

## In Parting

Be'lakor

After one but before the next,  
In a tree where new life writhed and flexed  
Two birds emerged to hold the world  
And grow from feeble talons curled

But fate see them part that day  
As lightning cut their branch away  
By winds to distant places sent  
Almost as if it all had meant

That though their bloodied wounds would fade,  
They'd wonder where their brother lay  
For every day from that day on  
They'd wait to hear a certain song

In vain, for years, thought one was strong  
And one was not, for far too long  
Until his bones and thoughts were old,  
And feathers burnt and lost and cold

The stronger of the two could see  
A distant bird, how weak was he  
In drawing near but knowing not,  
Just who he was, or why, or what

the stronger talons tore at flesh  
And stripped away that feathered mess  
And all without a sound or cry,  
Or even ever knowing why

Yet as the sun began to sink  
He seemed to sense, he seemed to think  
That soon his brother might appear  
From somewhere close, from somewhere near  
Convinced this was his brother's fate,  
Above his corpse, he sat... to wait