

Tracking

The winds of twigs in skies
of solemn tones
Begin the tracking clacks
along the green.
Beware the songs of ghosts
in morning blown
away with thoughts of promise
never seen.

We pass a sea of rails
among the bogs
with simple minded purpose
through the knots.
Beware the green extremes
beneath the fogs
of gloom and resolutely
tempered thoughts.

Nuts and stacks of ancient
cultured fields
are passing barren tough
against the end.
Beware the terror tinged
defeat imposes.
The crusts combusted spirit
on the mend.