

To Elysium, A Solitary Walk

They're standing there for ages,
as if they are a solemn hedge,
the trees like silent watchers,
silent in their pledge.

They mourn the loss of summer,
aware of the coming rain,
they seem to know what is at hand,
autumn's here again.

Their wilderness seems loveless,
if only they could wail,
if only they could somehow
ease the burden of their tale.

One by one, they let go their leaves,
it seems it's so much more...
as if they bend their roots in prayer
on the forest's floor.

A leaf falls on my shoulder,
I search the treetops for a trace.
I see the sweeping branches,
feel the wind over my face.

Finally the sky cracks open,
rain yearns to be free.
A sigh slips from the rustling trees,
I know they understand me.