

# Intruder

Kashmir

trees of autumn fire  
yellow, brown and red  
sinking in the mire  
bowing down their heads  
whispering that all things  
ceases to exist  
apple cores and smoke rings  
lovers in the mist

remember what  
you came in here for  
that he had to go  
sooner than you'll know  
you're an open door  
to an empty store  
fill the shelves again  
fill them while you can

in comes the intruder  
our least expected guest  
he tiptoes like a cougar  
and finds us at our best  
struggling for protraction  
seasons in the sun  
(one more season in the sun)  
begging for one last fraction  
of what we had begun

remember what  
you came in here for  
that the bells will toll  
sooner than you know  
you're an open door  
to an empty store  
fill the shelves again  
fill them while you can

with a list in his mind  
and a hole in his eye  
and a hood on his head  
and our time on his side  
and a scythe in his hand  
and a broad smiling face  
and a hovering walk  
and a bend on his back  
he has come to collect