

I stare at dark star against the black sky
Of a night thirteen hundred years long
It casts shrouding shadows upon the desert
Of the dark moons that formed in her eyes

On the [?] the sun never smiled
And the noon every day was in shadow
And the sky left its tears on the black barren earth
And the dark storm formed in her eyes

On a shrine of black flowers Ethusel lay dead
As he had for thirteen centuries
At his feet five crows stood and watched to his keep
And the whisper of time sighed around the hills

Panasowna has tried fair wind for a steed
Rode the skies in search of the star
And the serpent entwined about the stag's head
Tried to reach out and poison her heart

O no, Panasowna, you will not go far
Ethusel has only one hour
And if you do not reach him before it is over
Then the other falls into the ocean

Panasowna took her pen and she stabbed the serpent's eye
And he fell through the clouds to the land
As she rode on and on through the blazing sky
A horizons of lightnings unsung

It was then that the daylight became the dark night
She recalled what the [?] had said:
When the night becomes black and no sound can be heard
You have come to the land of the night

And she found the dark star hanging low in the sky
And she gathered it up in her arms
And she rode to the shrine where Ethusel lay dead
And she placed the dark star to her head

And the star became bright and it shone on the land
And the shrouds of darkness were gone
And Ethusel was standing beside Panasowna
And the light came to bear in her hair