

# Elend, A Staggering Moon

Amidst the streams of the river  
The flow  
Was a changing  
And autumn rain unfolded its charm

With the thorns of absence  
So sweet to your skin  
In the dusty veils of morning  
You had forgiven all bearing

The land blessed the manifold  
Faces of your love  
The garden  
Lies asleep  
The grave unclouded  
And we dance about a fallen sun

Night-moths on her wings...  
A staggering moon