

Dave McPherson

"Autumn: A Ghostly Reprise"

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The bird's cry is that of a beautiful song.
Broken shards of myrrh beneath it's weathered talons.
Spring dawns, the freshly plumed phoenix spreads it's
wings & glares at the inviting skyline.

Wading through the waters of resilience.
Whilst you drown in a quandary of ambivalence.
The bravest sailors discard doubt to the fathoms
below.
Rise to the surface to those hopeful shores you know.
You cannot forgive & I cannot forget.
So we commit our love to the depths of regret.

Beautiful puzzles under amaranth skies.
Hearts with muzzles & a ghostly reprise.
I wear no disguise, I wear no cape.
I wish to survive, not to escape.

I used to believe only in you but now my belief resides
in me.
No more metaphors, no more cryptic wars, we'll never
again share a key.

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