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 to mountaintops

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