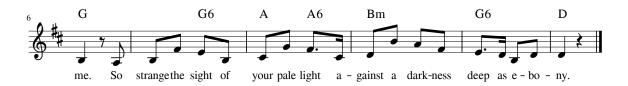
Anemone

Lyrics: John Frederick Mason Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen





ANEMONE

Anemone, anemone, I found you lost one forest winter's night. You spoke in me. So strange the sight of your pale light against a darkness deep as ebony.

Anemone, anemone,
I cupped my hands around your tiny flame.
You warmed in me.
I breathed again.
You breathed my name
and whispered on the wind, "Persephone!"

Anemone, anemone, you gently touched me, bowed your nodding head. You slept in me.
And round our bed a music spread that weaved two strings into a symphony.

Anemone, anemone, we felt the moment open like a door. You came in me. So soft, so sure, in silent awe we saw ahead a sweet epiphany.

Anemone, anemone, the moment burst and broke its magic spell. You died in me. You closed your shell, your petals fell, as dawn birds carolled out our agony.

Anemone, anemone, your fellow flowers flood the woods like snow. None speaks to me. For far below that springtime flow, my winter longs for my anemone.