

Silent Conversations with Distant Stars

Hecate Enthroned

pictureque is this hillside scene
bathed in a wash of beautiful twilight
waves calmly break on the shores of a dream
eloquent, the cool whispers of an ocean breeze.

gaze upward to the cosmic ceiling
the mighty sky is but a canvas of memories
a glistening sense of loss to send us reeling
through an enchanting ballet, nonetheless

there opens a moonlight path to the horizon
a gateway from which a fragile form appears
face smooth and pale as a porcelain doll
skin as pure white as the container last seen in

her realm is one of darkness
an eternity within thoughts
visible only to closed eyes

her eyes shine like that of distant stars
mute, she need never say a word for me.

in my unconscious frame I have found liberation
from the dull ache of sorrow
to extend a hand and pull her from this ethereal
existence in dark reverie
to keep the promise of never leaving

in the face of dawn
may we rejoice in slumber

watch the horizon begin the glow
the soft embrace falls away
feel the beating heart begin to slow
learn to grieve all over again
my heart breaks with the dawn