

Sylvan-night

Shape of Despair

Sylvan-night

Sweet bleak bliss of these pale mists pass...
and I watch in trance how this weather's
wind howls between the trees... and how these
last signs of light smoothly dances within...
trying to ease this dark burden... just let me
emerge in and touch sylvan-night... care-
fully they caress me and touch gently...
though my worlds are not spoken here and
never revealed... I do dream this in myself
as I'm painfully wrapped in leaves...