

**Tony Goryn**

**La Belle Dame**

La belle dame shivers in the shadows,  
a green silk veil against her frame,  
the sedge, the princes' steeds lie fallow,  
la belle dame.

In thrall to notions of her name,  
tame linnets nibble for to follow  
and trade with her their needs, (all fame,

all hopes will doubtless end in shallow  
graves), share confessions of their shame,  
while she gifts them in return a rose,  
la belle dame.