

Funeral, Vile Are The Pains

Grow strong
and learn to fly
Do not for an instant
consider
the circling death above
nor the slithering one
below

Soar and bask
in your youth
Many and vile
are the pains on your path

Blacksmith of fortune and fate,
a cunning trickster,
brings down the hammer
with unexceeded might
Mad and blind
(Will you be crushed?)

Better not ponder
Follow the footprints
Do not worry,
you will always be caught
if you fall...
(...won't you?)

Half-chance is life
and though the arrows
missed you so far,
your body remembers
how to squirm,
and your heart
how to bleed