

An Elegy to Our Love

Grieve softly, my fair darling of the night,
The stars have donned their widow's dress
Somber grave dug by watching crows, taking flight,
Gone, gone, our love's tender rotting flesh.

Pampered souls of Aphrodite—O so fair—
Forget not our secrets whispered by the lake
Where once blew lucent lilies in her hair,
Now grew tainted carnations—blood red, at dawn's wake.

Where upon the altar my secrets lie
Where she watched and knelt before my feet
Yet to see, I've only a mortal heart, hereby
Unveiled by time's cruel deceit.

O promises! those slippery vain stones,
Too much a burden to lift and to keep,
Turned this daydream into dreary moans
Tell me the truth, tell, before the lies' sink deep.

What was I to say when one weeps?
Care not for me, not for thoughts and pain,
Not for tarnished time or shattered sleeps.
What was I to say to miseries of thy bane?

'Tis not your beauty I bemoan—
No—far more, and far less, my dear
Neither your fault and nor is mine
That love had turned and shown its ugly rear.