

## Dream Recalled on Waking

Darkseed

...and after a many summer dies the swan  
It withers slowly in thine arms  
All night long amorous anthems sung  
It's tears on your cheek, history of the fan

Sweet is the breath of night  
with charm of earliest birds  
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide  
Dying embers, our only light  
(scorching away mortality  
Till the moon rising in clouded majesty)

But see the many-coloured prime retired to rest  
Thy long tongued blood demands supplies  
Honour and beauty are but dreams  
Big alike with wound and dart

Like fiery dewes that melt  
the swan's soul into the boughs does glide  
Flaming swords forbidden  
They banish me from you  
Remembrance of a bitter loss

Ruined love, when it's built anew  
grows fairer, more strong, far greater  
While glory crowns so many hatreds crest  
Waking, thou wert in thy nakedness