

The Great Deluge

It was with the flood having subsided that I descended downward. Each step tore atop the golden steeps of frail fragrant flowers, chords of verdant ivy wrought about the wetted veils of green velvets and darkened hues. I fell upon the grass, tuft and warn from the days of rain and I was alone, save silence, which roared atop the salted eaves as if some distant sacred strain. It persisted amidst the squalls of puddled rain and the calm black meadows, that calamitous din!
It withheld all somber semblance akin to hope, and I wept.

The First Evening

And first evenings dawn breaks!
It scatters against the morning dew, enemas of silver.

O'er head I espy;

The camps of shadows atop the plateau still
The twilight's shades pulling faces hanged
the water dead