



Yesterdays Wind

***Are you ready,
To take a spin?
Come with me,
'pon yesterdays wind!
Up the anchor,
It opens strange doors!
For a person, who's head,
is divided by four.
The gunpowder rains,
a fiery snow!
Seeing more things,
then are in the show.
Warm blanket mist,
night friendly fog.
Things that dance,
move in your shroud.
Walking out towards me,
they shimmer and fade.
Going back to substance,
form which they were made.
Looking my way,
'tween whispers and mermers.
"Who are you, who?
Anouther step further!
It seems a mountain,
I float to the top.***

*Looking down to the plain,
all nature has stopped!
The moon to the East,
covered in red.
Is it the fog?
Is it my head?
Brightest orange tracers,
forked spectrum lightnings.
Hear them roar?
The old gods are fighting.
The whiteness shredding,
the cloud thins.
It's blowing away,
'pon yesterdays wind.*