

For why so early have you come?
Your advent's not for many leaf.
I planned your journey here, Therefrom,
Ensuring passage through my fief,

But without bid you cross my lands?
Was your estate to your dismay?
I fashioned you with mine own hands,
Spent ages toiling lifeless clay;

Wove enigmatic webs of fate,
For you to live and love and play.
So child of mine, my most ornate,
I ask: what words have you to say?

*My beauty was considered ill.
And so my kin, the humans kill.*