

Algol

Vintersorg

Algol, demon, capricious your brightness
Shifts from day to day - rises, abates, intensifies
Again, sometimes triumphant and sparkling
Sometimes pale and faint. For a long time
We've searched with wonder for the key
To this mystery, the right element to
Your eager and changing, queer temperament

Now we've dispensed the haze of the riddle:
You've got a companion on your journey
Like a slave, a faithful shadow he
Constantly follows you on the desolate
Path, he circles and sneaks quiet around you, closely

Never have we seen his guise, dark, parched
Stiff and cold, but still we know he exists;
Like ashamed he hides behind you - free
And merry you shine - until he once
Again crawls out of the darkness and
Covers you, and your glare becomes
Pallid and dull, and your mind cloudy

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And similars there are - many Algols
Wanders in the space - maybe even
More among us on earth. Sunlight spirits
Darkened by a shadow, young princes
Concealed by old slaves, doublesouls
Divided creatures - a blissful son of the
Light indissolubely linked with a bitter dark demon

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