

# Heather Dale, Lady Of The Lake

He was young and he rode along the river  
Raven-haired  
The fairest thing to grace those steady banks  
In ages come and lost for-ever  
And power laid upon him  
Like a thousand secrets she would never know  
And so she spoke

In the lapping of the land  
Golden-tongued  
Her whispers fickle jewels along the sand  
Ephemeral and softly spoken  
But he was wiser than his years  
And shed his hooves to meet her there  
Among the reeds where earth recedes  
There he stood.

As the silt caressed the bottoms of his feet  
Circles formed: growing outward, drawing inward  
Gaining strength and going homeward  
In the trumpeting of swans  
In lilies laced upon a pond  
She rose before him like the ice before the Spring  
And was a queen

And their touch was like a lover's  
Clear and sweet, drenching and unfolding  
With no need for air or sunlight in the deep  
And in the passions that they bared  
In pledges won and secrets shared  
They'd stand together in what destiny would bring  
And crown a king