

## Beyond Equinox

Written by Abbie Mason

Thursday, 27 October 2011 21:21 - Last Updated Monday, 19 November 2012 21:32

---

Golden tresses shorn  
lay beneath the feet of summer's passing,  
sun shifts slowly towards warmth  
of another horizon,

promising to return,

and we are wrapped for winter's blues  
beneath compressing sky,  
as it drains away all colours.

We were tired as we  
lay beneath the feet of summers passing,  
too many attempts to fly  
left our breath  
promising to return.

How lethargic morning seems  
as it lingers longer in slumber  
beneath compressing sky,  
with no thought to lights insistence  
that night should be on its way.

Too many attempts to fly  
left clouds resting against mountains,  
dulling their sharpness  
into a soft subtle melody,  
while the wolf's moon  
called for the chorus to mourn  
golden tresses shorn,

soon frost will bleach all temporary white  
and as it drains away all colours,  
we reminisce on how we  
lay beneath the feet of summers passing,  
  
promising to return.

**Beyond Equinox**

Written by Abbie Mason

Thursday, 27 October 2011 21:21 - Last Updated Monday, 19 November 2012 21:32

---