

Churchyard at Dusk

- **Ethan Lawler**

A light fall breeze passes over the forlorn field,
Carrying with in an air of lonesomeness, a desire
To restore life into what has been sealed
Up for all eternity

The ancient Dutch church spire rises high into the perfect blackness of the night
To guard over its assets, and below it
Lie the endless rows of slate, some upright,
Some crumpled to ruin, but all marking the place of a solitary soul

An eerie call erupts from the watchful crow perched upon a forgotten catacomb
As he yells “BEWARE! BEWARE!” under the ominous harvest moon
And soon after, his spooked body flutters away to another nondescript
Tomb to escape a sound emitted from the blackness of the night

Local folklore states that if one is quiet enough they might make out
Some caliginous spectre rising from the mossy earth to mourn over past loss,
Although many feel inclined to doubt
And discredit these tales as little more than tenebrous legend

Whatever the townsfolk choose to believe, the actions of the old crow still hold true,
For on the stillest of nights, as he peers, listening, into the vast blackness surrounding him,
His heart starts to pound and he instantaneously darts from a peculiar grave, askew,
Sitting silently below the weeping willow tree