

Maudlin Of The Well

"Stones Of October's Sobbing"

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Another year dead, and the harvest moon;
Leaves burning is the peasant's legacy.
Knelling, as the cheek of Summer is kiss'd--
Shivering of the elm, she is entomb'd.
The hay wain creaks through the countryside
As poet Autumn's fires scorch all this world.
They are entranced by the turning mill wheel,
Clear and cutting with Proserpine's kiss.
Bless the sun, decked in gorgeous array--
Frost, and the dignity of flameless light,
The hermit's cottage, fashioned rough of stone--
Smoke rolling slow behind the orchard's bloom.

Like a cairn, the stones are aligned in silence;
Arrayed by a bloodless hand, out through veils.
Time is easily torn while pitchforks twist,
Twist as easily through her golden hair.

Seasons that kill years...
Death that mangles hearts...
Loves that lose their shine...
Tombs that are forgot...
Darkness awaits behind the suffering day.
Men that waste lives in search of Heaven.
Stones are sobbing in a vernal field.
Thoughts of spring and cascades before you die.

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