Scorching was the sun that day,

As we lay beside the dazzling lake,

Watching as the day flew by

While the blackbirds were singing in the tropical light,

They will not stop in the dead of night.

To-day we heard a call,

A nippy chill through our veins,

A frigid breeze hitting us like the bite of a wolf,

And heard the gnawing blizzard pushing us forward-

A rage within us: something vast and strong,

Rolled in and out and stopped the blackbird’s song.

Was it a wraith that chilled the air around us?

We can’t know.

But our vision turned to ice and snow,

Although we still felt the heat of the sun,

We cannot stay, on this same river bay.

We must go,

For our gut tells us so.

We must get up and go,

But where we do not know,

Through a world of anger and happiness and sorrow,

But we must leave,

Though we do not know,

Who called or what we must retrieve.