

She bears my sadness well with her tears of slashing sleet.
My soul grown wary trembles still in autumn's passion throes;
Despite her timeless treason, I once again entreat
Her mercy, all the while recalling pumpkins that she froze.

She, the harsh, the beautiful, capriciously will greet
Each future generation with her wonders and her woes
Until we storm her secret doors and find the means to cheat
This reigning house's cruel clutch, this queen we must depose!