

## Flight

## Autumn Tears

mirror reflects pools of water  
dripping timelessly from  
scars of a mortal coil  
the majestic garden wounded.  
shares her wisdom no longer  
and with this... I remember...

birds of song  
now but ash and ember  
they lie silent  
amidst the vision  
of burning trees  
her eyes swollen  
spilling raindrops of blood  
treasures of life  
scorched and ravaged  
earthly seasons burned away  
a memory etched  
like a blackened scar on a shell  
of what once was beauty  
weak and fragile teardrops fill  
the pools of ice  
the taste of the poison filters  
through every ebony sunrise

no light shines upon  
the ruins of what once was  
a wasteland some call home  
the naked season we call...