

The Loon

Aesma Daeva

Upon the lake, upon the windless water,
swim down to me, beautiful bird.
Mercy, stay not forever out of reach.
I hear, I hear your evening song,
strange alien song.

Watered in blood in which I sink and drown,
in flesh and by flora shackle-bound,
feed the ache of this exile's alien song.
I hear, I hear your evening song.

Spirit bird unbind my withered limbs
and cut me from this torment. Unchain me.
Mercy, don't abandon me.

Arrayed in pearl, blushing illuminate deep wounds,
vast seas that rack and crush.
Moonlight upon my throat. Tempest black.

Mercy, stay not forever.
I suffer your endless song.
Here I choke.

Replume, refire, ravage my unholy ghost,
my heavenly mate, burning bright;
bloat and cry out, flame in the infinite,
for all the world is spirit furnace.

Old age, my god, love, and white this blizzard night;
all songs strangle under ice, flame out, and die,
forsaken evermore; linger frozen everlasting song.