

Wyrd, October

The rivers, the lakes, and the oceans
All stood still,
And nothing stirred within
Their silent depths

Ships sailorless lay
Rotting on the sea
And their masts fell
Piecemeal

Come September, Summer dies away
Come October, So cold are our ways
Come September, Summer dies away
Come October, So short are our days

They slept on the abyss
Without a surge
The waves were dead
The tides were in their grave

And the clouds perished;
Darkness had no need
Of aid from them
She was the universe