

## Tisza's Child

Aesma Daeva

Tisza's Child

Daughters, sons, river deaths: faces pale like moons;

And hands, bright stars.

Fair children cradle water graves.

Vast river, spirits, can you hear us pray?

Arise, hear my lullaby, how I wreck my broken love upon unlived  
lives.

Vast river, dark water, I drown in lament endlessly.

Spirit guide, river stag arise, eyes ablaze and hide steaming,  
pull treasures from turbid water.

Tisza's child clothed in liquid light arise, awake, mystify.

How I drowning bathe in rivers that flood all hope in water, fi  
nal lord, and I will fly to thee.