

Past Shadows

Agathodaimon

Now far I am from you, before my fire alone, That I am old as
winter, that maybe you have died. And it seems that eighty ye
ars beneath my feet did glide, And read again the hours that s
o silently have gone, The shadows of the past swift stream acr
oss life's floor The tale of all times, nothings that now exis
t no more; And sadly spins the fibre of the story in my mind..
. Your eyes are full of tears, and your fingers long and cold;
While the wind with clumsy fingers softly fumbles at the blin
d About my neck caressing your arms you gently ply I see you
stand before me in a mist that does enfold, And thus I clasp
entranced my all, my world of grace, And both our lives are jo
ined in that supreme embrace... And it seems you want to spea
k to me yet only sigh. Oh, let the voice of memory remain fore
ver dumb, Forget the joy that was, but that nevermore will com
e, Forget how after an instant you thrust my arms aside, For
now I'm old and lonely, and maybe you have died.