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Winter Minstrel

Larry Garland

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WINTER MINSTREL

He contorts the air in the dark of the moon.
The misty fog is the evil of his mind.

And he sings.
The notes are pointed and oh, how they pierce!
They fly at you like the wind.
They pierce your raiment, your skin, your mind.
Yes! They puncture your Mind!
They probe. They find. They anesthetize resistance.

But the pain is excruciating, so you surrender.
You yield to the cold.

He produces a pipe and proceeds to play.
And you follow him away.
(He contorts both mind and body by the dark of the moon.)

--Larry Garland

Caudill Weaver