

Enchantment "Meadows"

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In graceful dance of ever, as fountains have towered
above me
The days of celebration and that of the foul lake
Fathers of the knell...
...burn up the sun
And pluck me from my ripeness
As passion dies
As love itself has failed
And unto the earth we thrive
Of acorns that gather and cradle to kindest of ears
Even they are judged to a wintertide...
...judged by sorrow days
Through windows of sunken eyes
As time leads our summer's on
Nothing but idle tales...
...and flowers yet to be fair
Make the berries glutton with awe
Borrowed tears like a troubled ocean, thorns
Of earth's delight
Gathered like spreading fields for a fallow year
Deflower for love is a fever...
...and I swear from time...
...I even pity beauty itself

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