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.

The Cult

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