

Poem

Summer still,
In the feline hour of prowl.
Light wakes my sunken head
And drifts it through the morning.

Soft sounds on my skin.

Before dusk,
With a scare, out of some field,
Above in synchronicity flowed.
White and black,
Dark and light,
Seagulls and crows.

Some divine vision of peace and loyalty.

Along blackthorn bridal pathway
And coconut scented briar,
The wandering moonlight waltzed.

Delicious cool air bathe my skin
And let my spirits ride your route to the stars.

Dense scented heather mor,
With hollow ancient earthen pathways.
Guide me to an understanding,
Deeper into the distant land.

O' dreamer of dreams,
Sing the song of the wildwood.