

Romance Revisited

07 May 2015

Unsurprised when she appeared
atop the stair,
unsought and yet on cue,
I smiled.

There we were again.

More than sounds were heard,
more said than words
as we relieved the burn
that itched for all those years.

Something in that breeze
put love at ease,
and all those memories
in Sunday Best conceived
some reparation,
some demand.

But lives diverge,
conform to their courses,
drive towards their ends.

This, then, too must end.

--

But if we flee from time,
abandon all but dreams,

Elide the pulls of Jupiter
and Venus,

Would we weary of the world we'd made?

Must immortal Love's embrace
ignore all time and place?

--

Rage for futility,
Rage for bleared horizons,

For rage itself,
which vanquishes sages,
and for the mortal dream.

But though to many moons I've sighed,
and though those eyes when met with mine
still come to life to think of all that was
and what could be, it is not time.

Though it is right.

For time flows suddenly to exit youth.

--

Let us go then, you and I,
to die, and not trace ways
across that sky
where the Immortals lie.

We belong implanted
where the bloom that Spring provides
by Autumn flees, and we get by
on hardened leaves.