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