

It is emblazened upon my soul
this night's work and its requite
A figure stands before my very being
Frowning beckoning

I have no recourse than to follow
I fear it overwhelms

My other self so fair a one,
I cannot seem to leave - all voiceless
I stand in wonderment half dazed -
Slowly creeping shadows fall about
my soul like shackles.

Spelling out the same above
and taking from his permeity
so that he seems emerged in sight
A river of darkness flows from him to me
All changed the very scheme of heaven and
earth to me - Thank God it is not so
to other men.