

SECTION A - I Think My Now Is Dying

October 28, 2003

It's eventide; the sun is grim.
It sets upon the wake.
The shadows mourn for fallen Kings,
As phantoms of the rake.

The cloven hoof hath trampled here
And left but tears of dust.
The years it claimed were fleeting gifts,
A grant to hold in trust.

And now the Piper bleeds his tune.
It courses o'er the stone,
The final note a haunted sigh,
The wraith of flesh and bone.

And he who crushed the Gaelic Foe
Is vanquished by black earth.
The worm consumes what's left of loss
As death devours a birth.

And I am left beside the grave
To feign my "now" will last.
But Time will march with fierce resolve
To make my "now" a "past."