

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.