Glittering peacocks tempt through the night,
Spending the shudders we crave for delight,
Larks at dawn with their passionate cry,
Yet majestic as a cloudless sky.

Is the rejoicing in palpable tunes
Which in my mouth have resounded for moons,
A new incarnation and core?

Shall I find my true domains once more?

Silence despair!
Although you long
— But in vain — to possess,
Question and bear,
With conquering song
Master distress.

And so it was taught.
He patiently wrought,
Another year passed.
By south and by east
Deluded at last
Hewearily ceased.

An oak overhead,
He shovelled a grave
For mantle and stave,
He felt they were dead.
For quests I prepare,
Unburdened by care.

The sluices broke,
Curbed waters rose higher.
He fought down a tear
And murmured: I fear
On this very oak
I must shatter my lyre.