

## Autumn

# "Floating Towards Distress"

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She runs to the river down below  
Towards a boat under a willow  
Away from the mirror, the loom and the tower  
Where she yearned for him, hour after hour

Under a sky like a dark blue dome  
Stands the queen of loneliness  
A skin as white as the rivers foam  
Which tips the hem of her dress

A crown of a pearl garland she wore  
Blinking to Camelot in moonlight  
To which she stares, through tears  
Tears that are clouding her sight  
A forlorn goddess  
Seeking for her God  
Carving in the stern  
The lady Shallot

Like a prophet seeing the entire future  
She loses the chain  
While death stretches its hand and lures  
Seizing her to gain

Paralysed and in distress, she floats  
Into the night by darkness clothe  
When the lady sings a mournful song  
Chanting through the spheres of night  
Where it dissolves at the horizon  
Like her life  
Undone...

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