

# Lilja's Lament

## Indica

Strolling under harbor lights, Lilja reads a line  
    Poor Tatiana'  
    In another library, Rochester arrives  
    Oh lord, he's half-blind  
Lancelot and Guinevere came nowhere near the pier  
    No love this year  
Marian called Robin Hood to save her from the sea  
But words are cheap Stories had been spun, a sea of metaphors were done  
    And Lilja heard but wonder's thunder  
All the books she read kept her in bed and hurt her head  
Her tragic flaw was not a blunder Percival got drunk and tossed his cup into the snow  
    Where'd the grail go'  
Catherine found her Heathcliff but the Brontes died alone  
    Air gets so cold  
Wind revives the balladeers sentenced to their words  
    Fog means return  
For the bards and troubadours, sentences are worlds  
We long but don't learn Stories had been spun, a sea of metaphors were done  
    And Lilja heard but wonder's thunder  
All the books she read kept her in bed and hurt her head  
Her tragic flaw was not a blunder Teeter totter by the harbor, Lilja looked up saw a starfish  
    Holding her hand was Ophelia,  
Smith, Elliot; Plath, Sylvia Stories had been spun, a sea of metaphors were done  
    But Lilja lived her blunder thunder  
All the books she read put her to rest on a seabed  
Her tragic flaw still makes me wonder Stories had been spun, a sea of metaphors were done  
    But Lilja lived her blunder thunder  
All the books she read put her to rest on a seabed  
Her tragic flaw still makes me wonder

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