

Frost's Forest

By James Dye

I realize whose forest this is now.
He lives in the city under crown
The skyscraper throne of Antipas.
He can spot me stopping on this spot
with axe in hand and eyes bloodshot.

I must chop down all his trees
to bring this forest to its knees
between the devil and the deep blue sea
like Scylla and Charybdis, the two fires
are occulted by spires of evil empires.

Once they fall I will watch them flee
only to recede and continue to deceive
but for a moment the forest will be free
to rest from my axe and ask
why they were made to mask.

Until the angels come again to reap
Or the people finally awake from sleep.
This was the promise he was to keep
but the frost has come and gone.
Now the woods will always weep.

The axe will sing upon a pawn.
The mountains will continue to yawn.
The Sun may one day be withdrawn.
And there will never be another dawn,
just as the frosts have come and gone,
just as the forests have come and gone,
just as the rest have come and gone.

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