

Drifts

After the Burial

Oh so fucking cold.
The winds the drifts of winter bone chilling nightfall.
Early evening sundowns make nights seem more like Borealis dreams.
My roots run deep through my veins my ancestry.
Everything I know in body and soul lakeland this is all I know
look to
The river rushing unparalleled in it's power.
It carves away at the land eroding the banks consuming the sands
and
Washes away to her majesty.
They say there's no place like home and they said it best I've
realized
What this place means to me.
Lakeland I can see my reflection in the land.
I see my form and I know the land reflects my Self.
It reflects in my Self.