One Ballad, or Two

18 Nov 2023

Earth care not of whom thyself see,

She sang not knowing what of made to be.

Thou thyself art one to define all or everything,

To put a thing on every living being.

A step into it set a hell let loose.

There sit a bard as a rose in the sea.

'Round is all, yet void surrounds.

Off the glare to the glass, one ballad he brought.

"And with me or not with me, and I'm but one nor I am none."