

# The Elder

**Michael Pluznick**

In the arms of rimed soil, lies the autumn's last withered leaf  
Land now bare and naed, awaits its snowy sheet  
And as the light still lingers, painting scarlet this barren scene  
An old man sings his song of melancholy and relinquish  
I'm a whirl deep in dark waters,  
A stare in the shades of fir-trees  
I'm riding above with north wind,  
Herding the black clouds of rain  
Mine is the kingdom,  
Far from the moon to the sun  
I am the elder,  
Standing forever as one  
And in that sudden moment, when everything's turned to still,  
He abruptly breaks the silence, becomes one with longing  
And singing ever stronger, nature joins as one with  
him  
Fire in his eyes, universe under twisted grin

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