

Poem – Happiness

Happiness

as a word, is not full enough
for what we seek.

The dusky desire of ancient stars
a canticle in us.

This melody is not chanced prattle
of a mockingbird's copy-song.

We are the unrestrained soar
of a lark's pure chord.

Our dissonant exile

hums in elegant tension

with consonant belonging.

Harmony serenades
on the other side of night—

pleasures wail in our throats.

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