

Frozen Swan

Coronatus

A secret poem is whispering through the trees.
Your physical body embraced by this shivering breeze.
Your breath is freezing by this arctic gust
And it trickles to the ground like dust.

All fear is disappeared, all doubt is gone.
A last ritual- all the grief will stun.
You stride along your moon-enlighted path
Down to the deep, to your cleansing bath.

Soon you become one with this beautiful prime,
Imperishable pretty for all time.
Immaculate alloyed with ornate beauty,
Your heart is standing still- fulfilled is your last will
You spread your wings and dive into.....

Fallen angel fly away (...eternity)
Enlight the darkness like a blazing ray.
Free for all time, there's no return-
Like a frozen swan in eternal ice you burn!

Full of hope you stride towards the shore,
The old agony will not return anymore.
Ready to reserve your perfect gracefulness
Only you remain with your last loneliness.

Without an hesitation you let it begin,
Like a million needles impale through your naked skin.
You slip into the glittering cold,
Your new shape will unfold.