



The Deacon of Dark River

The moon passes,
death rides; do you
not see a white speck
behind my neck,
Garún, Garún?



The Exercise

The moon passes,
death rides; do you
not see a white speck
behind my neck,
Garún, Garún?

The poet Jóhann Jónsson (1896-1932) wrote the poem Lullaby by spinning from the above poem:

The moon passes,
death rides; shadows
grey, silently, hover over the roofs.
How joyous to dream of good fortunes.
The moon passes.



The Exercise

In this exercise you should imitate the form of the poem Lullaby and write your own poem

The poem should include one or both of the following concepts:

Compassion, shame.

The moon passes,
death rides; shadows
grey, silently, hover over the roofs.
How joyous to dream of good fortunes.
The moon passes.