

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