

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