

## **The Fall Of Every Season "Her Withering Petals"**

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A manifest of this crucified hope.  
Familiar sound, reflecting his own blood.  
Haunting, yet intriguing.  
No watcher, no lock,  
Only the sweet voice.

Daringly stepped out  
To see things clear.  
Gone before he could see the face.  
Left was urge to seek.  
Drops of autumn fell  
On trembling leaves,  
Red from summer's departure,  
Weak from lack of light.

The Leaves were torn and so was he,  
As he tried to follow her trace.  
A winterly wind embraced his throat  
And tried it's best to strangle.  
What kept him going was what had left him.  
It was what he couldn't keep.

Kept hunting ancient traces,  
Following flickering lights.  
This ghost was sculpted by his  
Desire to say goodbye.

Could left the hollow sky,  
As it swallowed all it's sorrow.  
Nearly breathless,  
He grasped the nearest branch.  
The voice reappeared,  
And now he felt sure that it was her,  
So he did his best  
To force his feet along.

A scarlet dress in the wind.  
Shadows on stumps of once mighty trees  
Spread rumors of her presence.  
Looked into her eyes and took her hand.

This imagined warm touch was his relief.

Kneeling at her feet, ready for his sleep.  
Had no longer wish to arise.  
Put her arm around him, no more cries.  
Slept there until the fierce cold awoke  
To erase all tracks of life.

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