

Shadows

The darkened sky above the trees
Is the mirror of my heart.
As rain upon the window sill,
Foggy shrouds upon the hill,
Ghosts that pass about me still,
Since we've been apart;
Her image forms in these.

I cannot but pause to reflect
(A journey through space and time),
Upon the memories that last --
Moments shared, but long since past,
Shadows deep that time has cast;
I hold forever mine.
My heart will not neglect.

Her fingers, once entwined with mine,
I will feel with every touch.
The softness of her fingertips
Pressed upon my waiting lips,
Held within my gentle grip;
I miss so very much,
Like the last sweet drops of wine!

A word of her not long ago
Chanced on tear-filled eyes.
Her life now full, with children sweet;
The gift of God to grace her feet.
I, happily, this news should greet --
Yet so final is this last "Goodbye,"
That Darkness 'round me grows.

Why is it that I've clung to Dust?
I have not let her memory go.
Why have I wished what could not be?
Why have I hoped where none was seen?
Alas, no answers found for me ==
As time ebbs, sure and slow,
And Green Hills turn to Rust.

T. Jones January 2005