

Charon, November's Eve

White dreams of sour relish
four candles in virgins nest
Sweet rhyme of brook flows in our minds... we fly.
Words in a cold frost eve,
taken by the form of breeze
Falling down before they get to known... the sough

Drunken by a fierce of night
and some who reclaimed my mind
The dark is longer than we thought, so cold.
Black snow shall fade our shapes
roots of the oak embrace
Sweet rhyme of brook flows through our times, alive.

A quiet pray, another day
for the words that never said.
November's eve, four of a breeze
for the words that never feels,
Forever we die, forever disdain
in white dreams of sour relish.
Forever white, forever night
loose love cleaves to a dark.