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Late Autumn Labyrinth

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Late Autumn Labyrinth

Angie Losacco

Crimson tears from deep within
Despondently teem to the surface
Angels sing of forsaken sin
Distraught and out of place.
Lurking shadows of remembrance
Yearning to be set free
Tarry in the night romance
Probing for the key.

A muse despairs for her lost gift
A gift abhorred by few
A wounded sun begins to shift
Creating a sunset hue.
A faerie's fragile broken wing
The weeping willow's song
The warm night air gently sings
The cold embrace of death too long.

A single lily amongst the pads
So lonely and insecure
A somberness on which to add
A future much obscured.
A knight to save his princess
Abided by the Queen
A love so tainted who could guess
The adeptly hidden sheen.