

A Staggering Moon

Elend

Amidst the streams of the river
The flow
Was a changing
And autumn rain unfolded its charm

With the thorns of absence
So sweet to your skin
In the dusty veils of morning
You had forgiven all bearing

The land blessed the manifold
Faces of your love
The garden
Lies asleep
The grave unclouded
And we dance about a fallen sun

Night-moths on her wings...
A staggering moon