

## Penelope

Gothica

Fluid is the night which I plunge in,  
Coloured by the sunset, enlightened by the moon.

I weave weft of dreams  
Erasing them with reality,  
I wait for Death  
That will come from the sea.

I grow flowers watering them  
With blood and I destroy them  
With the look of someone who has seen  
And knows too much,  
They read a world in me,  
In me they perceive the dream,  
Roads of sea, houses of clouds,  
I weave, and my thread is Death.