

He draws near the periphery
In disbelief on delivery
Came child from the deep inferno
Crusty head of dead volcano
Heartless crow with brittle beak
Wooden leg too shocked to speak
Lilac dust of a woman's hair
A wooden cross a paper prayer
A stone where her body lay
A stack of feathers a pile of hay
A mushroom for an eye ball
A mustache from the snow fall
Worms weave a ring where fairies square dance
Queens and kings fairies weave wigs with eyelash
Trance music makes the fairies dance
From the caves of snail shells
Echoes the mutter medieval spells
Mystery flows her wicked river
Of thorn and blade and silver sliver
Bending 'round the clover fields
Their sapling stems don't break but yield
Her pain inflicts no arguments
Must learn to sway and un-arrange
As earth she makes her final passage
After humans long have ravaged

Vanished with all maps for motion
Upward angels last devotion
One by one escort us home
To leave the elementals free to roam
To bathe in the last of ocean's foam
To beach comb the nuclear debris
Our plastic toys and our metal trees
On the perfect day you'll find the breeze
Once blew the pollen the feet of bees
Now cry the stars when upon the earth
Their gaze might rest a nostalgic burst
A lament be heard through all the cosmos
Of the dying planet with fallen foes