

## **Pardon My Dust**

I cannot believe  
I am to blame,  
sentenced, delivered  
to the hands of erupting misfortune.  
I have made a promise to  
my other self, that between  
the ironies of this life  
there is a place for me.  
So I live in this world  
and scheme with other men  
in order to save this paradise  
as if by some recognizable understanding  
I can achieve such goals without  
the aid of life.  
I do not know how to live with love  
but without the consistency and  
affirmation of some enchanted flame  
there burns only the reassurance that  
all my human works are in vain.  
What is this brutal execution I call progressiveness  
if only a disguise to murder the matter with selfish scrutiny?

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