



the freesia slumps by the sill
 amidst clay walls, alone
i caress it, i cherish it

as the candlelight fades
to the soft sounds of spring rain,
and i find myself
 alone
not with the notes on a scroll,
but with the words to a song
we once sung
 together

beneath the cover
of circles, moons, and stars
 dancing
through the streets, pure
as the scent of sweet lavender, oh —
i still remember the flowers we gave
one another,
and the dew ripe upon their petals
 sparkling
just as our life
back then

i could still see
 the twinkle in your eyes,
 a shine
upon the mountain as we stood,
played, and laughed
 together,

instruments to an ensemble
without a lead in lasting
 minuet, no —
a reverie it was,
our colors congealing
in harmony
as the days melted away

and i could never forget
how it felt
to be cradled,
to be held in your forelimbs
beneath the cover
of youth; after all,
we were but innocent
 hearts — lemon gold
 magic upon the harp strings
bursting forth
like florets in the wind
before time swept us up
to where we are
 and now

 alone
i gaze about the dulling
pages of the room, scattered
like raisins in the sun,
the dim grade black and white
nearly concealing the visage
of a mother's gift: each key
a different color, parts for the
whole we once were —

 is this not why my tears
 flow? or has longing
 taken my grace?

we used to sing
of time spent together
 forever,
yet here i stand now
gently grasping at decaying
verdancy,
the petals lapsing
softly beneath my hooves

i know the flowers were real,
and i miss them
more than music itself

... i think
i'll see them again soon.