

Echoes Remain Forever

Anne Clark

Autumn leaves that collect weight in the ashes of Summer
Are cracked and broken by my intruding step
Foreign thoughts that invade my questioning
Of deaths' cold cold waiting
No bait will deter the ancient stalker
Whose colour I'm not sure of
Who's walked between this park
And with icy fingers prepared this morbid corridor of bracken
To take my steps closer there all the time

Then your fingers - hard and comforting
Write softly through my hair
All that may die between us without death to take the blame

To play games so unprepared
To dance round fires ungurded
Tears become blood of sorrow
And my pulse keeps time so badly with the tune you play with me

My steps down streets that remain unchanged but change so many
Will just vanish like yesterday
Don't think dark thoughts you tell me
Yet all our fate waits prepared in darkness
And my hand will fumble for the door
Whose handle is too high for me
Whose wood is from those mighty trees
The trees that lay down their leaves so wrecklessly

Light remains flickering in Autumn
And musky smoke from blazing bonfires
Will rise like incense from the funeral pyre
In preparation