

# The Absence of Light

*by Morsmordre*

Original poetry, other

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Original poetry, other

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.