

The Sound of a Glinting Blade

Xanthochroid

I heard the Forest sing
Songs of my youth
I'd never felt such pain before

You held my hand that day
You were my Sun before the dawn
The darkened morning I have loved so long

I don't recall that day
And I never thought of you when I cried
You know the place
And I never wondered why

Where memory sleeps and secrets hide
You left so suddenly

Silence fills this place
Naught but a memory of your embrace
You, servile and sweet
Soft as the sediment beneath our feet
Far beyond the trees
We roamed
Yet, now, I plead:

Recall the plans we made
Dreams once so bold
The jealous Sun stood still and cold