

Tisza's Child

Aesma Daeva

Tisza's Child

Daughters, sons, river deaths: faces pale like moons;
And hands, bright stars.
Fair children cradle water graves.
Vast river, spirits, can you hear us pray?
Arise, hear my lullaby, how I wreck my broken love upon unlived
lives.
Vast river, dark water, I drown in lament endlessly.
Spirit guide, river stag arise, eyes ablaze and hide steaming,
pull treasures from turbid water.
Tisza's child clothed in liquid light arise, awake, mystify.
How I drowning bathe in rivers that flood all hope in water, fi
nal lord, and I will fly to thee.