

Outlive the Hand

Be'lakor

In death she spoke of waiting
Her final days were long
These fields have changed since last she wept
Before the silent throng She sits where childhood memories lie
Above, beside, within them
The carvings have outlived the hand
Which bled to first begin them As features of the landscape merge
The oldest trees are falling
Awareness sweeps the view aside
She stares as if recalling Seen first beyond the canopy
They soon had reached the borders
The clouds infused with burning breath
Arrived from coldest corners The windswept valley hastens now
As dying words are uttered
From lips of earth and sapling's strain
Like leaves, her last thoughts fluttered Again it darkens overhead
The knowledge of it stills me
And when the water starts to fall
Preserve the drop that kills me

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