

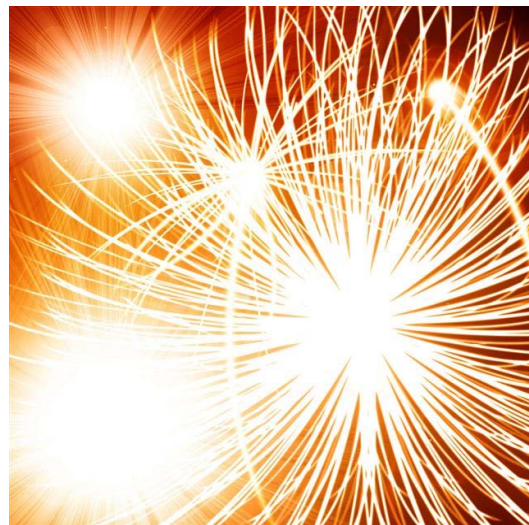


[Contents](#) | [Contributors](#) | [Guest Art Haber](#) | [Guests Hinkle and Bondhus](#) | [Editors](#) | [Links](#) | [Submissions](#) | [Purchasing](#)

When Herald Midnight Told July the Fourth

When herald midnight tolled July the Fourth
 Before the deathblow found my swollen heart,
 My face did show a symptom of the dart
 And body danced a jig to match its mirth.
 A fitful music spun the petty earth
 That I no longer needed for a part
 In the happy ending that was to start
 With my drinking at Love's fountain from its source.
 Her sight, her scent, her intoxicating laugh
 I beheld in the works that lit the night.
 Her arms that lifted children into flight
 Would softly hold the offspring we would have.
 The liquor that some marry is often kind to men
 But oh! To have the blindness that I had that night, again.

—*John Kearns*



[Contributors](#)

[Contents](#)

© 2011 Poetry, John Kearns