

## The Teardrop Fall

Nahemah

In the forest  
Where the green and sinister  
Luxuriance  
Engulfs the rays of light  
And climbing plants  
Scale the walls of fortresses  
Raced by the pass of centuries  
The old trunks remain immutable  
Since the vassals  
Rendered hoame to their lords  
During that misterious hour  
Where the frontiers  
Between night and day hides  
I found a neat and luminous presence  
Of sad feminine beauty  
Postrated on a huge stone  
Near a lake of eternal waters  
Where the souls sail and sink  
A cold and petreous tear  
Stands within is lime  
And the rain's ashes  
A maiden cries  
And there's no solace  
For such a deep sorrow  
She mourns the death of mankind  
She weeps for the lovelorn  
She weeps for the drowned men  
Drowned in the depths of this lake  
With no destiny  
Never to emerge  
An angel cries  
And there's no solace  
For such a deep sorrow  
Her tear falls  
And reflects over the waters  
Before crowning the lake  
With a diadem of shy waves  
Fallen tear from my angel