

Ash and Asphodels

by [Michael Shindler](#) (July 2019)



Goat, Sailor, and Asphodels, John Craxton, 1986

Ash and asphodels hang in the morning air

And white is the color of my true love's hair.

Above in the high blue sky a black bird flies

And white is the color of my true love's eyes.

All the wild stars off afar last evening glowed
And cold is the wild blood that last evening flowed.

All cold are the corners of this now strange land
And cold is the caress of my true love's hand.

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