

## **Mythopoeia "In A River-Bed"**

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Oldman and oldwoman, Moon and Sun  
Rainbow arms of falling stars and leaves  
Ancient dust is washed off from Queen  
Sunset over shadow of my eyes  
Dark indiansummer with many hue of black  
It's twilight

It's twilight

Dish of the defeating, how fortunate chance,  
Depositing and muddy, far river-bed

Of sighing details - eternaly transferring  
Belt of grain of reproachness is cutted  
Dirty poverty of celtic existence  
Frontiers of poison are signport of zodiac

Slack by wandering on mountainridge  
For precious coral...

Stitch of warrior is committed by wet shrub  
Noble is swamp of difficulties and shame

Puls is impossible ant to limp by spear  
Eighteenth tabu is matter and nature  
Oldman and oldwoman, Moon and Sun  
Rainbow arms of falling stars and leaves

Sunset over shadow of my eyes  
Dark indiansummer...itis twilight  
Serr siabhar ritu  
Oen dunam mathir  
Ord siabhar tromi

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