

# Dead Can Dance, Youth

All calculations set to one side;  
The inevitable Descent from Heaven,  
A visitation of memories and a seance of rhythms  
Invades my house, my head,  
And the world to mind.  
A horse leaps forward on suburban turf,  
Past planted fields and stretches of woods  
Misty with carbonic plague.  
A wretched theatrical woman, somewhere in the world,  
Sighs after an improbable indulgence.  
Desperadoes lie dreaming of storm, and of wounds and debauch.  
Along small streams the little children sit,  
Stifling their curses.  
Let us turn once more to our studies,  
To the noise of insatiable movement  
That forms and ferments in the masses.