

Echo of Atlantis

The Moon and the Nightspirit

Do you remember the moon-lit,
Ivory gardens we once walked,
The secret realms we fashioned,
Like gods long forgotten ?

Do you remember the scented,
Star-pinioned night, that was ours alone,
And the iris-pouring moon,
That whispered words arcane ?

We are but spectres in this haggard and marble realm
Fading shapes in the moon's uncertain light
We are but whispers in the babel of voices,
The last echoes of a long-dead world