

## Medea

Arcana

In you were treasured many hopes  
Tender pledging of days in grace  
Bliss and dream intertwined as one  
Joy such as all lovers might envy

Those thoughts are mine no more  
For now I am empty; bereft of you  
I must endure this life in solitude  
And nevermore behold your face

I did not seek to wring your heart  
The same act surely wrung my own  
I had to brace me to the deed  
Hence filled my heart with wickedness

The purpose was not to curse  
The act was the only resolution  
Constrained to dethrone our beauty  
Thus preventing greater suffering

I must endure this life in solitude  
And nevermore behold your face