

Cocorosie, Black Poppies

Black poppy sleeps a dreamless night
In summer shade of moony light
Hazy veils of clouds loom low
The warm kittens close to the earth
Underground bodies stir with no sound
No one to tear them under the ground
Ghost horse and stillborns turn in their cradles
Silvery meadow murmurs the song of
Tiny glow worm glowing
Rain starts her shimmery descent
Into the old leathery skin of the farm