

# DIRGE

The endless ocean inside of me  
you do not want;  
perhaps you just got here  
as the tide was high, and overflown,  
- why?, how? - it might be never known;  
and yet, I shall forever hold you dear.

You are stranded in the dry desert of your husband  
and for five long years you've sprinkled it fruitlessly;  
in just five brief months you poured a cascade over me;  
- and now a wild river sweeps me into a sombre sea  
where I am drowning in black waters of nothingness;  
the only life-saver: your kiss, your caress.  
My heart is soaked with sorrows I have drunk  
from your kind words, from your pale blue eyes,  
the graceful way you move, your naughty girlish smiles;  
and so now, I have to dull the pain  
with some opiate or barbiturate  
that sow dark visions in my brain.

My love for you is  
a gloomy tunnel with no light at the end,  
it's these crows, squawking meaninglessly at the dawn,  
a spring flower, in bloom, dying on the vine.  
Beyond the cliff of existence the void keeps calling,  
and I answer; "I am coming, I am coming!",  
longing for the release of that free falling:  
for this raging torrent must follow its course down hill,  
for troubled waters will never stay still,  
for it's impossible to resist nature's call,  
or to find any peace in the vanity of it all.