

## **Misery's Nadir—**

*The lowest point of low*

*Pendulum Swings Out of Darkness*

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Pendulum's swing stalls-in-shutter at highest peak—  
where gears balk to climb another squeak.

Sweet moments live *now!* as before Vietnam,  
my soul does revel—this time must last forever.  
Here— *this instant*— lives calm, tranquility and sleep  
ever so sound. I felt the love of wife and family.  
*This good day will pass*, I know, and never can be altered.

I loathe pendulum's set gravity-course downward, once  
more into weary darkness— the path I cannot sidestep—  
and spurn the great height my mind shall now fall...  
Swinging-pendulum... why show delight with streaks of  
anxiety's-contrails?

Tempered not with remorse, pendulum arcs o'er depression's  
rank abyss— blackhole for light and peace.  
The pendulum-scythe slices new wounds in flight, and  
at its *six* the Ruler of Demons lances the boil he calls *Hope*,  
gushing forth a puss-pestilence of wretched-despair, and  
Time seems to creak by so slowly...

The dark side I must flee—once and for all— the ups  
and downs can break the man and rip out his soul.

Why wallow and tarry at misery's nadir—  
the lowest point of low?  
This place of pendulum's darkness,  
only Satan could savor.