

Sad to See the Season Go

Cowboy Junkies

Hollow boned and feathered
She fell to him,
Wriggling perdition she plucked
From deep within.
Feasted high on flowering branches
The fruit of his heart he gave willingly
For her song.

From fresh wounds
Were gathered thick sheaves of love.
He lay open palmed to her world:
She stretched in arched abeyance,
Holding thunderclap and starlight in one mind.

Sad to see the season go.
I'll miss the crackling of the air,
The loss of all I know.
Sad to see the season go.

Indian corn and the bitter taste of envy in the air.
Mired now in cyclic decay.
The nag of conquest.
Skeletal arms
Embrace a withering world.

Sad to see the season go.
I'll miss the crackling of the air,
The loss of all I know.
Sad to see the season go.

Locked here these dreams of you,
Imperfect dormant seeds.

There is a dignity
To this solitude,
A sparkling ambiguity
Both liquid and solid at one time.