

What drives us on?

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I left something of myself in you
Fourscore, twenty, thirty
In your body and in your flesh
In your vault of skin
I was nothing for you
But the shadow of another love
That one day for you
Would shift the skies
To pastures blue
Streaked with passing and loss
Tortoise green in my eyes
From the moss of my past
You arise
And lightly then I saw you smile
With ivory throat and ivory eyes
At night I catch you before I sleep
And if I died before I wake
I prayed that you my heart might keep
I cannot hold your tunnelled eyes
Near my heart any longer
All this love is nothing truly:
Mist of moons' breath
Grit of evening
The grass was green (I now recall)
Before my own particular fall
I saw we were both really
Masks on nothing
(The moonlight sweeping over northern beaches)
All the trees stand stripped
Just silhouettes of memories
At night I have started to dream of you:
Your eyes are wide
And shot through with seablue