

xspxranza

# The Swan's Lullaby

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## Lost in Mist

Consciousness seeps like morning dew  
Through veiled lids and misty mind,  
Where am I?  
What strange brew  
Of dreams has left me here behind?

Fog wraps round me like a shroud,  
Ancient trees loom overhead,  
Their branches whisper—not too loud—  
Of secrets best left unsaid.

My fingers trace the dampened earth,  
This forest floor of moss and stone,  
As if touching moment of rebirth,  
In this place I've never known.

Memory fails me here and now,  
Like water through splayed fingers falling,

While silver mist caresses brow,  
And somewhere distant, something's calling.

What brought me to this twilight realm  
Where reality seems thin as air?  
As shadows dance and overwhelm,  
I feel eyes beyond my stare.

## Footprints in Unknown Soil

First step uncertain  
Leaves no mark in morning mist—  
Where does path begin?

Twisted roots reach up  
Through earth like grasping fingers—  
Nature's prison bars.

Each breath draws deeper  
Into lungs this foreign air—  
Sweet with mystery.

Lost time drifts away  
Like leaves upon autumn breeze—  
Memory fades fast.

Footprints disappear  
Behind me in the soft ground—

No way back exists.

## Echo of Before

Fragments float like autumn leaves,  
Scattered memories incomplete:  
A laugh that breaks,  
A tear that grieves,  
A dance upon unsteady feet.

Was there sunshine yesterday?  
Or has it been eternal night?  
These thoughts decay  
And slip away  
Like shadows in the morning light.

Something scratches at my mind,  
A warning wrapped in velvet fog:  
'Remember when...'  
But left behind,  
The truth sinks deeper in the bog.