

# The Gibbet Elms

Fen

We have stood for centuries  
Sentinels that frame the sky  
We have felt the exhalation  
Of souls passed under us

We have trembled in the cold winds  
That lash the soils of death  
We have drawn upon the poisoned strength  
Of earth steeped in sorrow

Our limbs have twitched and quivered  
To the sound of myriad snapping necks  
Our roots remained anchored and unmoved  
To the whispers of ending that clamour within

All now is silent and still  
Yet resting not are the echoes of the lost  
As twilight descends and the murders wheel to roost  
The fallen rise again like mist

To drape once more from our arms  
Like the rotting sails of a long-abandoned vessel  
The scars of time have reaved their pain not  
As the land sings its death-song again

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Sentinels that frame the sky  
We have drawn upon the poisoned strength  
Of earth steeped in sorrow

A final threnody for a forlorn convoy  
That wanders, lost, in this bleak labyrinth  
Condemned to the aether beyond time  
A memorial pain unyielding that seeps into our souls