

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 years beneath my feet did glide, And read again the hours that so silently have gone, The shadows of the past swift stream across life's floor The tale of all times, nothings that now exist 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 blind 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 joined in that supreme embrace... And it seems you want to speak to me yet only sigh. Oh, let the voice of memory remain forever dumb, Forget the joy that was, but that nevermore will come, Forget how after an instant you thrust my arms aside, For now I'm old and lonely, and maybe you have died.