

Celebration

Julia Holter

"We are moved by your radiance.
I have brought you this gold crown. I spliced its flowers together
her
Only the bees looking for flowers in spring go freely through the
cool grass.
Your voice is distinct in my ears.
Now blessed lady, take this! Embellish your gold hair.
No man alive approaches my good luck to ride with you.
Though your face I never see, may my love go throughout life,
as strong at the finish as now, at the turning point.
This comes from a faithful hand."