

## ANCIENT OAK

Aye, the Moon sings her ancient lines to the seas  
And the lightning cries from the trees to the sky  
My heart she lies a lonely ship  
The reefs of time divide her

Yet I weep for the lands of my birth  
Long years, long miles, gaze stark and stare  
I work, I weep, I dream yet a while  
And mind of days of yore

Bright and sharp, a young man's blade  
Hot and strong, a young man's lust  
That shapes the world and moves the stars  
In the eyes of a maid

Many the branches of the Oak of time  
The land greens and grows sere  
    in the circles of the sun  
In the frost and snow of an old man  
Burns the flame of an heir

© Elmar T. Schmeisser