The Way

Tom Harkin*
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Abstract

Dreary, dark, and dusky street Ill-lighted by the single lamp, Why cover yourself this night With a heavy veil of Hades’ mist?...
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by Tom Harkin

Dreary, dark, and dusky street
Ill-lighted by the single lamp,
Why cover yourself this night
With a heavy veil of Hades' mist?

To hide an evil act fulfilled within your fold?

A heinous deed seen only by
The author and his Enemy?
So I, in not being witness,
Shall not be called to testify?

Or from my eyes do you harbour an act of love?

A love so pure that none should see
But the Composer and His enemy?
So I, in darkness, shall have no counsel
To direct me at the corner?

Damn you mouldy, murky maze
Damn you mist to shield my gaze
To see myself and nothing else
In this dreary, dark, and dusky night.