

FRANCIS BLESSINGTON

REVEILLE . . . TAPS

The brashy bragging of the trumpet
proclaiming the persistence
of never-resting hunts.

The resounding warring,
signalling where the heart
of the gonfalons and stout marching is.

Sudden plunges, golden now,
waft love notes, as if battle were done,
the brave and the fair united.

The post-horn leaps
in its far gallop
and fades away.

The tin horn escalates, mesmerizing
us concertgoers to rejoin Gabriel
with greater gusto and not drag behind.

It drones how Alpine horns
soothe the cattle glens,
the roll call, the nightly prayer.