

# THE ROUSING

*Wesley Lambert*

I wake from rigid centuries  
of scouring winds and rain,  
and shake Time's tattered cobwebs loose  
and flap away all pain.

I tiptoe on my narrow perch  
and test my rusted wings,  
and shimmy up the drainage pipe,  
while a far-off bell rings.

I clamber up the rooftop spire  
admiring fresh new sights—  
horseless carriages in motion  
and piercing, blinding lights.

I reminisce about hailstones  
and pigeons pecking eyes,  
for even in my slumber I  
savored these lullabies.

A chuckle hisses past my teeth.  
I feel the fires within.  
And with a bound, I stab the sky,  
my sculptor's gravest sin.

Whimpering human voices quake,  
soft crooning to my ears.  
A smile peels back my leathern lips,  
once transfixed by the years.

Ere, superstitions stalked these roads,  
and so I ruled the skies;  
but doctrines withered into doubts  
and dimmed my seething eyes.

Yet now I have awakened to  
skepticism's retreat.  
A banquet beckons me below—  
It's high time that I eat.

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