

## THE MUTATION OF ORPHEUS

by Helen Hajnoczky

ENCHANTED FLINT, END MY ACHE, IF EVEN LOVE  
IS A VIGIL IN THAT VISTA, RICHENING NO VIEW.  
THE HUE OF A WARM SEA DARKENS, DAPPLING  
AN ENNUI IN REDNESS, AS IF MAKING A COWARD  
OF A HITHERTO KNOWN HERO, WHEN IN THE RHYTHM  
OF HER SORROW. TO BE A HERMIT IN A CHAPEL!  
EVEN A HERDER OF THE LEA! EACH OBEYS  
A TULIP ON A HILL. NO, HER DREAM IS A DIRGE  
OF RADIANT INFERNOS. WE KILL THE ANGEL, BURN  
THE CHURCH AT DUSK. BY THE CANDLE OF HER RUIN,  
DECIPHER MY PLEA: LET ME, WHO CALLS HELL MY REFUGE,  
DIE. FOR NO SONNET HAS YET DELIGHTED HER —  
FOR NO STORM HAS THE KEY TO THIS COVENANT.  
TO BEG FORTH THE GOD OF HAVOC: BE LEGIBLE.

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This lyric verse is a permutation of an already written lexicon, rearranging all the words that appear in 'The Nocturne of Orpheus' by Christian Bök.