

THE GLOBE

I withdraw into the silence that is the ornament globe,
For it is motionless and yet benign like a ghostly robe,
I can ask but one question, am I on the right road?
For I am falling, falling, into the gather of an English rose.

I call a name, a face, summoned from my past,
For I was there at the gate with a love vowed to last,
I saw in her eyes a reflection, a cast,
For there was a haunting from dawn to dusk.

I was mistaken to believe totally in love,
For a moment I held her hand in glove,
I foretold the light and flight of the dove,
For there it was, on the summer breeze above.

I wake to find the sun has gone,
For a time, I thought I could hear her song,
I called once more, but she was long gone,
Forever in eternity, forever and ever, we belong.