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.

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