

The Falling Age

Julia Holter

"A rock there is where, as they say, the ocean dew distills.
And from its beetling brow, there pours a copious stream
for pitchers to be dipped therein.
'Twas here I had a friend washing robes of purple in the trickling stream,
and she was laying them out to dry on the face of a warm and sunny rock.
From her I heard the tidings...
See, here the wretched sufferer comes.
His youthful flesh and golden hair
have lost their beauty.
Oh, what pain!
What double grief has fallen on these halls
and swooped on them
from heaven."