Yvan

Tiny fingerprints in window frost,
Sunlight's regress mounting cost –
No matter the inertia this night's length,
You respond with mythic strength.

Treacherous sidewalks/glass streets,
Dire predictions/fears accrete –
Still the clockmaker you carry on,
Trusted father/sweet Hyperion.

In the kitchen sautéing aubergine,
Minding how Love might intervene –
Committed to kindness/vowed to care,
In search a path futures fare.

Besieged by doubts/intent on lucidity,
Midst stretched boundaries of credulity –
To be a savior requires a lot,
Pascal would wager all you've got.