

There was a time when I,
Lost in a summer haze,
Dancing in a dreamy daze,
Bounded through those woods of ours.
By your side as ever,
Our souls as light as feathers,
We went through life together.
But as all must,
Those woods of our laughter
Our joys and grief,
Of tea-stained maps and glowing lights
Faded from our future and strayed from our sights.
That world of ours,
The world we touched,
Remains just in our heads
Or perhaps it lingers no more.
Like my rainboots in that stream,
I am stuck, unable to move on.
Those smiles on your face
Feel more like nostalgia than home,
The smell of pumpkin spice
Melancholy whisps of something imagined, not known.
So now as our world sits,
Withering away as we walk away
So far from what we called ours alone,
I wonder if you will remember.
I know that drops of rain cling not to dying roses,
Following every rainbow cannot bring back those dreams,
Those things that we loved that were so much more
than
just
things.
My weary feet cannot carry me through the woods anymore.
A shroud placed there before all I long for,
I stand in the silence as you forget,
Those things we'd never regret,
Lovely winter days,
Lost in a snowy winter maze.
That ice we once would leap on
That ice you told me secrets to keep on,

Would collapse under the weight of my soul.
A feather no more I have been weighed in the balance
And found not wanting but lacking,
Making apathy my home where you once were,
So though you remain, your face is but a blur,
Standing in place of one I was sure
Would cradle my shattering world.