

Omen-filled Season

Death in June

To black framed witness
From black framed guilt
A misery of springtime
And a weekend of absolute
I remember
The wilds around me
Whispered "brutality"
The strangest apology of
All
The dragon-faced accolade
Of vigour and hope
With shame and delight
I accept it!
This omen-filled season
Not sudden or rushed
No fear of volunteer
I reject it!
I remember
The wilds around me
Whispered "brutality"
The strangest apology of
All
Evening then
And evening now
The smell of seasoned
Summer brings
Memories of illusions passed
And autumn of funerals
Enough to last