

## **The Ferns Of Yesterday's Fog**

by Bradford W. Tilden

The ferns of yesterday's fog  
Unfurl their emerald arms  
To reveal the gifts of the past  
Unenshrouded from their mist

The Angel chose, the Demon picked  
The lung, the spleen, to keep afloat  
Across the marshes of the sunken Styx  
I barely missed the night's last boat

Dredged from bayou brain, these foggy gems  
The thoughts of precious fears  
All dissolve in the solvent  
Of today's cathartic tears

The soul, the self, the sun  
Evaporates those tears  
And the new joy of now  
Grows into the happiness of years