

Interlude to Love

Take this hand of mine,
And lead me a in a slow dance.
And let this cadence
Swing to our heart's content.

The Bower

She waited high in Rover Hills
For days and nights.
He never returned.
He sailed for many months out to sea
To defend valiantly in a distant world.
Some say that his body sunk into the deep sea,
And others say he abandoned ship early,
To escape the madness of chivalrous soldier.
She lived there in Rover Hills for 40 years,
Before her own happy death.

I needn't need him, I needn't want him

I needn't need him,
I needn't want him.
I bid farewell long ago.
I held my love for true love,
But a shadow cast on me,
And I in that shadow, traversed
Alone and distraught of this huge misconception.
It took so much to dry my eyes,
Knowing secure love I did not find –
And it buried me, buried me.
I thought I saw into his eyes, knowingly,
But I knew nothing.

Like Sleeping Tombs

I fell that when death takes me,
I should be whisked off with God
In to the blue sky.
What a sweet revenge to throw off
all the glories of the world -
To be alone with him.
He'll carry me like his seldom, sought-for love

But a beauty he could not forget.
We will fly to a more heavenly place;
Not a sound or a voice to disturb us.
We'll be like sleeping tombs.