

2019

By The Candlelight

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Recommended Citation

Martini, Andrew De (2019) "By The Candlelight," *The Tuxedo Archives*: Vol. 2013 , Article 3.
Available at: <https://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2013/iss2/3>

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By the Candlelight

Andrew De Martini

The illuminations of generations past,
Have gone to the catacombs to sleep with dear Fortunato.
Winter's chill has lingered into an unending phase,
While light has ceased to unleash its fiery gaze.

With the little shacks all lined up in a row,
Questions abound, but are unable to grow.
Children from the suckled teat,
What will you contribute
Or will you revel in defeat?

Whispers of a coming time,
Fall upon the deaf ears of blind mice,
While the raging inferno continues to climb,
And virtue is consumed by vice.

The iron scales have lost their touch,
As the masses face the cattle prod.
While the soul can only take so much,
It latches onto each fleeting crutch.

Swill merchants slinging anything they can sell,
While the swine are comforted by the sound
Of humming capitalist tones.
The paradise that is this hell,
Shall remain until dust is all that is left of our bones.

Flaccidity is no state of comfort,
While the structures of our displeasure remain erect.
The underlying current of unrest I do detect,
But the apathy of a generation
Has left any movement to be suspect.

Hope still floats along in each gentle breeze,
But grasping it will not be done with ease,
For the jester is always watching, and looking to appease.

To break on through a new light must be lit,
For the old flames have burnt all the way to the tip.
By the candlelight
A new verse shall be written,

And a new future etched into earth and stone.
By the candlelight,
The visions of hope shall always be known

The Future, Unsold

All ye who drivell with swine,
What is the point of this time?
Lost men without a cause,
You wander into an unending pause.

The merriment of drink and laughter,
Has left you without anything to look for, or after.
While the poison courses through the veins,
The junkies' sweet delight,
And apathy's inevitable plight
Are all that remains.
The tombs of the nameless past,
Whisper upon deaf ears about a die already cast.
The rose buds bloom as spring struggles to shine through,
But the womb is barren, and yields nothing true.

Come one,
Come all,
The future can be un-stalled.
Fruit in the Garden of Eden,
Has yet to poison the lives you want to believe in.

The jester dances upon the mighty shoulder,
While the rest are left to growing older.
The tempest strings a lovely tune,
In order for the masses to heal the bloody wound.

The dust has yet to settle,
And now it is dawn,
The world keeps turning,
And yet you still play along?

Dogmatic fallacy dances along the tongue,
While all that is lost can never be won.
Burning within the heart's desire,
Is the lingering need for something to aspire.

As the birds become slowly chained to the sky,
The concrete jungle swallows all those who fall awry.

For all the cries demanding revolution,
No one seems to want to die for the solution,
While resolution and absolution muddy the waters
With nothing but intrepid illusion.

The seeds of hope have come to die,
While the puppet masters let out a collective sigh.
In the valley of darkness the headless horsemen ride again,
Knowing not where the light was once lit.
The soul, it weeps,
Leaves a fleeting reminder for only it to keep.

The past has yet to unfold,
While the present is here to behold,
And upon the precipice of the future told,
A light remains, un-bought and unsold.