



*Issue I.ii, Spring 2013*

## **Atticus, The Prince of the A.M.**

Basil Chiasson

You, on the continuum of life,  
Are much nearer to birth than to death.  
And tragedy, of the classical strain,  
Has no place here.

But notice already how obtuse,  
How arcane my quantification,  
Against the quiddity of your morning performance:  
Indefensible smiles, raw kicks, and sweet coos  
Dramatize the force of your will.

Words, time, its clock, and the grown  
Have yet to contend as your keepers;  
So it is you, sweet prince of the a.m.,  
Who opens a space in the mind.

In a world bent on tilting at death in the night,  
I do honour you.  
In evenings where mornings like this are consumed,  
I will praise you;  
And shall through you seek a kind of perfection,  
Before twilight effaces my self as a child.