

Peter Koppes, These Three Things

On and on across this barren land
Stumbling, the last of water gone
A memory of you melts into sand
And love face down lies where it shone

"Come with us," I hear the powers say
"Even now the perfect day is on its way"
"Hail to the seraphic
Praise to it all"

Do they build it up to knock it down again?
Yet it feels so free to be this near the end

Out and out adrift it's heavenly
Tumbling, crash softly on her bed
Turn around find fortune rising steeply
Awoke as the dawn and a memory fled

Only moonbeams kill when love lies slain
A jagged horizon and a bare terrain