

Blodeuwedd

I am a woman made of flowers.
I am woven of willowherb and windflower
I am garlanded with bluebells and campions
My hair is wreathed with meadowsweet
My neck is the cream throat of a lilly
And the pale purple blush of lavender and lilacs
pulses softly in veins that thread my skin like ivy fronds.

I am a woman made of flowers.
I am the white petals of the wild briar rose
And the cuckoo flower and the white froth of the ground elder
Gather about me.
I am meadowsweet and marigold
My fingers are thimble with soft pink fox gloves
There are campions in my glances
And wild blue irises shine in my eyes.

Forget me not.
Forget me not.
When the snow berries blossom
Forget me not.

I am a woman made of flowers.
Poppies and purple orchids thread the veins in my skin
The blossom of the hawthorn tree falls about my shoulders in the gloss of my hair
Sea thrift and samphire are the salt of my tears
Ivy twines about my tongue
My words are camomile and meadowsweet and buttercups
And my lips red clover and scarlet pimpernel
But my love is enchanter's nightshade.

Forget me not.
Forget me not.
When the snow berries blossom
Forget me not.

In a dream of owls I flew through the woods.
And feathers fell from my mouth.
I dreamed of wings as silent as snow
And a cruel beak that ripped into my love
And pierced my heart with talons
And love lies bleeding
My love lies bleeding
With petals of crimson
My love lies bleeding.

Forget me not.
Forget me not.
When the snow berries blossom
Forget me not

For I will call your name in the night
and fly softly over the meadows to bring you mice and meadowsweet.