

The retirement

Forget that I once also would about
These yellow hills, around the river bend,
That I would also hear the mornings shout
Her light across and watch her evenings end.

Forget that I have also looked upon
This very meadow and climbed that fence,
That hers is not the only heart was won,
For there was mine, and there were others since.

For there, within the river strides the sea,
In laurel root, a dark eternity,
And on this field in dust and memory,
The only home its ancient lovers keep,

So do not ask of where it is we go,
Forget you now, for soon enough you know.