

Pristina, The Ides Of May

The petals blow
So thoughtless of the bruise
Windy sonnets sing
Northward to their muse
The looking glass is green
Reflecting pools of gray
The gardens bright with rain

It's no longer so hard to believe

The winter snow
So soft as spring sets in
To wind her winsome way
Her back to the endless days
Full of love to leave
So simple now to grieve

Breaking through to fight what holds you down
Swimming for the sand before you drown
Filling in the hole you're falling through
Sometimes pain just makes the choice for you

Forgive me all these tears
I've bottled such a sting
So many waiting words
That I could only sing
And with you finally here
The heady dew of May
Comes rushing in to carry you away