

WALKING NEATH VALE AT NIGHT

O' the night embracing vale,  
Under mother mountains breast,  
Stars like shattered icicles,  
Hung above the crest.  
Crowding in conspiracy,  
In mass celestial swoon,  
Winking, shy voyeurs,  
Of the shameless moon.  
Shedding her garments,  
Her silver drapes fall free,  
To the whispering river,  
Dreaming it's way to the sea.

O' the day green moss is black,  
Black as a peat bog bone,  
Hopelessly held and suckled,  
By crumbling, wind fed stone,  
On mouldering crook back bridges,  
And rank and reed filled locks,  
Invaded by the witching woods,  
Haunt of the chuckling fox  
Red as a bursting hawberry,  
Sharp as a hedgers knife,  
Hunts, for his bare blind progeny,  
And a slyly errant wife.

O' the moon eyed Owl's abroad  
In floating feathered flight,  
Thistldown breast and Roman beak,  
Moaning to the night,  
Surveys the fallen oak,  
Who's dead roots hide the prey,  
Meant for a hungry nest,  
Just a bare ribbed barn away,  
Near the staring oblong eyes,  
Of a darkly brooding farm,  
Bat's like moving pupils,  
Add an aura of alarm.

O' the restless heaving haystack,  
Combustious mouth tight shut,  
Endures the parasitic rats  
Deep within her gut.  
And a starving feral cat,  
Engrimed with barnyard dirt,  
In crouching vicious vigil,  
Beneath her hayspun skirt.