

## Awake at Witching Hour

It's twelve o' one;  
The night's begun,  
And all I know  
Are fast asleep,  
Their souls at rest,  
Their minds at ease.

Still, sleep escapes  
My wandering mind;  
My soul wont rest,  
While lost to time.

A midnight blue  
Enfolds the world.  
The sky, a sea;  
The moon, a pearl  
Buried in the folds of night.  
With dawn,  
Will come the morning's light.

'Til then,  
The night has taken hold  
On earth and sky,  
On heart and soul.

Quiet now,  
The world is still.  
Life's rush is hushed  
Against its will,  
As time creeps by,  
And clocks count slow,  
The endless time,  
That unseen foe,

Who steals my sleep.

But still, I'll go  
And walk awhile,  
While night is young,  
Just still a child,  
Barely begun.

Witching hour has begun.  
The air is warm,  
And night yet young.  
Magic wanders on the breeze.

I'll wander too,  
Set my feet free,  
Release my soul  
Of burdens three -  
Hard heart, mad mind  
And worn-worn wings.

Winds whisper with  
The songs of souls,  
Lost long ahead  
Or long ago,  
Drifting through  
The mists of time,  
Searching for  
A rest few find.

I'll join their search  
For inner peace;  
I'll walk these roads,  
Search endlessly,  
'Til rest I find  
Or day I see.

When night returns,  
Again my feet  
Will wander on.  
Come, walk with me.

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### Fading Light

Grey as grief,  
Wet as rain,  
Long as time,  
Sharpest pain,  
Longest knife-  
Jagged blade  
Tears apart,  
Fallen grace.

Shattered soul,  
Soundless screams,  
Heavy heart,  
Dying dreams,  
Scar marked face,  
War worn wings-  
Battered, bloody, broken things.

Time the thief,  
Faith the blind,  
Truth the absent,  
Fear the bind.

Long ago I lost the way.

Longer still,  
I lost the name.  
Farther back,  
I turned away.

Angels, now,  
To demons change.  
As hope and light  
Fade fast away.

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### Peregrine

A sight unseen,  
Or un-chased dream,  
Are crimes of equal score;  
A road unknown,  
A flight un-flown,  
Become then, something more.

To fail to fly  
For fear of heights,  
Is not to be excused;  
To turn away  
From chance and fate,  
Far worse than dreams abused.

If flight denied  
Is thus a crime,  
I've no intent of sin,  
For wanderlust  
Was long a must;

My shoes well broken in.

I've wandered long;  
My lonely song  
I've sung on many winds.  
Flown free, unbound,  
Left home and town,  
Laid tracks where none have been.

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Wander through these woods with me

Hmmmm, so tell me,  
Where do I begin?  
Do I show you where I stood  
And how this trail began?  
Should I tell you tales of youth,  
Stories, seasoned with sour truths,  
Bitter lies that tasted true,  
Fairytale that helped me through?  
Should I sing the songs I knew?  
Shall I paint my world for you?  
Could you see it, if I do?  
Or will you blindly turn away,  
Facing back towards fear and blame,  
Spin your words and walk away,  
Hide behind your hurt and shame,  
Deafen yourself to what I say,  
Leave me to walk my path, my way,  
Leave me and my freeze dried soul  
To wander through these woods alone?

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## Mother

I loved her.

That's why she could tear through my soul so easily, like wet toilet paper.

When you love someone, you let them into your soul.

And once within, they are free to plant bombs,

steal support beams,

dig trenches and tunnels,

and generally undermine the integrity and structure of your soul...

So...I loved her.

I let her in and she planted claymores in the soil of my soul.

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