

## **Maudlin Of The Well**

### **"Birth Pains Of Astral Projection"**

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I can almost see shimmering faery  
As I recline on moss  
But there isn't enough primrose  
There are only wishes in  
A hidden forest

I can almost see ghosts  
As I shiver on icy floorboards  
But Amelia is asleep in winter  
There are only prayers  
In a secret house

I was lost by the wayside  
Amidst the groans of a tired time

There is nothing for me here  
The tales of the flute by the fire  
A stroll through a sombre evening  
Smoke enticing from their pipes...pipes  
And the honourable visions  
Of a pulseless mind

Death comes in an instant  
If you like  
But Amelia may be waking soon

When I sleep, I can't pull myself away,  
Yet  
But I know there are mansions out there,  
Maybe on Saturn or Mars or Mercury or Luna,  
Maybe on Saturn or Mars or Mercury or Luna,  
...Maybe this is a clue.

I'd never been washed ashore  
Or seen the droll night before  
My body vanished  
I hovered in the concourse  
Of the court of thousands  
Of yellow asphodel  
It hurts remembering the fragrance of Heaven.

We lived in the rowans, avoiding mad water

Spoiling our children with tea and mushrooms  
Early in the autumn as we slept by the oven  
Someone sent a shape who tore the house apart.

Our bond was shattered, I was drawn away  
I was caught praying in the shade.

Recently, I went back to my door  
And breathed...  
It was love filtered through yellow paraffin  
We pushed with all our might  
For you...

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