

# Thief

Richard Buckner

Give it back: broken-in and stolen from the mourning,  
Counted out, the branded charged ahead of the warnings  
Rising beyond their due, checking behind for you  
With word on the way you heard was never sent,  
Watching the gone go by baited and kept alive,  
Shaking you loose, but you'd wind up again  
Near the stars, spreading out and stranded somewhere, waving,  
Seen and lost, the moment has only left them waiting. Seize the light; was it only shelter you  
were taking?

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