left alone, I chanced upon the Devil on
a night-dark steed,
His piercing lance transfixed this wight now
wrapt in shroud of Day.