

Poplar trees are mine, some say
While others point to willow
Graceful branches bend and sway
In the wind and billow
Some say owls are my bird
While others ravens choose
And bats as well, or so I've heard
Some as my symbol use
Darkness is my cloak they say
A shining scythe my tool
A common way to me portray
In the west, the rule
I do not mind these different views
Like different clothes to wear
Allowing me to pick and choose
To be gentle or to scare

-D

P.S. Hello Oblivion. I saw your poem, you write very well. I do hope it wasn't about me, I thought we were over that...