

Mournful Congregation

"Anger's Steaming Arrows"

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From the window the sky empties to nothing
And the murder of crows, with their ravished beaks,
Groan for the hollowed inhabitants of the passing day.

Insatiable sorrow, with it's draughty halls, sent a
gleaming sword to consume the passing madness only
to be
Plunged into a diminishing perspective.

Inside I trawl the motionless ravines, a twisting hatred
that bubbles from under the steaming, scarlet brook
While the incessant rain washes away the gnawing of
your imprisoned eyes.

Anger, with it's steaming arrows, cuts through the dank
air
Dissecting the worn out guilt of October's echoes that
drip sadly
From the dead branches.

But before they cold leave
They spent a cold summers eve
Tending the knotted despair
Of a ravaged corpse.

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