

Oh how I find myself in love with ghosts  
Of present, past, and stories left untold,  
So doomed to pine their waves that quit the coast:  
The rose I 'mired succumbs to winter's cold.

And what? What now? Am I to ponder tides?  
To mourn lost petals? Why can I not go?  
Upon my path, you linger, oh lost bride.  
Emotion, why must you afflict me so?

To be so draped in blues, befits me not,  
But Atlas, under weight of ghosts, would kneel.  
Perhaps I keep you close to cumber rot,  
For loss of you is worse than torture feels.

So I will my vast melancholy face,  
For long as must to not lose your embrace.