

## An Offering Of Grief

Pallbearer

In the twilight hour clouds obscure the bleeding light  
As they bear the body of the sun  
To lay at rest in the earth

Lay a shade on my eyes,  
On the corners where mysteries are born  
Let me search the distant stars for what is left of my  
ruin  
Inhaling the stillness, I make silence my temple  
And place an offering of grief  
A communion with the soul

In the shadows I wander  
A solitary man, fearing not the hidden  
But searching  
In this harsh world of deception, I will stand up once  
more  
And find within myself the strength to stumble again