

Nahemah

"The Teardrop Fall"

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In the forest
Where the green and sinister
Luxuriance
Engulfs the rays of light
And climbing plants
Scale the walls of fortresses
Raced by the pass of centuries
The old trunks remain immutable
Since the vassals
Rendered hoamge to their lords
During that misterious hour
Where the frontiers
Between night and day hides
I found a neat and luminous presence
Of sad feminine beauty
Postrated on a huge stone
Near a lake of eternal waters
Where the souls sail and sink
A cold and petreous tear

Stands within is lime
And the rain's ashes
A maiden cries
And there's no solace
For such a deep sorrow
She mourns the death of mankind
She weeps for the lovelorn
She weeps for the drowned men
Drowned in the depths of this lake
With no destiny
Never to emerge
An angel cries
And there's no solace
For such a deep sorrow
Her tear falls
And reflects over the waters
Before crowning the lake
With a diadem of shy waves
Fallen tear from my angel

