

# Elegy for the Sun

*by* Jackelope Random

When that winter comes cold again  
And lays her pale mourning vales  
To spare the gruesome sight  
Of the sorest open wounded corpse,  
I, too, under blankets  
Lie dormant, slice dead  
Waiting for the first birdsong.  
Then in full bloom regal I burst forth,  
And like Osiris am assembled again  
As Isis blows, kissing spring winds.

