

Walk with Me O Winged Mother

Xanthochroid

Warm drops of petrichor
Stream from the trees
To the forest floor

Try to find me
In the morning mist
Neath the canopy
Where once we kissed
Where I am held by evergreens
Silently
With their oaken eaves

I am where
The scent hangs in the air
Where I drank the dew
And met your stare
Where you can sleep amongst the leaves
Peacefully
Dream of simple things

I should have followed you
O, the warm, warm forest floor...
Where I'll dream no more

I felt the outstretched arms of Death
Reaching 'tward my heaving chest
But in the Orchard I was kept
Safe within that thorny crest