

Four Verses Separated By Years

And though my flesh and paper rot in time
your image in my head will not
and rhyme does little to attain
what I have thought so long to find

The myth enshrined in me is wrong I know
and still it brings to mind so long
ago when sunlight's sweet refrain
broke forth in song, you were aglow

Too often do I look up to the moon
to help restore the blood I drew
but wounds do nought but stay the same
when treatment comes not now, but soon

Your image now is dust and I can say,
as with my paper, I don't mind
decay, in flesh alone the pain
of squandered time grows every day

I couldn't have it any other way.