

Toward Truth and Reconciliation

Xanthochroid

O, the biting pulse of my memories
Gnawing the roots of my pain
O, the icy tendrils of the past
Striking my heart with a cold, whipping chill

O, the mountains' moan
The cackling of the crows
Singing the forest's refrain
Winds whistling through
My deep and wooded home

But I am deaf to the sound
The sound which has no name

An Ode to the Feral Heart
The wild one who roams

Without shame or guilt or fear
God and Man at once
The king without a throne

His spirit strikes you with wonder
His words are thick with truth
Like heavy drops of amber
That cloak the oaken bark

He is the one who came before
In whom all powers lie

Flowing from his fingertips
Those warm and gentle streams
The current running ceaselessly
Through trees forever dark

And when you see him standing tall
He speaks her words into your heart:

"I know the place
Where memory sleeps
And secrets hide
It is not far
Or hard to find
Or too ancient to recall"

Heaving my chest
Gripping my throat
Sleepless, senseless
I cannot speak

But the tears stream
Warm, and heavy
With the weight of
What I must do

O, my Brother, what have you done?
What have you and I become?

Can you count the links, one by one?
Of the chain that you've begun

Chains of hate for each man you've wronged
Chains that hold forever strong

They will follow you where you go
As their weight forever grows

Open the gates, O forest keeper
To lost and ancient gardens
To higher climes where few might stand
To souls distant and dreaming

In deep and wooded forests of my youth
The sound of hunger rises
The sound of a glinting blade
The sound which has no name

Reveal thy shape, O formless one
Of aching, empty pain
Of gods bereft of grace
Of strength, and the lust for power

Walk with me, O winged mother
Through caverns old and yawning
Through chains

that drag us downward
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