

## Deep Lakes of the Soul

Gothica

When everything is bathed in colour  
And a blinding golden path  
Shines from the sky onto the sea,  
To the white shingle beach which is below you,  
Blood stains stand out every so often: red poppies.

In your deep tomb, receive the young corpses  
Of those who are tired of living, those who can't find consolation  
In the marvel of your sunsets.

Wings flutter among the ears of wheat  
Like the wind which ripples the sea  
And vertically over it  
There's the cliff of suicide  
On the water more blue than the sky.