

THE LOVERS

Written in 1977 edited 2004

The fair pure hearted lady, lying upon the ground.

Still.....motionless.....her lover leaning over her.

Him, so strong and powerful.

Her, so feeble.....

The wind, blowing through his hair.

His face set with sorrow, as he tenderly touches hers.

He runs his fingers,
through her golden, brown hair.

Like a blind man,

He traces her face, with his fingers.

Across her closed eyes, around her soft red cheeks,

Over her smooth dampened lips.

He raises his head to the heavens,

And in a deeply pained, sorrowful voice, he yells,

“Why....Why God....Why?!”

His head then bows in shame and sorrow.

His face,

Now pale and full of fear.

He was now alone,

And felt very alone.

Staring down at her once again, he says,

“My sweet beautiful lady,

Your breasts....are no longer filled with sweet smelling air.

Your eyes....no longer see”.

“The wind shall no longer blow your hair.

And your laughter.....I shall never hear again.

Those pretty lips...I shall no longer kiss,
But for this last time”.....

THE LOVERS – cont.

He cupped his hands to her head,
And kissed her sweet lips...one last time.
Embraced her and then gently rested her
body,
Back to the ground.

He stood, looked out across the long
grassed field,
Covered with a blanket of flowers.
His eyes filled with crystal like tears, his
lips trembling,
And his face mourning his loss.

“Why should I go on? My sweet lady has
gone.
My heart hath died, my soul doth cry”.
He glanced around, hoping to see some
sign,
That her spirit maybe close by.

“Wait....lady....wait!
If you are not to have sweet smelling air
fill your breasts, nor shall I.
If you are never to see again, never to
laugh so I am able to hear....
Neither shall I.”

He walked back to the base of an old oak
tree,
Whose branches had caused her fall.
His horse stood beneath its shade.
He reached amongst his belongings, and
found what he searched for.

He then returned to his lover.
Knelt down beside her and smiled at her.
His face strangely peaceful,
All fear erased.

She was the only one who understood.
She was his life, his love, his happiness,
But she was no longer with him.

So he, will joined her.....

THE LOVERS – cont.

He held his shiny silver dagger to his chest,
And plunged it through, in an awkward embrace.
The knife pierce his heart....
And he slumped to the ground.....

Him dark and handsome,
Laying still and motionless,
ext to her,
so fair and sweet.....

His lips, you'd swear, wore a smile.
His face peaceful.
It was as if he had found her.
Her spirit, had waited, knowing he would
come....

The wind, had picked up
And suddenly blew stronger across the
field,
The sun, was instantly covered
By a rolling blanket of black clouds.....

With a crack of lightning and a boom of
thunder,
the skies ripped opened
Rain pounded down upon the earth,
In rolling sheets.....

And as I watched,
I swear I could see,
Their spirits running freely,
Happily, hand in hand, through the field.

Running off so far,
That they seemed to just disappear,
As the storm slowly lifted.