

Dream Recalled on Waking

Darkseed

...and after a many summer dies the swan
It withers slowly in thine arms
All night long amorous anthems sung
It's tears on your cheek, history of the fan

Sweet is the breath of night
with charm of earliest birds
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide
Dying embers, our only light
(scorching away mortality
Till the moon rising in clouded majesty)

But see the many-coloured prime retired to rest
Thy long tongued blood demands supplies
Honour and beauty are but dreams
Big alike with wound and dart

Like fiery dewes that melt
the swan's soul into the boughs does glide
Flaming swords forbidden
They banish me from you
Remembrance of a bitter loss

Ruined love, when it's built anew
grows fairer, more strong, far greater
While glory crowns so many hatreds crest
Waking, thou wert in thy nakedness