

She wears a crimson ribbon choker  
and her black robes look light  
against her skin

The gambler's son says, "Hold fast, my heart!"  
in coy, ancient manner  
best forgotten

Opposite a hand-held looking-glass  
Narcissus shows himself  
to everyone

In frustration, in pain, in anger  
Father's son lifts his hand  
to his father

An Echo rings in the Gambler's head  
He's choked by the mirror  
which signals him

Caressed by the woman with bound neck  
and dead by his son's love  
of this woman

Wearing a crimson ribbon choker  
hips sway to hypnotize  
most anyone

And though hips still move all around him  
the Gambler knows not whose  
any longer

One drew crimson from the other's neck  
The gambler mesmerized  
inside his grave

The son sees Echo in the mirror  
but not a reflection  
not a nomen

When the gambler's son killed the gambler  
one took the other's name  
yet unbeknownst

Narcissus runs to take his woman  
from her bedroom chamber  
by the Gambler's

She's vapor to the touch of a hand  
her words are acid, she's  
never alone

Without his murderously won bride  
the gambler's son fled ~~off~~ off  
to mountaintops

He shouts to everyone, "Who am I?"  
they answer, "The gambler"  
"Named Narcissus"