

SATURDAY, 20 OCTOBER 1963

Mikael Elam

Problems run through the maze in my head
The given morals of my life are like the leaves,
 they die and are shed
And the Wind cries and blows.

Dead leaves—symbols of my passing fancies
All fall and blow, are swept and burnt
Just as the dreams of mine
And the Wind cries and blows.
Wood nymphs dance to the strains of Chopin that fill the air,
They seem to be aware, as the Piper leads me astray,
 of the feelings I leave as I go away.
Like a blade of grass, the ashes of a fire and the tintinabulation of a
 chime, my soul dances away with the nymphs in time.
The Wind beckons and entices me on farther from the virtue I hear
We dance on, leaving everything bourgeoisie hold dear
In a field, I stand like a bud in the spring
Simple, vulnerable, young—like a dawning
But, the golden horizon vanishes before I understand
And like a spirit out of Pandora's box, I stand to face the world, with
 the nymphs still, dancing among the streams and rocks
And the Wind cries and blows.