

Her Sleep

Umbra Et Imago

While ember raised
Her soul was chased
By hate and fear
Black friend was near
A faded flower
Pointed the hour
Like blood the air
Where is the way?
Her place to stay
She lost the hold
And lift got cold
As a raven flew
And silence grew
The ash-tree cried
And then she died
In darkest age
In smallest cage
She wrote this line:
The world is mine