

## Lord Winter

Death in June

Like Luther's army  
And Abel's brother  
I woke to find  
Only to smother  
And angel fat at  
Satan's feast  
Where falsehood, childhood  
And loneliness ceased  
Delicate like grief  
I am rapist, well-healed  
Double the echo of silence  
Like a dusty dead rose  
Contaminate with neglect  
Every little heart  
Should end up broken  
And shrouded by fog  
Asleep in  
The stumble of autumn  
The pain was calvary  
Our living on  
Empty!  
The dead of it -  
The dread of it!