

## **Ill Sun**

Ill sun, pulled down gray from the sky  
like a calve's eye from her socket.  
Reflection trumps ambition.

My craft affected by medieval chemical  
philosophies and the crushing doldrums  
along the straights of authenticity.

How my cartography skills have improved!  
Never gave thought to live any place  
other than here. Hand over heart.

It's been a long time since my endurance performance.  
Fortunately, I proceed on a course of thought  
beyond which reversal is impossible.

Here's the hard part: Discovering  
there's a difference between being an artist  
and trying to remain one.