

Mnemosyne

True there was no blade of war to come in ancient horror
A world of phantoms took their place instead
No Serbian mountains terrified a walking corpse-
Replaced by a struggle with a world of number
O listen my beloved and help my thoughts to slumber.

Why, like an angel -surely heaven sent!
Years and years your love was taken, granted,
At last, in decline, i rear in certitude
Demanding orations of your quietude
And from your distant land be with me longer yet.

The love that daily living passes by
Which by a movement shatters the moment
Or from the past a daughter phones-"passed fears"
Old friend, old patient, I know its pointless
But just the same im breaking down in tears.

Better a war and see the test of truth
Then wait for plans and wills and nursing homes,
Still the innings soldiers on and in our minds eye
We hold his memory sacred, arbitrary universe,
Against which we refuse to say goodbye.