

Halls and Chambers

Falconer

Victims of the renaissance might
screamed in the dead of night.
The horror, the terror.
Ruler in Machiavellian days
stole all of their days away
to darkness to sadness. I still see painful eyes.
I still hear distant sighs
among shadows lingering on. Gaze up high into the open sky
from these halls and chambers.
To the moon and to the winds I cry. Soul's aglow in the darkest of hue
miseries are still undue
forever and ever.
I caress the thickening air
and all memories it bear
with yearning and longing. Far behind these castle walls
glories and virtues fall,
fall for the lunacy.
Deep inside where the time weeps
tyranny is fast asleep
in shadows, in echoes. Dim is the day for the grim and the grey
as destiny's proven unfair.
Fair as a fay is the dawning of the day
at which I forlornly do gaze.

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