

## **Song of the Sick Minstrel**

The winter night droops down  
Around the scratchy trees,  
Tinkled by an icy breeze,  
Snapping.

Let's stand beside this creaking tree  
And watch the bold eclipse  
Devour the midnight sun  
As if it were a yellow wafer,  
Crisp and cold.

At full eclipse,  
Then shall I love you,  
In snapping cold,  
Beneath a moon-dark tree.

Copyright © 1965 by Alan Harris. All rights reserved.  
From *An Everywhere Oasis* at [www.alharris.com](http://www.alharris.com)