

It's been

The memory is bright,
But flickering far away.
A dreaded dream,
Close in me,
Closed by me.
Those mountains have ridges
Which held me
When they let me slip.
I've never been able to pass!
Encircled by those heights,
I've seen it in other times.

Warm and lush,
I remember,
Cold waters,
Where shadows abound.