Four Greek Songs

III.

David W. Maves (1998)

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As blessed as a god

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It seems is he

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who sits by you;
see how he en-
circles you, how soft he is when he whispers
and when he smiles so sweetly at you oh then this
tortured heart’s not mine,

it breaks inside me,

and as I look at you it seems as though I lose

Poco Rit. A tempo

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my voice and that I lose all sound

and my tongue can't speak at all—shattered and

my body's frozen in torment
Agitato

suddenly I’m overwhelmed by fire,

my eyes now

darken bells ringing in my ears,

I am soaked with fear

and

wracked by trembling seizing me

Four Greek Songs — III.
then entirely, more

green than grass
I am moving

now toward death a little fly