

Sheafs Of Sparks

The Enid

We're sitting 'round the fireside
Nearby the moonly sparkling stream
The crackling flames breath glow and ride
In dying glitterclouds towards the river

Out of the flames are rising thoughts
Who're being told and I've been foretold
Figures rise, who've been besought
In long gone summers, not to leave

Instantly gone, some love is newly growing
Fading, burning and flying away
War has covered fatherland
Who knows who much the flames can tell?

One of us may be the ordinand
Of fire, whitessed in the glow
Of firesides of those who follow us
When you'll be nothing more
Than sheafs of sparks