

## October

Wyrđ

The rivers, the lakes, and the oceans  
All stood still,  
And nothing stirred within  
Their silent depths

Ships sailorless lay  
Rotting on the sea  
And their masts fell  
Piecemeal

Come September, Summer dies away  
Come October, So cold are our ways  
Come September, Summer dies away  
Come October, So short are our days

They slept on the abyss  
Without a surge  
The waves were dead  
The tides were in their grave

And the clouds perished;  
Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them  
She was the universe