

****Obumbrated Lament in Pluvial Gloom****

In crepuscular hours where the firmament wanes,
A wan figure wanders through sibilant rains,
Each droplet a threnody, hollow and cold,
For a heart grown taciturn, weary, and old.

The petrichor lingers—sepulchral, austere,
Like whispers of yesteryears none wish to hear,
While fulminant thunder, in sonorous ache,
Rends through the silence no solace can make.

A pallid mist coils in funereal grace,
Obfuscating remnants of time and of place,
And in its dim labyrinth, memories decay,
In a languor where hope slowly withers away.

With umbral horizons and nebulous skies,
The soul, in its tristesse, silently cries,
Till all that remains in this dolorous strain
Is a shadow subsumed by the cadence of rain.