

In the Gutter of This Spring

Empyrium

Outside the rain keeps falling
On foul soil, dying snow
Melting and transforming
to waters made of woe

Grey clouds brewing idle
the trees can not withstand
What is dead and gone by
is mixing with the sand...

...In the gutter of this spring

Inside the days remain
in a dim and lightless paint
and with the naked branches
the sun did not acquaint

What is dead and gone by
and did not yet begin
is flowing to my hand
from the gutter of this spring