

## Her Sleep

Umbra Et Imago

While ember raised  
Her soul was chased  
By hate and fear  
Black friend was near  
A faded flower  
Pointed the hour  
Like blood the air  
Where is the way?  
Her place to stay  
She lost the hold  
And lift got cold  
As a raven flew  
And silence grew  
The ash-tree cried  
And then she died  
In darkest age  
In smallest cage  
She wrote this line:  
The world is mine