

Solstice, Last Wish

deep in my soul a tender secret dwells
lonely and lost to sight for evermore
save when to you my heart responsive swells
then trembles into silence as before
there in its center a sepulcharal lamp
burns the slow flame eternal but unseen
which not the darkness of despair can damp
though vain its ray as it had ever been
in some hidden crevice, of this grim cadaver
comes from the deep a cry for fates graceful
favour
the only thought that my heart, dare not brave
is my last love, cannot grant my last wish
my fondest, faintest memories hear
grief for the dead, no virtue can reprove
then give me all I ever asked, a tear
the first, last sole reward of so much love