

Nightfall

The curtain of a long night, falling
Gently before my sight, something appalling,
Is yet so quiet, its drifting vapours mild
Silently erasing the painless wild,
Where shadows shape the light on corn and fell,
And beauty's tenderness says all is well,
That darkness creeps like rust amongst the fruit,
Betrays the harvest, curdles stock and root,
In shameful secret increments of grief,
As loss and doubt corrupt the golden leaf.