

Eleanor

Necare

Veiled in sunwept kisses; sullen, weak; you smiled...
"You must bid me gone, love" - frailty-wracked you cried...
Still upon your deathbed, your hand I held in mine...
Caressed with woe your flaxen hair; felt your last, aspirant sigh...
Goodbye...
No flights of angels bring you to your rest...
Travailed in sickness - in death enrapt and blessed...
Now nothing remains of your life, your time has passed...
Your anguish, your demise, your promise of rebirth...
Solemn incantation nor frenzied evocation...
Did halt not your soul's apostasy...
Lassitude upon me...
This lurid trial awaits me...
I live on in wanton futility...
And yet in my dreams now...
I arise and follow you...
The veil of eternity rends...
And you are whole again...
For there is no cancer...
Nor lamenting depth of grave...
That separates us anymore...
In death...
We are One...