

The Stars Above the Hill

In the frosty autumn twilight, when the air hung sharp as crystal
And our whispers rang like chimes against the night,
We stood together on a hillside, where the tree limbs touched the heavens
And the stars poured back to earth a prism of light.

There, reality suspended, we abandoned all our pretense
As the icy, fiery colors stained the sky,
Knowing from that moment onward, our two lives would meld together,
Ever mingled; no more single you or I.

Now a breeze picks up a corner of the curtain in the hallway;
Through the window I can see that hill again.
As I view the scene before me, glimpsing backward through a lifetime,
There's a clarity that time will still retain.

Now somehow I feel a chill --
And perhaps I always will --
As it beckons me back once more,
With a strength I cannot ignore,
To climb with you to the height
We reached on that frosty night.

Though that time's a distant echo, you're still standing here beside me
And we've overcome a thousand wintry chills
Through our loyalty unshaken, we can still perceive the beauty
In the savage, snowy outlines of the hills.

But our conqu'ring years are over, and we have to be contented
To just gaze up at the watercolored sky,
Knowing somewhere on the hilltop those same trees are reaching upward
And the stars still send their prisms from on high.