

Forfatter: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf

Titel: the thief

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Anvendt udgave: Samlede skrifter II

## the thief

brother -,  
the pale-dim love,  
who comes to you,  
when luxuriously you are spread  
behind the dark-blue shield of your sleep -,  
do drive her away -!

she is the queen of the pale-blooded king,  
she has come,  
to steal your proudest weapon -  
do  
drive her away -!  
she has come  
to empty your purple quiver,  
and give you in  
her pale-blooded poison -  
do drive her away -!

brother -,  
if you open your lids  
to her pale-dim beauty,  
your eyes shall  
be filled with the treacherous fog  
from her glimmering womb -  
do drive her away -!  
when she comes through  
the yielding night,  
and pushes away your shield -,  
remember her husband,  
the king of  
the slave-flogging fools -!

when she comes,  
o, brother -,  
her eyes will be white -  
o, brother -,  
do never forget  
your own firm-bodied giver of pride,  
your own slaving princess  
of your own royal race,  
though slaving to-day -!

don't forget, dearest brother -,  
the power in the dark-blue shield,  
given you by the bright-glowing day  
of your own royal people -,  
though slaving they are  
to-day -!

don't forget, when she comes,  
the pale-dim beguiler,  
the infallible judgement  
from your own royal blood,  
remember  
the unseen sun -!  
o, brother -