

# The Ocean, Ectasian

There's a stubble field  
On which a black rain falls  
There is a tree which, brown, stands lonely here  
There's a hissing wind  
Which haunts deserted huts  
How sad, this evening  
Past the village pond: the gentle orphan, returning home  
Still gathers scanty ears of corn  
Golden and round  
Her eyes are gazing in the dusk  
And her throbbing lap awaits the bridegroom... returning home  
Shepherds found the sweet body  
Decayed in the bramble bush  
A shade... I am remote from sombre hamlets  
I drank from the woodland well  
The silence of God  
I can feel the touch of cold steel  
Spiders look for my heart  
There is a light that fails in my mouth  
On my forehead cold metal forms  
Spiders look for my heart  
There is a light that fails in my mouth  
I drank from the woodland well  
The silence of God