

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

Jason Constantine Ford

Eclipse at the Gates

Denial walks from place to place
Without a sense of grave disgrace
From keeping lips which never talk.

The men renowned for hiding face
With veils denying any trace
Of what is real, begin to walk.

A book of lies is being carried
Upon the backs of men married
To form of creed which oscillates.

Shadows are passing through the street
With steps which now complete
The final stage of reaching gates.

Death in the Woods

The taste of many brittle years already spread
Across paddocks without a drop of rain
Is bitterness profound as Death begins to tread
Upon the graves of names which still remain.
Death is slowly passing through the woods alone
With many kinds of trees becoming prone
To loss of grip among the ageing leaves
Succumbing to the might which Death receives.

The air surrounding Death becomes so strong
As winds impose a sense of might upon each tree.
The branches shaking left and right, belong
To the dance of Death declaring how all things should be.
The curse which came upon the ones who died
With wounds inflicted by the sword of pride
Is kept beneath the ground until the day
Death decides to spread to other forms of prey.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

Dark Clouds Hanging Over Us

Coldness spreads through the air as the sun abstains
Itself from giving light within a cloud sky.
Darkness slowly spreads itself across the plains
As scents of evil are approaching nigh.

There is a rumour that souls of criminals who died
Upon the gibbets are passing through this town.
Although no trace of evidence is supplied,
Morale among the people is slowly going down.

Since last night, a criminal's fingerprints were found
Upon a skull years after the day he passed away.
Rumours of people seeing him in the town abound
Among those who fear themselves as likely prey.

Without a warning, peals of thunder are heard
Among people unwilling to walk into the street.
Around the deserted streets, not a single word
Is uttered among lips which already feel defeat.