

THE BALLAD OF NETHERWATER

All the old tales
About Netherwater
Spoke of the shapes
Of dreadful creatures
Dwelling at the bottom
Of the Black Sea

And my grandmother
Would not spare me
Their harrowing cruelty

But in the remote shore
Behind our house
Red lights would arise
Softly beaconing me
Into the bowels of the sea

Lullabies were my answer
And they gently danced along
To the rhythm of my voice

The smoke and its smell
So acrid in the wind
From the ships, aflame
Immolated in eternal glory
Like kindling wood
In the city bay

And the red lights,
Indifferent to the sacrifice,
Were an implacable call

So I tumbled down
Human and wooden bones along
Answering the call of Netherwater

Feeble light rays
Bleeding from above,
The light taste of salt
At the back of my throat,
As I opened my eyes
In my new home

Humanity had left me
All but forgotten

At the bottom of Netherwater

I still sing in the hidden shore
Bringing my lullabies
Along with my blazing eyes
For the humans who still hear
For those who want to listen
To the tales of Netherwater

And I will sing of the marble spear
Erected in the city bay
Which Netherwater will flood
Patently conquering
The human sacrifice

And I will sing of the faded humans
And their abandoned houses
And their sunken gardens
When only bones will be left to mourn
Amidst the black sand

And I will sing, withal
When water has shattered all stone
When water has corroded all metal
When water has rotted all wood
And humanity will only be
The shadow of a memory