

HANDS

Alight upon forgotten spade,
as sorrow settles, slow,
a thing of air and fancy too
unused to autumns glow

feathers splayed, no ill intent
mere reckoning begun
tis the way, the old crones say
snatching, swallowing, done

feasting now but soon to end
and fathoms crossed perhaps,
a mewling thing, hungers form
pursued yet still pursues

flashing claw and glinting eye
ne'er seen from lofty seat,
tis seldom said and oft forgot,
you are the things you eat

old grey muzzle, fleet of foot,
rending, blood and heat,
prey of prey falls to the ground
no prayer holds natures beat

old tool forlorn and unattended,
masters hand forgot
natures grip lets little slip,
so heart and home, too rot.