

The Flatlands

And Also The Trees

She knew in time that The gate would swing
She knew in time that She would look up and see him...
Behind the elms The snow clouds were gathering
Into the winter Her voice would sing.

She would stand and face the wind
Over the flatlands came its tenor roar.
Its legion force, And she would sing.

Beneath the pylons In lace white fields
We cut the violets That came like phantom spring
Dress billowing Down the path into the wind
She knew in time that The gate would swing.

She would stand and face the wind
Over the flatlands came its tenor roar,
Its legion force, And she would sing.

Out of the silence She raked the leaves
I stood beside her Beneath the giant trees...
I thought I saw A figure wading through the corn.
She knew in time that The gate would swing.