

## **Therein**

**Mindy Watson**

The Hermit, face festooned in lines that foresight etched therein,  
Irradiates the wasteland's haze, his lamp up-stretched therein.

The Lamp of Truth's bright wick irradiates the Death's Head moths  
That congregate—self-immolate—for instinct sketched therein.

Irradiated gentlemen, their age-lined faces swathed  
In strip-club light, delight in naked limbs outstretched therein.

The castle's call irradiates men's mundane souls, then off  
They go to seek deliverance—howe'er farfetched—therein.

By lantern's light, he hoists the cargo truck's back door aloft  
And spies irradiated, flyblown men, their limbs outstretched therein.

The Hermit, face festooned in lines that foresight etched therein,  
Irradiates the wasteland's haze, his lamp up-stretched therein.