

Stone Wings

"Wanderlust"

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Though moon will set 'ware thee the dawn

For sunrise will become

And simple needs thou haveth not

Though grow you old to young

And 'ware thee of the honey-tongued

Caressing you with guile

By dawn we must be far from here

Though yet we stay awhile

Though the years were planned ahead

Never knew quite what to do

For when I asketh for the mockingbird

They gaveth me the shrew

And yea! I heard it when you called me

But was stone-cast; stunned and blind

For when the star fell back into the sky

Alas, it ate my mind.

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