

Autumn, Floating Towards Distress

She runs to the river down below
Towards a boat under a willow
Away from the mirror, the loom and the tower
Where she yearned for him, hour after hour

Under a sky like a dark blue dome
Stands the queen of loneliness
A skin as white as the rivers foam
Which tips the hem of her dress

A crown of a pearl garland she wore
Blinking to Camelot in moonlight
To which she stares, through tears
Tears that are clouding her sight

A forlorn goddess
Seeking for her God
Carving in the stern
The lady Shallot

Like a prophet seeing the entire future
She looses the chain
While death stretches its hand and lures
Seizing her to gain

Paralysed and in distress, she floats
Into the night by darkness clothe
When the lady sings a mournful song
Chanting through the spheres of night
Where it dissolves at the horizon
Like her life
Undone...