

Invective Against Swan Songs

King Otto, Ludwig's successor

The soul, good people, flies beyond the parks
and far beyond the domes of the winter palace.

Waking in a strange, phosphorescent light,
it rises, deliberate, and goes without saying

like a sleepwalker summoned by the moon
to carry out a nobler office. Snow

falls silently, and the owl's downy wings
make no sound as it swings through the cold night.

Behold, already on the long parades
The carrion birds descend to line the streets.

And the soul, good people, having lately risen
escapes the walls of speech as another prison.

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