

## **LORELEI**

I think back. She's in a floral sarong,  
A towel wrapped around her sandy hair.  
I look now. I see a bed with restraints,  
Her mind damaged beyond repair.  
As true now as five thousand years ago,  
Like fish in a net or birds in a snare.

*CHORUS:* Lorelei, you can trust your eyes.  
I had two children, not one, and no daughters, just sons.  
And, Lorelei, it's nearly time.  
Our last act ends then a new one's begun.

Now she's here but she's fled on some signless road.  
She drives alone without wheel or dawn.  
The meds leave here barely aware of the room.  
Without them self control is gone.  
Her finale's a lone queen on the board.  
I envy those who get to play pawns.

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