

Andy Zipf

"The Delight Of Autumn Passion"

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The beautiful odour of October winds
Gently caress me with it's benevolent hands,
Yet so dark and gloomy in it's soul
It permeates my intense heart with silent delight
How I do love the passion of fading away

The passion of dying...

For it is Death herself who sweeps the landscape,
Embracing a lost world in shades and vapour

I will never forget the dread of November,
Her grievance and stillness of lonely nights
The desire of heart, in minor adorned,
Dancing so gently as dim northern lights

How I do love this pleasant seclusion,
This old bitter-sweet feeling,
The passion of solitude

O' my frozen Queen of December nights
Let me transcend into a sleep without dreams,
Let me wither in your cold white arms...

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