

Do They Ever Sing

Autumn Tears

Child: Do the children ever sing?

The Beautiful: Alas, they do not sing but songs of woe and remembrance.

Child: Do the children ever dance?

The Beautiful: Alas, they can dance no more.

Child: Do the children ever laugh?

The Beautiful: Alas, their laughter can be heard no longer.

Child: Do the children ever play?

The Beautiful: Alas, their days of playing have long since ended.

Child: Do the children ever sleep?

The Beautiful: Alas, the children cannot sleep. They can only dream.

Child: Do the children ever cry?

The Beautiful: Alas, I do regret, they forever cry tears of sadness.

Child: Do the children ever love?

The Beautiful: Alas, they can love no more.

Child: Do you love the children?

The Beautiful: I love all of my children, yet I fear they cannot love me.

Child: Do you love me?

The Beautiful: I shall love thee forever, my dearest one.
Sleep now, as we enter this endless memory together,
and see thy death awakened... all in a moment