

Full of Mad Hope

by Bill Yarrow

full of mad hope
we dash into the street
leap into the fray
and enter splendiferous lists

full of mad hope
we move from the west
fill our dressed heads with information
and break open the infrangible text

full of mad hope
we fashion a mask
fling up the shade
and rename the earth

full of mad hope
we ascend Swiss mountains
search African caches for gems
and dance in fields of high lightning

full of mad hope
we put ourselves in history
we teach what we love to marry what we grieve
and wrap artifacts of infancy in longevity ice

full of mad hope
we pull ourselves up to the light
revisit the dead in search of severance
and see in the future our previous face

full of mad hope
we seek a set of unique keys

take the jobs that soften our souls
and answer the intoxicated call of our will

