

A Silent Foreboding

Kozeljnik

I shall have written to you of the black,
ere chants of pain with cries of woe are twined
Foreboding ill in sullen bitterness,
in Death's dour hand will I have written then

How words may smite when thoughts all bite amain,
the sore body made more akin to corpse
With loathsome stench amidst unlatched decay
a prayer austere will I have woven then

What long has lacked the strength of voice now rears,
in spelling out makes secret poison stir
A deathly strain, in coarse rags through it slumber,
bedecked with loam, grim fate metes out afresh

So fierce a Beast the cry appears anon,
with wings outspread frail hope is wont to batter
It may so be the tomb is far too precious: invitingly, its charms
their hold bid tighten...

In silence stern will I have penned it then,
a brooding prayer composed of sacred woe
Ere soul is risen to the folds of black
and on my doorstep death vouchsafes to tread

I will have written to you of the black, surreptitiously, nay,
maliciously...