

The Warren

Fen

Labyrinth of soil, twisting, writhing, ever changing,
All life returns here, Death, decomposition rebirth.
Ancient barrows exhale and beckon with hands of stone,
I move towards the welcoming black,
Allow my being to merge with the earth.
And the soul wanders,
And the soul wanders,

Lost alone yet unafraid,
To roam the warren for eternity.