Agathodaimon, Past Shadows

Now far I am from you, before my fire alone,
And read again the hours that so silently have gone,
And it seems that eighty years beneath my feet did glide,
That I am old as winter, that maybe you have died.

The shadows of the past swift stream across life's floor
The tale of all times, nothings that now exist no more;
While the wind with clumsy fingers softly fumbles at the blind
And sadly spins the fibre of the story in my mind...
I see you stand before me in a mist that does enfold,

Your eyes are full of tears, and your fingers long and cold;
About my neck caressing your arms you gently ply
And it seems you want to speak to me yet only sigh.
And thus I clasp entranced my all, my world of grace,

And both our lives are joined in that supreme embrace...
Oh, let the voice of memory remain forever dumb,
Forget the joy that was, but that nevermore will come,
Forget how after an instant you thrust my arms aside,
For now I'm old and lonely, and maybe you have died.