

Ring No Longer

I posted a letter yesterday the stamp I chose was some kind of flower
I thought would impress her with my sensitivity
as closing time encroaches the power of the words moves to validate
my false sincerity

What tragic hours I wasted believing in the false magic of possession
as if she would come to trust me once she tasted
my salty unquestioned prose I lifted as a lamp beside the door of charity

Instead she held to truth who showered down
successive imposing meanings of integrity
where I had planned assault upon the iron will I knew so certainly

The ideas fell like swords on stone walks clanging falsely.
In the damp ancient streets we faced one last test
where most of us appeared willing to let it be
I love you, I said to her. She lifted the horizon: See, it is a curtain.
Behind this lies the chosen place where simple cowards
may conceive their destinies.

And I, whose words were meant to conquer,
was silenced by her refusal –
Not of me, but of the myth I had tried to write her into.

The letter eventually arrived and lies unopened.

The flower finally faded and is discarded.

In time the sword is rusted and rings no longer.

