

Death In June, Lord Winter

Like Luther's army
And Abel's brother
I woke to find
Only to smother
And angel fat at
Satan's feast
Where falsehood, childhood
And loneliness ceased

Delicate like grief
I am rapist, well-healed
Double the echo of silence
Like a dusty dead rose
Contaminate with neglect
Every little heart
Should end up broken
And shrouded by fog

Asleep in
The stumble of autumn
The pain was calvary
Our living on
Empty!
The dead of it -
The dread of it!