

Wuthering Heights, River Oblivion

Light flickers like burning birds
On the dark, silky surface
The willows are leaning over the edge
To catch a glimpse of her beauty

Such a relief
To sink into her shadows
Deep as the grief
Left on the bank

The passage to the other side
The light sat the end
So longed for
And feared

How magic the moment of revealing
How wondrous the waters of healing
Sweet river dark
River Oblivion