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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