

## Clark Anne "Echos Remain"

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Autumn leaves that collect weight in the ashes of  
Summer  
Are cracked and broken by my intruding step  
Foreign thoughts that invade my questioning  
Of deaths' cold cold waiting  
No bait will deter the ancient stalker  
Whose colour I'm not sure of  
Who's walked between this park  
And with icy fingers prepared this morbid corridor of  
bracken  
To take my steps closer there all the time

Then your fingers - hard and comforting  
Write softly through my hair  
All that may die between us without death to take the  
blame

To play games so unprepared  
To dance round fires ungurded  
Tears become blood of sorrow  
And my pulse keeps time so badly with the tune you  
play with me

My steps down streets that remain unchanged but  
change so many  
Will just vanish like yesterday  
Don't think dark thoughts you tell me  
Yet all our fate waits prepared in darkness  
And my hand will fumble for the door  
Whose handle is too high for me  
Whose wood is from those mighty trees  
The trees that lay down their leaves so wrecklessly

Light remains flickering in Autumn  
And musky smoke from blazing bonfires  
Will rise like incense from the funeral pyre  
In preparation .

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