

Aesma Daeva "Tisza's Child"

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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,
final lord, and I will fly to thee.

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