

Mechanical Poet, Clue Of A Scarecrow

November freeze
Invaded the air
Scratchy invisible breeze
Prickles my shoulders and knees
Trapping warmth everywhere

The spine cracked again
A straw hat has slipped off my noodle but who the hell cares...
...For my pain
When even the sparrows disdain...
...The bug-bears

Ten years have passed
Since I was created
With tatters of mouldy bast
Pulled on rotten chips of a mast
In a garden located

A sack full of dust
A Yule-log disfeatured with fire
Two cans and a besom enlaced by the wire
Corroded by venomous rust
With a rag for attire

The coveys of migrants pass out of sight
All gnawers are sleeping
The lowering clouds devour the light
In the soul of the lonely fright
Leaving me deep in the night
Along with my weeping

Friendless and reflective
Monstrous and defective
Broken and depressed
Just a sickening cross between warder and jest

That's who I am!

Humbled and dejected
By the winterly thinking affected
Bare and amusing
Afflicted and musing inmate
Dreaming to die in a grate