

Reaping Song

Tribulation

It was just that golden time of the year
I knew I heard your voice
You requested me to follow
That way we all must go
I recalled the words you've written
The last time you held the quill
I wanted the winds to take me
But something held my will

I can feel you roam
When the seeds are grown
I hear you cry along
To the reaping song

You had left before the winter
With the last of fallen leaves
Our universe had splintered
I could not blur the grief
But when the birds fly south
And apples fall from trees
You're granting me a sprout
Of times that used to be

Within this time of year
I can feel you near
I hear you cry along
To the reaping song

It was the rising of the fall
And again I heard your call
Your presence would increase
With the last October breeze
You invited me your way
This time I could not stay
And in that golden time of the year
I walked with you my dear

Now the maples sigh
And the birches cry
When I sing along
To the reaping song