

The yellow leaves fly with the wind
Covering the graves below the willow
The old man stands in the doorway
Wiping his eyes with soiled sleeve

He kneels at the foot of the graves
And touches the time-worn epitaph
Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they shall see God

The grief of loss claws at his bleak soul
The wind carries the first freezing rain

With the rain appears a light
The bright ray of the cold autumn day
It illuminates the cliffs beyond the field
And casts vast shades upon the soaked grass

The man recoils from his distant thoughts
The rain flows along his furrowed cheeks
He stares at the warmth of caressing light
And weeps the unseen tears with the rain

He touches the grass with the palm of his hand
And lets the wind sway him towards the past
He follows the path of forgotten oblivion
And vanishes in the rain on his dying day