

## **Rain Delay "Forestall"**

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We art envoys of mneuvering sky. Leaves depicted my failure.

I forestall this rapture with grief. Thus my downfall is regarded

As a failure of the entire swarm, I don't yearn for satisfaction,

I scorn myself. Forestall...

An envoy is a decoy. I forestall the entire downfall.

Another night is observing my solitude throughout eons.

Woe of my forest and moans of this dying crow

Were summoning changes,

As we were benighted by their dreams.

Birds... All those black clouds above betoken a storm.

We art summoning changes beyond these streams.

We art left alone to get through this storm.

Without wings it seems so meaningless.

River flows silently, beyond these streams.

I ask myself, often, who we art?

We art envoys of maneuvering sky. Again we shalt arise.

Gather the swarm, the skies art waiting.

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