

Elegy of North

Paul

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It's the echoes in the strings of a distant past.
It's the lingering tones which lament a loss.
I hear it beat across a thousand years,
And hear it hum your children sound asleep.

It's a people ensconced in a fiery hertha.
It's their cries amidst the shadows of a heritage.
I see them dance inside the circles of their dark,
And see a forest morning flicker into light.



Maria Franz of *Heilung*

This poem was inspired by *Heilung*'s song "Norupo." See <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=64CACoHNBEI>