**Apart**

*2006*

Why must the moon’s caress

Bless you, without,

A ray, nor breath,

Nor whisper

For this heart.

The sea’s soft waves

Wash to your

Gentle shore.

While I am naught

But torment

Dry and parched

That Joy, that \_\_\_\_\_

Life’s Slace

No more

No more

How can the summer breeze

So softly kiss your face.

While naught save torpid dust

Swirls round my head.

You wad within your

Silken \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ space

My couch is cold, \_\_\_ \_\_\_\_,

Sans pillows, stiff \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ bed

You dive, the wine is sweet

Such fine repast

I starve, no \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, bread

Nor crust

Your dreams are sure, sleep

Deep & pure.

This poor soul can only tast

Itself to trust,

An\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_,

Without a spark of rest

Oh must such…

Yes. Must.

For you are you must

And I am I

There\_\_\_\_ lies the lie

The \_\_\_\_\_, mournful cry

Of why of why, the die

Of die, the end without a start.