

I throb with fear
Petrified, a wreck
Waiting unsettled
For my essence to return

Scrabbling shadows encase me
Then slowly fade

Yet

If I only knew
The path
The route I cannot see
My heart would calm
My tears would dry
And bide a thousand years

But hidden

She glides above Mount Damarvand
Tunnels through her peaks

Swoops to the bed of a bottomless loch
Kisses glassy waters above

Wrestles with ancient foliage
Scattered from autumn trees

And when the spring rains return
She drinks the healing tonic
From upturned cherry blossom cups

To infuse the shell she left