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Elegiac Stroll

Lara Biyuts

A shimmering gossamer, in the morn
of my unearthly early stroll,
is my escort,
elegiac and willful
like my mood.
A sacred forest used to be this wilderness.
Herald of Gods himself would touch these glades
with his talaria. No stones,
no ruins in this place of temples.
The mournful starry nights passed, one by one,
and faces of the old rejected gods
are clouded, watching, calling asking,
desirous, no longer desirable.
Deforested are slopes of hills;
the topless mountain heights
look jagged,
so enigmatic in the deep-green twilight.
Whose ancient sadness wounds me, here?
Dark starry nights pass one by one, in tears,
and faces of the old rejected gods
are clouded, watching, calling, asking.
Who knows all their way, beginning and the end?
Time never spared glory and the names
of Great old Gods. Needless to say of ours
and our flighty flimsy generation--
all our deeds and glory of the present
are doomed to the Abyss of Time.
The Law of Disappearance. In every thing,
we see the greetings of Oblivion,
desired by no one yet promised
to everything--say what you like.
But I, in the obscurity, light-hearted
and loving life for life itself, should I
be trembling when I face to face with fate?
A mortal, I'm immortal to myself.
This law is dangerous to one's imagination
alone. An inst belongs to me like I belong to it.
What's in the past or future tribes in glory?
I touch the strings and sing but not for them.
Not heeded, I have been awarded
by sounds for sounds
and by dreams for dreams.