

fragments of a fatal fantasy

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i cannot even recall what it was
we said upon parting
but then
we were always parting
even when meeting
always searching
even after the finding

and i have come to see
that love
thou art no more
than a fatal fantasy

man's life is but
a passing moment in eternity
and love
that moment's eternity

and you with your silver tongue
who used to speak of all things wise
stand silent in your window now
the words falling from your eyes

i found out only today
almost a year later
there had been a time
when you had loved me
and i was as unaware of your love
as the desert of the forest

our love now is like that
of two old companions
between whom all the things
that needed saying
have been said

oh my lady has gone to the city
there to live with her dreams
and i'll not see her face again
at least that's the way that it seems

one disappointed in love
is like the wind
that has fallen moaning
against the final wall of a cave

our love floats like a summer leaf
half submerged
in an autumn river

and still her memory comes to me
like a knock soft upon my door
like a wave hard upon the shore

i walk beneath october trees
scattering september leaves
seeking some trace of your august smile

and you were such a beautiful tree
all scarlet and blue
with your branches dancing in the wind
when first i loved you

layout and graphics by author.

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