

Old Man From The Barrow

Heather Alexander

The Old Man from the Barrow
came to sing for me last night.
He stood outside my window
when the moon was full and bright.
His face was hard as diamond;
his eyes were cold as ice.
His voice was like a bond
that gripped me in a vise.

And he sang to me--
of the stars overhead,
of his home underground.
And he'd come to be wed,
though I heard not a sound
as he sang to me.

He trod upon the crystals
of the newly forming frost.
With each step I felt a thrill
and I knew I was lost.
Bathed within the moonlight,
his coat of verdigris.
I knew I could not fight
for he had come for me.

The Old Man from the Barrow
will return again tonight.
As the icy wind does blow,
we'll perform the ancient rite;
for what's bred within the bone
is revealed in the flesh.
Had my ancestors known
or could this be their wish?