

SEASON SONG

When seasons wrangle in your veins,
When dead December turns your mind
From autumn dew and easter rain,
And all your priests of dogma dine
In catacombs on ancient pain,
Remember the river, remember the pine.
What summer sings to winter of is change.

A tree that bears a body stands
At every cryptic river's end,
Lifting the water to his hands
Through limbs that bend toward the land,
Sifting the river through the man
Till all the seasons in him blend
And summer sings to winter in his hands.

When seasons mingle in your veins
And ripe December fills your mind
With autumn dew and easter rain,
And every seasoned priestess dines
On light that washes down the lane,
Remember the river, remember the pine.
What summer sang to winter of was change.