

Temptation

When there is grass upon the hills
When there is water on the sky
When there is blackness in the air
The temple's chain shall crash below

One sees the boiling stench and feels revolt
One knows the time and talks of lonely birds
One smells the sun and knows not what to do
'Tis here that Cain has come and lost his soul

And why are rocks and ferns among the sea
And why are bees and eyes and you so small
And why are time and sight and sound all gone
The snow is here
It sees his blood among the trees

To know the truth is less than all it seems
To taste of life and move with all it takes
To speak with tongues of fire above the drone
There is this thing
A thing upon the sky

M.J.E.

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