

The reply

In your blood flowed my love,
And my heart sang in yours,
But all things must end,
Time dries love's course.

Under leaves of grey,
Ashen as Death's face.
I failed to save you,
My shame, my disgrace.

I roam through former haunts,
I call under the willow tree,
But you are dead,
And the silence answered me.

In thoughts you live,
For dust cannot.
How can I accept
My portion, my lot.