

Enchantment

"Of Acorns That Gather"

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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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