

The Absence of Light

by Morsmordre

Original poetry, other

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Chapter 1 of 1

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What's become of the dying sun
Which, in its final hour,
Showed me where my love began
Before it turned to sour?
Leaving skies an empty gray;
Without so much as a moon's beam
Where is my sun in its dying day?
Is it not bringing me a new dream?
September's sun, in its latent glory,
Wove for me a song
Written in my lover's story
But, bitterly, went wrong
By November's rain and its awful falling
I watched it turn to shade--
Dead on the winds of my lover's calling
For the vows that He once made
Now the long-dead sun has turned its face

Leaving my skies so cold;
Upon my lips no single trace
Of the love I used to hold
I wake each day, to check the sky
For my star that used to glow;
I break each night and wish to die
Mourning the Heart I used to know.