The SICK ROSE

O Rose, thou art sick.
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.
by William Blake
translated into Klingon
by Ann Marie Dyer

"ti 'ih brrop.
ghargh so',
'e' puv pa'ram
pa'muD SIS jach

tu' bel Doq
Qong Daglli,
'ei parmaqDaj
pegn Hurgh
Qaw'yInlli."