

England's Own

Infant's eyes coined, flesh milky white,
Relic's remorse spawning grievous emotion, as a morbid procession
 passes —
Mother's collapse to weary knees, their first daughters blends into
 night,
Universal Prayer vibrates through splintered eardrums in masses.

Portrait of minds burnt as somber embraces signify one of England's
 dead
Neither intellect nor second comings can repent her shattered wings
A skylark of freedom bid a final farewell; with deafening words said
Voices grasp the remains of a slain, depleted soul,

Stolen child gracefully guided through lush green kaleidoscope
 gardens,
Glorious elder women possess, like a structure erect and full,
Child's letters floating, as ink stains appear pardoned,
Last verse printed produced on antique presses, numerous near
 sided
Ebony ink states "England no Longer Mourn for me when I am dead
and free."

— *Brian Wilds*