

I can only hope you can dream of me when the sky calls,
I can only hope you can love me as the guillotine falls,
Will your warm hands hold my weary head before it meets the basket
Though I was too much a coward to see your casket?
Too afraid to see those warm brown eyes wearing death's ashen face,
Too afraid to see that smile of beauty and grace wasting away in that frigid wooden case.
Though my ramblings are the delusions of a fool,
If there was the slightest chance my words might ring through time,
Even if I had to wait til my hair grew grey and my heart grew old,
I would write more words than the world could ever hold
In hopes of our return to golden afternoon days
Of hide-and-seek in the sun's loving embrace
Of beauty and color and sitting on windowsills
Of cartwheels and shared meals and rolling down lush green hills.
But if what was beautiful was never meant to last,
Does that mean I must leave you behind in the past?