

## **Swan Song**

So fine and fragile, those with porcelain skin,  
Whose hair cascades and frames the face with gold,  
The lords who favour those so tall and thin  
Are not to favour I, so newly old.

An empty vineyard that shall bear no fruit  
Is lesser picked than one with thickened vines  
That play their melodies with polished flutes  
Yet none shall sing as sweet nor bright as mine.

For my Lord blesses me with light and truth  
Anoints me with his love and fire  
He praises me with words of golden silk  
And guides me to my long awaited pyre.

**Camy Jaimes**