

In the dream

there is a lover
a young stag, agile and swift
who finds his beloved and speaks

Rise, my beautiful one, and come!

And in the dream, a beautiful maiden
an endless roaming
weaves between realms of light

Looking to heaven, she cries
for what the wind has shaken loose.

Those with ears let them hear.

Everything I was before has now become
death-born shadow, earth-bound bone.