

Tyranny, The Leaden Stream

I dream for the equable hour
and the dream became a river
a stream of running lead
I felt its timeless flow
and its ageless strain
to burden me I sat on the grey bank
sand I watched passing of waves
And the stream bore a body
pale and quiescent wench
a bride came with the tides
eyes open unseeing
were of same colour as the stream
I pondered this solemnly
And the earth shook my thoughts
and the river went running red
as a mountain falling heavy
a hoof struck the ground
I turned to see
and behold
spanning from horizon
to zenith of the sky
a mare rearing its legs
foremost reaching above clouds
hinder trampling the earth
casting an ancient rhythm
and this earth resounds...