

Rare agencies crawl through the weeds grown purple with the frost
Telling stories about how the worm died young but fed the field
How when the sun went down and the darkness consumed the world,
 a thousand songs sprang up like creeping vines,
 reaching into the sky to tether the moon, their errant lover
 how red is the colour of fire, but black is the colour of fire too,
 and how the night is fire:
 fuel for what's to come.