

## Craft

### "Willow"

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A willow drinking deeply from the slowly dying pool  
Sees midnight sky reflected, with secrets proud and cruel  
Each frond dripping a memory, a taste of what has been  
Of faded years, lost hopes and fears, and all this she has seen  
A breeze disturbs her branches, casting off decay  
Of times that are forgotten, long years of yesterday  
Its breathe a ghostly dancer, a faded timeworn growl  
But listen to its sadness as it raises to a howl

Each blade of grass stands listless, burst forth from lifeless mud  
Held fast by roots that give it life, from rotting mass and blood  
Now swept by venting fury, whose cold grip rips and tears  
The refuse of the centuries, old time abandoned cares  
With mounting wrath this zephyr shrieks its ominous lament  
But who wonders why it whispers, or by whom it was sent  
And why do we not listen, as once we did before  
And what will be the ending if we fail to hear its lore

The sky begins to shudder, as clouds prepare for war  
First drops of icy water, lay huddled on the floor  
Like tiny dancing needles, falling swiftly to the soil  
A cold dank patch of contrast, as the elements come to boil  
Now slowly growing stronger, each wave with building grief  
Lashing helpless Willow, her old limbs shorn of leaf  
They strike the earth, embrace the dust, in a flowing mad caress  
A blend of knowing elements, we understand less and less.

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