

## Acheron

Patrick Wolf

There is one end and one ending only to the river you write  
It is of the trees you felled in morass and fugue  
The larcenous beasts who beseeched you  
Of birds who beak fed you the Lethe  
Below your demented lull the threnody coils  
Chaos begets chaos  
Cloud concedes cloud  
Violence to violence, the sparks fly upward  
  
No tide, no tide, no black to blue...