

David



Were your story written by elves,
Autumn trees paint themselves –
Every wavelength/in living blood,
Fairytale landscapes wonder flood.

In a more modern elucidation,
Suffused with understated moderation –
Jack of hearts/ace of spades,
Bewitching hour the masquerade.

Celtic knot heart/linear reason,
Humans in this decisive season –
Hungering for meaning/equality/respect,
Miracle your sense of Truth reflects.

Love's the one thing none can command,
Free choice the train to that dreamland –
Peace on Earth/the break of day,
Now the long night's last hour away.

