

Marianne Faithfull "Prologue"

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Midway, this way of life we're bound upon
I woke to find myself in a dark wood,
Where the right road was wholly lost, and gone.

Aye me, how hard to speak of it,
That rude and rough and stubborn forest,
The mere breath of memory stirs the old fear in the
blood.

But when, at last, I stood beneath a steep hillside,
Which closed that valley's wandering maze,
Whose dread had pierced me to the heart root deep.

Then I looked up, and saw the morning rays
Mantle it's shoulder from that planet bright,
Which guides men's feet aright,
On all their ways.

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