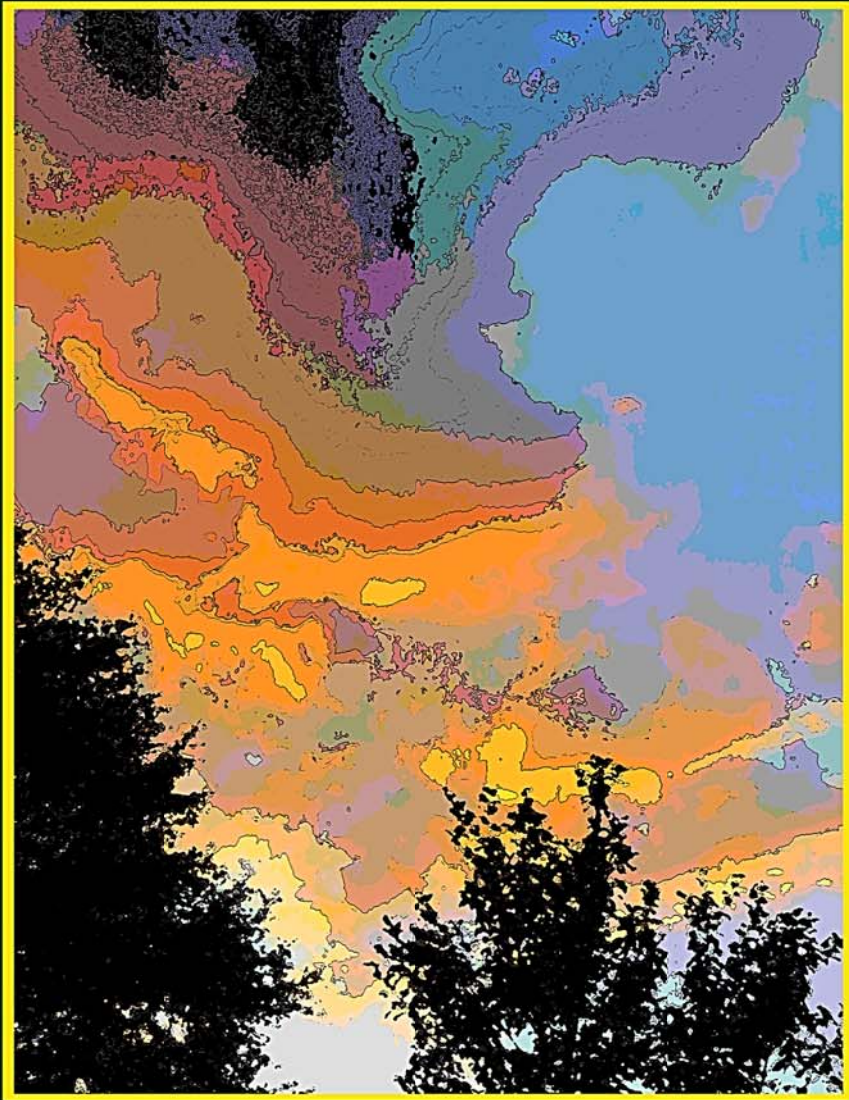


WILD WOODS AT TWILIGHT



夕暮れの野生の森

earle b. weiss



森の生野のれ暮夕

WILD WOODS AT TWILIGHT

*As
ghostly sentinel cathedrals
they soared
silently
in that infinite moment,*

*when
the last shimmer of faded golden suns
caresses
the somber edges of endless earth,*

*only
their dim gray shadows merged
fiery
dying embers
as silently tossed
in a whispering breeze,*

森の生野のれ暮夕

*of echoes
amid the star-draped blackness
yet
lost in a now chilled now heavy mist,*

*it was
of their enduring defiance
between the coming void about all we shared
unknowingly together,*

*the cold twilight
while it consumed the last glimpse
of
our each being,*

森の生野のれ暮夕

*yet amid this darkness
I could feel their tender boughs...
straining, yearning,*

*before another dawn
roused them to hope anew,
from their deepest of slumbers.*

森の生野のれ暮夕

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- Woods