

Harvest

The 3rd and the Mortal

The cat sharpens its claws
And runs into the cornfields
Children playing hide and seek
A frail figure dressed in a cape
Wandering with measured steps
Haunted by derisive words

They want to capture the ogress
Wandering aimlessly
Finding pebbles on the ground
Picking leaves from from an oaktree
Stalks make rents in green sails
Have some candy
She says

Far beneath the raging sea
Lies a monstrous vessel
Chained men singing elegies